



SCOTT'S  
LADY OF THE LAKE

WITH

*INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND  
AN APPENDIX*

BY  
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## **AUTHORS REFERRED TO BY ABBREVIATIONS**

T	Taylor
M	Masterman
L	Leask.
W	Woodward

# INTRODUCTION.

## The Poet

### I Give a brief sketch of Scott's life

**Parentage**—Sir Walter Scott came of the old Border family, the Scotts of Harden, an offshoot of the main stem that now holds the ducal honours of Buccleuch. His father Walter Scott was a Writer to the Signet or Edinburgh Solicitor. He was a formal man with a passionate love of order. His mother was a lady with much tenderness of heart and a well stored vivid memory.

**First Period Childhood and Youth 1771-1799** Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. In his infancy a fever rendered him lame in his right leg. In his eighth year he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, whence he went to the College in 1783. He was called to the Bar in 1792. In 1797 he married Miss Carpenter, the daughter of a French loyalist, a lively beauty probably of no great depth of character. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

**Second Period Earliest Poetry and Mature Poems 1799-1814**—The life of literature and the life at the bar hardly ever suit. Scott therefore determined to give up Law and devote himself to Poetry. His first efforts were translations from German authors. In 1799 were published *Glenfinlas*, *the Eve of St John*, and *the Grey Brother*. In 1802-3 was given to the world his *Border Minstrelsy*. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* saw light in 1805 and was followed in 1808 by *Marmion*. In 1810 was published *The Lady of the Lake*. Then followed in rapid succession *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), *Rob Roy* (1813), *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813), *The Lord of the Isles* (1814).

**Third Period The Waverley Novels 1814-1832**—But the appearance in the poetical horizon of Byron, who snuffed him out of his popularity, decided Scott to seek fresh fields and pastures new. The third great epoch in his life commenced with the anonymous publication of *Waverley* (1814). The rest of the series followed and placed Scott on the highest pinnacle of fame. But the sudden collapse of a firm in which he was a sleeping partner, involved Scott with a personal liability of £150,000.

**The End** The rest of his life is the story of his brave struggle to pay off his stupendous debts by the labour of his pen. By four years' ceaseless work he paid off more than half the amount. But

the limits of endurance had been reached and the springs of outworn brain broke in that stress of cruel and long continued effort. In 1830 he was smitten with paralysis from which he never rallied. On the 21st of September, 1832, he passed away in the presence of all his children with the sound of the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles in his ears.

## Characteristics

### II Mention the leading characteristics of Scott's poetry

**I His patriotism**—Scott's poetry is eminently patriotic. No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Sir Walter Scott. The good and the no good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him. His heart glowed with ardent patriotism and his poems breathe the warmest love for his country.

**II His martial ardour**—His descriptions of war are the most perfect which the English language contains. They are as vigorous as they are admirable in kindling a stern and deep excitement in us. He is 'among English singers the undoubted inheritor of that trumpet note, which, under the breath of Homer, has made the wrath of Achilles immortal'—Sir Francis Doyle.

**III His realism**—Scott takes his scenes from common life which are true in all ages, and describes them with great vigour and skill. He neither lays bare the inmost workings of the human mind nor draws out the moral of the landscape, but charms us by his brilliant delineation of ancient manners and customs. He creates a world for us in which we seem for the time to live and act. His descriptions have a graphic vividness. We see the lovely figure of Ellen as 'with head upraised and look intent, and locks flung back and lips apart,' she stood on the skiff like a monument of the Grecian art. We hear the shrill whistle which garrisoned the living glen of Benledi with full five hundred men.

**IV His freshness of scene**—In the *Lady of the Lake* Scott broke up new and fertile ground. He brought into contact the wild half savage mountaineers and the refined and chivalrous court of James V. The exquisite scenery of Loch Katrine, when introduced by the magic of his descriptions, became the chief object of the traveller's pilgrimage—*Shaw*.

**V His sustained vigour**—His poems are full of sustained and vigorous action. They never flag or grow dull. There are no flats, no dreary pages of dull prose. Its rapid onset and its harrying strength leave on the mind of the reader an impression of great power, spirit, and intrepidity. 'There is nothing cold in his poetry.' He always attempts vigorously. Besides there is an air of facility and freedom which adds a peculiar grace to his poems.

**VI His romance**—His poems have a high romantic glow. His romance is like his native scenery,—bold, bare, and rugged, with a swift deep stream of strong pure feeling running through it. The baronial castle, court, and camp, the old Highland chase, feud, and foray, the antique blazonry and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. His romantic feelings associated themselves with the landscape. He clothed the historical incidents and traditional legends, the ancient ruins and the remains of old Scottish piety or splendour with a glow of romance. Romance had been the study and passion of his whole life. He was a worshipper of hoary antiquity.

**VII His diction and imagery**—With regard to diction and imagery he aims to be easily and universally understood. He is always full of spirit and vivacity—abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture, and never expressing a sentiment which can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to understand. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance of a never failing abundance, and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are offended with his glare and irregularity.—*Jeffrey*

**XIII His characters**—If we look at the variety and richness of his gallery, at the way he paints the whole, life of men, not their humours or passions alone, at his command over the laughter and tears, the pathos and terror, we may justly place Scott second in our creative literature to Shakespeare. His characters are discriminated by bold and vigorous strokes and are selected from the common *dramatis personæ* of poetry, kings, warriors, knights, &c.

**IX His songs**—As a poet, the virtue and power of Scott appear best in his songs. They come from the very depths of a deep passionate nature. They are the very cries of Scott's most secret spirit. They are the voice of Nature herself, speaking a certain mysterious tongue of her own, not according to any human grammar. This is the real explanation of those wild burdens composed of strange, fancy-woven, melodious syllables, that he used in his lyrics with such a weird effect.—*Hales*

**X His love of Nature**—See Introduction p. iv

**XI His power of description**—He possessed a singular talent for description. He places before the eyes of his readers a more distinct and complete picture than any other artist ever presented by mere words. The singular merit of his delineations consists in this, that with a few bold and abrupt strokes, he finishes the most spirited outline,—and then instantly kindles it by the sudden light and colour of some moral affections. His fine descriptions powerfully stimulate the fancy of the reader and give a surpassing grace and spirit to the whole representation.—*Jeffrey*

### Limitations of his Genius

**Scott, not a poet of the first order** —In poetry Scott's genius did not reach its highest point. He never soared with ample pinions to the lofty heights of poetry. He lacked that vision and faculty divine that constitutes a true poet. He did not try to solve the problems of human life. 'His poetic power was a genius *in extenso*, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high. There is nothing spiritual in him, all is material, of the earth, earthy. He does not wrestle with the great Mystery of Existence. In his heart there was no gospel tidings burning to be uttered —*Carlyle*

**His characters lack depth** —In delineating human characters he lacks depth and penetrative insight. He does not lead us to the inmost enchanted fountain of the heart. 'He does not analyse character or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits the man rather by speech and action. His characters are drawn from without, and not elaborated from within. The personages are rather general types of chivalric gallantry and female beauty and tenderness than individual men and women.' His heroes are all wooden blocks—all unspeakable bores. They can all run, ride, and fight, and make pretty speeches, but they are all dead. There is not a spark of vitality in the whole party —*Leslie Stephen*

**Defects of his diction** —The chief defects of his language are recklessness, roughness, want of refinement, whilst inaccuracies of grammar, shortcomings of sense, hackneyed phrases, mannerisms, and Scotch idioms recur over and over again. His vocabulary is more limited than that of any modern poet —*Jeffrey*

He uses the first sufficient words that come uppermost. He does not bring his idea to a consummate expression, such as incorporates itself within the memory. No writer of such power has furnished fewer quotations. —*Palgrave*

There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart or usurp the memory. His words make pictures not melody. 'There is no rich music in his verse. The hurried tramp of his somewhat monotonous metre is apt to weary the ears of men. In his poetry we do not find much of that *curiosa felicitas* of expression, the magic use of word' —*Hutton*

### Scott a Poet of Nature

**Love of wild Nature** —Scott loved Nature with a passionate and spontaneous love. But it was the wild scenes of Nature that he loved. He loved the very nakedness of the Border country. He was deeply rapt and excited by scenes of wild grandeur. He had no passion for rich scenery. While in Edinburgh which is like ornamented garden land, he says, 'I wish myself back among

my honest grey hills If I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die*' A certain ruggedness and barrenness was the essence of Scott's love of Nature He is at his highest ideal point when he depicts bold and stern scenery Directly he attempts rich or pretty subjects, his charm disappears —*Hutton*

**Scott regards Nature as a painter**—Scott regards the world of Nature as a painter rather than as a poet He does not find in her a solution of human problems or an echo of human passions He pictures natural scenes as he sees them. 'He sees everything with a painter's eye Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination which we are not accustomed to expect from mere verbal description It is because Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he exhibits are the most finished studies of a resident artist —*Quarterly Review*

**Love of colour**—In this love of beauty, the love of colour is a leading element, Scott's healthy mind being incapable of losing its brilliancy of hue He depends a great deal upon colour for his power and pleasure If he does not mean to say much about things, the one character he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness —*Ruskin*

**No form**—Form occupies little space in his descriptions, and in the one passage in this poem where he tries to give form to the scenery, the whole machinery of cupolas, minarets, and pagodas gives a less vivid and true picture than the one line that describes the sunset view of Loch Katrine *One broad sheet of living gold*

**Love of natural history**—The love of natural history, excited by the continual attention now given to all wild landscape, heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape, and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish down to the minutest speckling of the breast, and slightest shade of attributed emotion, the portraiture of birds and animals —*Ruskin*

**Antiquarian interest**—Scott also sees Nature with the eye of an antiquarian He makes Fitz James picture the shores of Loch Katrine with all the machinery of mediæval feudalism, castle bower, cloister, cell He loved to dream of the castles and hills of his Berder country as full of moss troopers and barons bold It is this power of associating every scene with the life of the past that makes Scott the greatest Romance writer of his age —*Masterman*

**Habit of drawing a moral**—Scott draws a slight moral from every scene and this moral is almost always melancholy Here he has stopped short without entirely expressing it —The mountain shadows lie, Like future joys to Fancy's eye His completed thought would be that those future joys like the mountain shadows, were never to be attained —*Ruskin*

**No pathetic fallacy**—Scott never ascribes his own feelings to inanimate objects. He looks at Nature neither as dead or merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings, but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion—an animation which Scott loves and sympathies with, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems the power of landscape.—*Ruskin*

### Pathetic Fallacy

**Pathetic Fallacy**—It is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, when the mind is borne away, overclouded, or over dazzled by emotions. Thus for instance—

They rowed her in across the relling foam—

The cruel, crawling foam.—*Alton Locke*

The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. It is this ascription of the characters of living creatures to inanimate objects that is called the Pathetic Fallacy. It makes us alter Nature and attribute to it feelings with which we are animated at the time. If we are sad, it makes us represent Nature as sad and unhappy, however bright she might be at the time. If we are happy, it makes us represent Nature as bright and gay, however gloomy or stern her aspect might be at the time.

The water lily to the light  
Her chalice reared of silver bright,  
Invisible in flocked sky  
The lark sent down her *revelry*,  
In answer cooed the cushat dove  
Her notes of *peace*, and *rest*, and *love*

Is Scott or the persons of his story at peace, rest, and love at the time? Far from it. No thought of peace, no thought of rest assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast. Neither Douglas, nor Ellen, nor any persons of the poem were at peace. But the cushat dove was, all Scott's sympathy is ready for her. 'What am I?' he says continually, 'that I should trouble this sincere Nature with my thoughts. I happen to be feverish and depressed, and I could see a great many sad and strange things in those flowers and birds, but I have no business to do such things. Gay lark! bright water lily! you are not sad nor strange to most people, you are but beautiful bird and bright blossoms. You shall not be anything else to me.' And thus as Nature is bright, serene, or gloomy, Scott takes her temper and paints her as she is, nothing of himself being ever included.—*Ruskin*

### Ballad Poetry

**Ballad**—The name is of Italian origin (*ballate*) and meant a dance song. The title of ballad was originally given to short, purely

lyrical pieces which generally had love sorrows for their subject. The name *ballad* is now confined to an epic narrative, in a simple and popular form, of some valorous exploit, or some tragic or touching story. Burger, the creator of modern ballad, surrounded his narration with descriptions of scenery and other decorations, and imparted to them the vivacity of the drama of dialogues.

Balld poetry describes not only romantic ovents, but historical ones, incidents in which there is a form and body and consistence—events which have a result. The *Lady of the Lake* is a sort of *boultor* ballad, yet it contains its element of common sense and broad delineation.—*Bagshot*

## PART II

### The Lady of the Lake

I Scott's Introduction to the *Lady of the Lake*—The ancient manners, habits, and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited had always appeared to me particularly adapted for poetry. I had also read a deal and seen much, and heard more of that romantic country where I was in the habit of spending sometime every autumn, and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and many expeditions of my former days. The frequent custom of James IV. and of James V. to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with skill.

### II Point out the excellencies of the *Lady of the Lake*

We think more highly of the *Lady of the Lake* than either of the *Lay* or *Harmon*. It has fewer faults. It will be oftener read hereafter than either of them. It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification. The story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address. There is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages with much less antiquarian detail, and upon the whole, a larger variety of characters more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece, a profusion of incident, and a shifting brilliancy of colouring, that reminds one of the witchery of Ariosto—and a constant elasticity and occasional energy which seem to belong more peculiarly to the author. That the story is well digested and happily carried on, is evident from the hold it keeps on the reader's attention through every part of its progress.—*Jeffrey*

**Sustained vigour**—The *Lady of the Lake* is a metrical romance. Sustained and vigorous action is certainly a character of this poem. It has hardly any dull passages, and vivid pictures of



scenery fill in the intervals between the incidents of the poem. It has a more delicate beauty—the beauty of sunrise, and winding lakes, and mountain air, of innocent love, and chivalrous valour, and patient endurance—*Masterman*

**Freshness of language**—Freshness of language is an essential characteristic of Romance poetry. Scott, who is not notable among poets for command of words, manages to give freshness to the language of the *Lady of the Lake*. Thus a sword is described as a glaive, falchion, clarmore, broadsword, blade or brand, a boat as a shallop, frigate, barge, skiff or bark, a hill as a down, fell, brae, or slope—*Masterman*

**Freshness of incident**—The incidents of the *Lady of the Lake* are combined and contrasted with singular skill. The sudden appearance of Roderick and his clan, the equally sudden vanishing of the armed men at the signal of their chief, the combat of the king, with the fierce chief, the spirited description of the battle of Beal an Dhuine, and the death of the captive chief while listening to the fiery lay, are given with imitable force and dramatic power. 'Of all Scott's poems the *Lady of the Lake* is the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful—*Lockhart*

### III Give a brief sketch of the plot of the *Lady of the Lake*

The time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto

**First day—The Chase**—Early one morning a party of hunters start a stag and chase it over hill and dale till all of them drop off except one, who follows the game to the shore of Loch Katrine, where his horse stumbles to death. He sounds his bugle for his stray companions, but a light skiff, steered by a maiden, comes to shore. She is Ellen—the daughter of Douglas, who being banished by James V, has sought shelter with Roderick Dhu—the chief of Clan Alpine. After a short parley, Ellen invites him to her island home to share their Highland hospitality. She gives a meet welcome to the knight, who spends the night there.

**Second day—The Island**—Early next morning the stranger who has announced himself as the Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James, leaves the island. Roderick returns from a foray and announces to Douglas and Malcolm (a youngman, in love with Ellen) of the discovery of Douglas' retreat and of the news of the king's gathering his forces to put him down. He asks Douglas to join him and give him the hand of Ellen. Douglas, who sees that her heart is given to another, declines the offer. Then follows a quarrel between Roderick and Malcolm who leaves the island.

**Third day—The Gathering**—Early next morning Roderick directs the hermit priest Brian to summon his clansmen by circling round the Fiery Cross. Brian consecrates the cross by calling

down dire curses upon the clansmen who shall not answer their chieftain's call to arms. The Cross is then carried forward interrupting wedding and funeral alike, till the clans are gathered in Lanrick mead. Meanwhile Douglas and Ellen have left the island and have taken refuge in the Goblin cave, on the side of Benvenue.

**Fourth day—The Prophecy**—The clans are gathered. Brian discovers by a weird augury that that party will win the victory who first draws blood. Fitz James, who was enamoured of Ellen, again appears and proposes to take her to Stirling. She confesses her love for Malcolm. So he leaves her with a ring, a gift of the king, to be used in case of necessity. He then wanders alone and comes upon a mountaineer who gives him shelter for the night and promises to guide him to the border of the king's domain.

**Fifth day—The Combat**—Early the next morning, they start on their journey. A duel takes place between the mountaineer, (who is no other than Roderick himself) and Fitz James, in which Roderick is mortally wounded and taken prisoner to Stirling. The Knight then hastens to Stirling to see the other game at noon, Douglas, thinking himself the cause of all this war and bloodshed, surrenders himself to the king to atone the war.

**Sixth day—The Guard Room**—Early next morning Ellen accompanied by Allan, the family minstrel, comes to the Castle and shows the ring to the Captain of the Guard. Allan prays to see his master, but is taken by mistake to the cell of Roderick, who expires while listening to an animated description of the battle fought between the king's forces and his own clansmen. Ellen is conducted by Fitz-James to the presence chamber, where she sees that her companion alone remains uncovered and realises that Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King. Douglas is taken into royal favour and Ellen and Malcolm are married.

#### IV What are the defects of the poem?

(i) **A versified novellette**—The Lady of the Lake, with the exception of two or three brilliant passages, has always seemed to me more of a versified *novellette* than of a poem. I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a romance—even though the poem incorporates a story—is that it should not rest for its chief interest on the mere development of the story, but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose,—*Hutton*

(ii) **Improbabilities**—There are several improbabilities in the story. (1) Allowing that the king of Scotland might have twice disappeared for several days without exciting any disturbance or alarm in his courtiers, it is certainly rather extraordinary that neither Lady Margaret nor old Allan Bano nor any of the attendants at the isle should have recognised his person. (2) There is something

awkward too in the sort of blunder or misunderstanding which gives occasion to Roderick's gathering and all its consequences (3) No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero than the introduction of a mad woman, who without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him by a song to take care of the ambush that was set for him —Jeffrey

(iv) Defective delineation of the characters of Malcolm and Brian Malcolm—the hero—has too insignificant a part assigned him In bringing out the shaded and imperfect character of Roderick as a contrast to the purer virtues of his rival, Scott seems to have fallen into the common error of making him more interesting than Malcolm and converts the villain of the piece in some measure into its hero The only incident in which he plays an important part does not show him in a very favourable light There is something foppish and out of character in his rising to lead Ellen out of her own parlour and the wrestling match that takes place between the rivals is very humiliating —Jeffrey

Brian the Hermit—Though great pains have been evidently taken with Brian we think the whole character a failure—hurting the interest of the story by its improbability, and rather heavy and disagreeable, than sublime and horrible in its details —Jeffrey

(v) The Guard room scene —The greatest blemish in the poem however is the ribaldry and the dull vulgarity which is put into the mouths of the soldiery in the guard room Scott has written a song for them which will be read with pun even by his warmest admirers His whole genius even his power of versification, seems to desert him when he attempts to repeat their conversation

The criticism seems overstrained in a poem which rests its interest upon incident The scene gives us a vigorous picture of a class of men who played an important part in the history of the time The requirements of the narrative might have been satisfied without these details, it is true, but the use which Scott has made of them—to show the power of beauty and innocence, and the chords of tenderness and goodness which he readily to vibrate in the wildest natures—may surely reconcile us to such a piece of realism —T

## Characters

James V —James had a noble and gallant spirit He possessed in an eminent degree the chivalric qualities of bravery and courtesy Though of middle age he possessed the fiery vehemence of youth His stately mien implied a highborn heart and a martial pride He had the will to do and soul to dare He loved to stray in disguise over life's more low but happier way to watch over insulted laws

and to right the injured cause His love for the people won him the name of the Commons' King His lofty and gallant tone of sentiment and his graceful and princely playfulness mark him as the ideal of knightly courtesy The admirable portrait, which Scott has drawn of James V, led Byron to remark that Scott is the poet of Princes, as they appear very fascinating in his poems

**Douglas**—James Douglas is a fictitious character He is the supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus, the regent He is banished by James V, and seeks shelter with Can Alpine's Chief The noble contentment and uncomplaining dignity with which he bears his change of fortune, commands our respect He finds more happiness in his daughter's truth and affection than in his former pomp and is prepared to face fresh evils as an outcast than to raise his hand against the King, who has done him wrong, but whom he still loves He has a singularly noble and generous heart Thinking himself to be the cause of the King's war with Roderick and of Malcolm's imprisonment, he offers himself a voluntary victim to atone the war But a reconciliation is effected and he becomes the bulwark of the throne

**Malcolm**—Malcolm is the hero of the poem He is a young-man with a lively, ardent, frank and kind heart His blithesome heart dances as lightsome in his breast as plays the feather on the crest His scorn of wrong and zeal for truth win the respect of all who know him Despite the excellent character the poet has given him we cannot but feel that he is not an interesting character He plays quite an insignificant part There is something foppish in his rising to lead Ellen from her own parlour

**Ellen**—She is an admirable heroine She is as beautiful as she is good The irresistible fascination of her glowing beauty, her elastic sylph-like figure, her glossy silken hair, her lustrous eyes full of expression, her finely toned and exquisitely sweet voice are allied to great purity of heart and quiet elegance of manners The patient resignation with which she confronted adversity, the noble dignity and courage which she showed in the Guard-room, the generous gratefulness which prompted her to crave grace for Roderick—all command our respect and sympathy Her playful gait, her touch of innocent coquetry, her thoughtful tenderness for her father, make her the most interesting of all Scott's heroines

**Roderick**—He is brave but he is as unrestrained in his fury as the fierce falls of Bracklinn He is generous but vindictive, jealous and passionate He is faithful like steel to his friendly clan but he is more cruel than that sword itself He is lavishly liberal with his wealth but acquires it by burning hundreds of happy homesteads and by slaying thousands of poor peasants His noble qualities shine forth with a fitful brilliancy, but their very glare makes his bad qualities appear yet more black, even as the forked flash of lightning makes the darkness of the night yet more dark.

Yet Roderick is the most interesting figure in the whole poem. The dauntless courage with which he braves the royal authority and keeps his stern hold over his mountain land, his passionate love for Ellen which runs like a silver thread through the dark web of his heart, the deep anguish of unrequited love which wrings his heart and extorts tears from his stern eyes, the noble courtesy and knightly faith he shows towards Fitz-James, the tragic eclipse of his meteoric life in its brilliant noon,—are painted with great force and fire and command our sympathy and admiration.

Roderick is an illustration of the difficulty which other poets beside Scott have found in preventing the villain of the poem from becoming its hero. It is only by keeping in the foreground the reckless and brutal character of Roderick's raids that Scott succeeds in retaining us on the side of law and order and preventing the chivalrous chieftain from winning too much of our sympathy.—M

**Allan Bane**—Allan is a pattern of the faithful bards of the old times. In weal and woe he sticks to the side of his master. He also possesses the rare gift of second sight, and can see the shadows cast by coming events. He is tenderly devoted to Ellen and his dream of Ellen's binding Malcolm with chains comes true at last though the chains are those of love.

**Brian the Hermit**—Estranged from sympathy and joy from his infant years, Brian grew up a moody and heart-broken boy. In his youth the cloister opened her pitying gate and tried to soothe his warward fate by her treasures of sacred learning but to no purpose. He read eagerly whatever told of magic, cabala, and spells till his heart was wrung with mystic horrors and his brain was fired, and he left the haunts of men and hid himself in a den in Benharrow.

## Metre

**Metre**,—The metre of the *Lady of the Lake* is the old ballad metre called *octosyllabic* or *Iambic tetrameter*, in which each line contains eight syllables, alternately unaccented and accented and the lines rhyme in complets,

The stag | at eve | had drunk | his fill,  
Where danced | the moon | on Mo | nan's rill

The methods adopted to give variety to the verse are—

- (i) The use of a trochaic line, generally at the beginning of a line  
Eager | as gray | hound on | his game
- (ii) The introduction of triplets where three lines rhyme together,
- (iii) The introduction of songs
- (iv) The metre of Ellen's song is trochaic,

Soldier | rest, thy | warfare o'er

Sleep the | sleep that | knows not | breaking

(a) The metre of the Boat song is dactylic, where two unaccented syllables follow each accented

Hail to the | chief who in | triumph ad | vances

Honoured and | blest be the | ever green | Pine

(a) The metre of the Coronach is a mixture of anapaest and amphibrach. In English verse a three syllabled foot is called a *dactyl* when the accent is on the first syllable, an *amphibrach* when on the second, an *anapaest* when on the third.

Anapaest He is gone | on the moon | tain

He is lost | to the for | est

Amphibrach Fleet foot on | the corral

Sage counsel | in cumber

(d) The Hymn to the Virgin is a mixture of trochee and Iambic

Trochee Ave Ma | rin | maiden | mild

Iambus Safe may | we sleep | beneath | thy care |

(e) The metre of the Ballad of Alice Brand is very varied

(f) The metre of Blanche's song consists of trochaic verse of four accents, followed by one of three accents. In each three syllabled feet are freely admitted

He had an | eye and | he could | heed

Ever sing | warily | warily

(g) The Soldier's Song is a mixture of Anapaest and Iambus

Our vi | ear still prea | ches that Pe | ter and Paul

IV By occasional introduction of shorter lines of six syllables

The sul | len march | was dumb |

V By the introduction of Spenserian metre at the introduction of each Canto See Notes p 1

## LIST OF PASSAGES FOR REPETITION

- Canto I Stanzas ix, xiv. (8 23), xviii, xxviii, (9 28)  
 ' II Stanzas I (1—9), xvi, xxiv  
 " IV Stanzas I x. (7—10)  
 " V Stanzas iv  
 " VI Stanza xiii (1—12), xvi, xvii., xxviii (1—4)

## GLOSSARY OF GAELIC NAMES

Beal'an Dune—pass of the people	Inch callaich—-island of nuns or old women
Beal'naha—pass of the plain	Loch Achray—lake of the level field
Beal'nam bo—pass of the cattle	Loch Katrine—lake of the Highland robbers or of the battle
Ben An—little mountain	Loch Lomond—named after a Scottish hero Laomain
Benledi—mountain of God	Loch Lubnaig—lake of small bends
Benvenue—middle mountain, between Benledi and Benvenue	Loch Vennachur—lake of the fair valley
Bracklian—white pool	Strath Iro—western valley
Brigg of Turk—the bridge of the wild boar, so called because a wild boar is said to have been slain there.	Trosachs—the rough country
Glenartney—valley of the deer	Uam ver—great den.
Glenfinlas—white valley	
Glen fraim—valley of lamentation	

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## CANTO FIRST.

### The Chase

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung  
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,— 5  
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?  
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?  
Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud  
At each according pause, was heard aloud  
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high ! 15  
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed,  
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-  
less eye

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray, 20  
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command



Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay  
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25  
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain  
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

## I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
 And deep his midnight lair had made  
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ,  
 But, when the sun his beacon red 5  
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
 The deep mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
 Resounded up the rocky way,  
 And faint, from farther distance borne,  
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn 10

## II

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
 "To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"  
 The antlered monarch of the waste  
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste  
 But, ere his fleet career he took, 5  
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ,  
 Like crested leader proud and high,  
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;  
 A moment gazed adown the dale,  
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale, 10  
 A moment listened to the cry,  
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh ,  
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,

And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var. 15

## III

Yelled on the view the opening pack ,  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response  
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong, 5  
Clattered a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices joined the shout ,  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew 10  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cowered the doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken 15  
The hurricane had swept the glen  
*Faint, and more faint, its failing din*  
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill 20

## IV

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old ,  
For ere that steep ascent was won, 5  
High in his pathway hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
And of the trackers of the deer,

Scarce half the lessening pack was near , 10  
 So shrewdly on the mountain side,  
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried

## V

The noble stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith  
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er 5  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And pondered refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle  
 But nearer was the copse wood grey,  
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray, 10  
 And mingled with the pine trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue  
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
 Held westward with unwearied race, 15  
 And left behind the panting chase

## VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus more ,  
 What reins were tightened in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ,  
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath, 5  
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reached the lake of Vennachar , 10  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone

## VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ,  
For jaded now, and spent with toil,  
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew, 5  
The labouring stag strained full in view  
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game ; 10  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch ,  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake, 15  
Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII

The Hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barred the way ,  
Already glorying in the prize, 5  
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;—  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared, 10  
The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
And turned him from the opposing rock ,  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,

In the deep Trosach's wildest nook 15  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couched, the thicket shed  
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,  
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
 Rave through the hollow pass amain, 20  
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again

## 18

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
 To cheer them on the vanished game ,  
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
 The gallant horse exhausted fell  
 The impatient rider strove in vain 25  
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,  
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ,  
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse 30  
 "I little thought, when first thy rein  
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, 35  
 That costs thy life, my gallant grey !"

## 19

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds  
 Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
 The sulky leaders of the chase ,  
 Close to their master's side they pressed, 40  
 With drooping tail and humbled crest ,  
 But still the dingle's hollow throat

Prolonged the swelling bugle note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream, 10  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed an answering blast ,  
And on the Hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day ,  
Yet often paused, so strange the road, 15  
So wondrous were the scenes it showed

## XI

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ,  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire  
But not a setting beam could glow 5  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle , 10  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain  
The rocky summits, split and rent, 15  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect 20  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ,  
For, from their shivered brows displayed,

Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen, 25  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs

## XII

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child  
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ,  
 The primrose pale and violet flower, 5  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ,  
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain  
 The weather-beaten crags retain 10  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;  
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ,  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung 15  
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky  
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced, 20  
 The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream

## XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,

Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As served the wild duck's brood to swim  
Lost for a space, through thickets veering, 5  
But broader when again appearing,  
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
Could on the dark blue mirror trace ,  
And farther as the Hunter strayed,  
Still broader sweep its channels made 10  
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood, "  
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat ,  
Yet broader floods extending still 15  
Divide them from their parent hill, "  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea

## XIV

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, "  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice  
The broom's tough roots his ladder made, 5  
The hazel saplings lent their aid ,  
And thus an airy point he won,  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled, 10  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light,  
And mountains, that like giants stand, 15  
To sentinel enchanted land.



High on the south, huge Benvenue  
 Down on the lake in masses threw  
 Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
 The fragments of an earlier world ; 20  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben an heaved high his forehead bare

## XV

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The Stranger, raptured and amazed,  
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride !  
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower , 5  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ,  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey  
 How blithely might the bugle horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn ! 10  
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !  
 And, when the midnight moon should lave  
 Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come 15  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell— 20  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewildered stranger call  
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall

## XVI

" Blithe were it then to wander here !  
 But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,  
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
 The copse must give my evening fare ,  
 Some mossy bank my couch must be, 5  
 Some rustling oak my canopy  
 Yet pass we that , the war and chase  
 Give little choice of resting place ,—  
 A summer night, in greenwood spent,  
 Were but to morrow's merriment 10  
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
 Such as are better missed than found ;  
 To meet with Highland plunderers here  
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer —  
 I am alone ,—my bugle strain 15  
 May call some straggler of the train ,  
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
 Ere now this falchion has been tried "

## XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way, 5  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave, 10  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow  
 The boat had touched the silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,

And stood concealed amid the brake, 15  
 To view this Lady of the Lake  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent, 20  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand

## XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,— 5  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace 10  
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ,  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread 15  
 What though upon her speech there hung  
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The listener held his breath to hear

## XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ,  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,

Her golden brooch such birth betrayed  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid, 5  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing,  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds combined 10  
 Above a heart more good and kind  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye,  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true, 15  
 Then every free-born glance confessed  
 The guileless movements of her breast,  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there, 20  
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury called forth  
 The indignant spirit of the North  
 One only passion unrevealed,  
 With maiden pride the maid concealed, 25  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame,—  
 O ! need I tell that passion's name !

## XX

Impatient of the silent horn,  
 Now on the gale her voice was borne — 10  
 "Father !" she cried, the rocks around  
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
 A while she paused, no answer came,—  
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast ?" the name  
 Less resolutely uttered fell,

The echoes could not catch the swell.  
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade. 10  
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,  
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,  
And when a space was gained between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen,  
(So forth the startled swan would swing, 15  
So turn to prune his ruffled wing)  
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
She paused, and on the Stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly 20

## XXI

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth,  
Forward and frolic glee was there, 5  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports or contest bold, 10  
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
And weaponless, except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a Baron's crest he wore, 15  
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he showed,  
He told of his benighted road,  
His ready speech flowed fair and free,

In phrase of gentlest courtesy ,  
 Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,  
 Less used to sue than to command

## XXII

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,  
 And, reassured, at length replied,  
 That Highland halls were open still  
 To wildered wanderers of the hill  
 "Nor think you unexpected come 5  
 To yon lone isle, our desert home ;  
 Before the heath had lost the dew,  
 This morn, a couch was pulled for you ;  
 On yonder mountain's purple head  
 Have ptarmigan and heath cock bled, 10  
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,  
 To furnish forth your evening cheer"—  
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
 Your courtesy has erred," he said ,  
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced, 15  
 The welcome of expected guest  
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
 Have ever drawn your mountain air, 20  
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
 I found a fay in fairy land !"—

## XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
 As her light skiff approached the side,—  
 "I well believe, that ne'er before  
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore  
 But yet, as far as yesternight, 5

Old Allan bane foretold your plight,—  
 A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent  
 Was on the visioned future bent  
 He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way, 10  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 That tasselled horn so gaily gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
 That cap with heron plumage trim, 15  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim  
 He bade that all should ready be,  
 To grace a guest of fair degree,  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deemed it was my father's horn, 20  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne "

## XXIV

The stranger smiled —"Since to your home  
 A destined errant knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise, 5  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide "  
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try, 10  
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew,  
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry, 15  
 The hounds behind their passage ply

Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

## XXV

The Stranger viewed the shore around ,  
 'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,  
 Nor track nor pathway might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain-maiden showed 5  
 A clambering unsuspected road,  
 That winded through the tangled screen,  
 And opened on a narrow green,  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibres swept the ground 10  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

## XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,  
 But strange of structure and device ;  
 Of such materials, as around  
 The workman's hand had readiest found  
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 5  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ,  
 While moss and clay and leaves combined  
 To fence each crevice from the wind 10  
 The lighter pine-trees, overhead, ,  
 Their slender length for rafters spread,  
 And withered heath and rushes dry  
 Supplied a russet canopy.



Due westward, fronting to the green, 15  
 A rural portico was seen,  
 Aloft on native pillars borne,  
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
 The ivy and Idæan vine, 20  
 The clematis, the favoured flower,  
 Which boasts the name of virgin bower,  
 And every hardy plant could bear  
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
 An instant in this porch she staid, 25  
 And gaily to the Stranger said,  
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,  
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

## XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
 My gentle guide, in following thee"—  
 He crossed the threshold—and a clang  
 Of angry steel that instant rang.  
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed, 5  
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,  
 When on the floor he saw displayed,  
 Cause of the din, a naked blade  
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung  
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ; 10  
 For all around, the walls to grace,  
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase.  
 A target there, a bugle here,  
 A battle axe, a hunting spear,  
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store, 15  
 With the tusked trophies of the boar  
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,  
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide

The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
 Or mantle o'er the bison's horns ; 20  
 Pennon and flag defaced and stained,  
 That blacken'd streaks of blood retained,  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white  
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all, 25  
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall

## XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
 As I next the fallen weapon raised. —  
 Few were the arms whose mighty strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length  
 And as the brand he paus'd and sway'd, 5  
 "I never knew but one," he said,  
 "Who a stalwart arm might brook to wield  
 A blade like this in battle field"  
 She smiled, then smiled and took the word ;  
 "You see the guardian champion's sword 10  
 As light it trembles in his hand,  
 As in my grasp a larch wand ;  
 My sire's tall form might grace the part  
 Of Ferragus, or Ascalart ;  
 But in the absent giant's hold 15  
 Are women now, and menials old."

## XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,  
 Mature of age, a graceful dame ,  
 Whose easy step and stately port  
 Had well become a princely court,  
 To whom, though more than kindred knev , 5  
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due

Meet welcome to her guëst she made,  
 4 And every courteous rite was paid, '  
 That hospitality could claim,  
 Though all unasked his birth and name 10  
 Such then the reverence to a guest,  
 That fellest foe might join the feast  
 And from his deadliest foeman's door  
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er  
 At length his rank the Stranger names, 15  
 " The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James ,  
 Lord of a barren heritage,  
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
 By their good swords had held with toil ,  
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 20  
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
 Oft for his right with blade in hand  
 This morning with Lord Moray's train  
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 25  
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require  
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
 Well showed the elder lady's mien,  
 That courts and cities she had seen ,  
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed 5  
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,  
 In speech and gesture, form and face,  
 Showed she was come of gentle race  
 ' Twere strange in ruder rank to find  
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind 10  
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,  
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave ;

Or Ellen, leane on thy gay,  
 Turne I'll in jolly light away :  
 " Weild we now weild by dale and down 15  
 We dwell, afar from tower and town  
 We steem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we cast .  
 While a contest in a circle touch the string,  
 'Tis thine our charmed thymes we sing' 20  
 We sing, and still a harp unscear  
 Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

SONG

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking .  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our vale's enchanted hall, 5  
 Hands unceasing couch are steering,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing .  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more ; 10  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war steed championing,  
 Trump nor pibroch hurmon here 15  
 Muir-troop clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill life may come,  
 At the day break from the fallow,  
 And the bottern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the reedy shallow. 20

Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping "

## XXXII

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
 To grace the stranger of the day.  
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
 The cadence of the flowing song,  
 Till to her lips in measured frame  
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

5

## SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not with the rising sun  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ,  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying  
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

10

15

## XXXIII

The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed  
 Was there of mountain heather spread,  
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
 And dreamed their forest sports again.  
 But vainly did the heath flower shed  
 Its moorland fragrance round his head ,  
 Not Elle's spell had lulled to rest

5

The fever of his troubled breast,  
 In broken dreams the image rose  
 Of ranced ponds, points, and noets. 10  
 He stood now flounders in the brake,  
 Now sink his large upon the lake  
 Now leader of a broken host,  
 His war-laid falls, his honour's lost.  
 Then,—I am my couch my heavenly night 15  
 Chase that worst phantom of the night I—  
 Aram returned the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undertakings; truth,  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged 20  
 They came, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead,  
 At arms each hand, each brow as gray,  
 As if they parted yesterday.  
 And doubly distracts him at the view— 25  
 O were his senses false or true?  
 Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,  
 Or is it all a vision now?

## XXXII.

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
 He seemed to walk, and speak of love;  
 She listened with a blush and sigh,  
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp, 5  
 And a cold gruntlet met his grasp  
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
 Upon his head a helmet shone,  
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
 With darkened cheek and threatening eyes, 10  
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,

To Ellen still a likeness bore —  
 He woke, and, panting with affright,  
 Recalled the vision of the night  
 The hearth's decaying brands were red, 15  
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,  
 Half showing, half concealing, all  
 The uncouth trophies of the hall  
 Mid those the stranger fixed his eye  
 Where that huge falchion hung on high, 20  
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
 Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,  
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure

XXXV

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,  
 Wasted around their rich perfume  
 The birch trees wept in fragrant balm,  
 The aspens slept beneath the calm,  
 The silver light, with quivering glance, 5  
 Played on the water's still expanse,—  
 Wild were the heart whose passion's sway  
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !  
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,  
 While thus he communed with his breast — 10  
 “Why is it at each turn I trace  
 Some memory of that exiled race ?  
 Can I not mountain maiden spy,  
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?  
 Can I not view a Highland brand, 15  
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?  
 Can I not frame a severed dream,  
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?—  
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind

---

Not even in sleep is will resigned 20  
 My midnight orisons said o'er,  
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more "  
 His midnight orisons he told,  
 A prayer with every bead of gold,  
 Consigned to heaven his cares and woes, 25  
 And sunk in undisturbed repose ,  
 Until the heath cock shrilly crew,  
 And morning dawned on Benvenue

## CANTO SECOND

### The Island.

#### I

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,  
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring  
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ,  
 And while yon little bark glides down the bay, 5  
 Wasting the stranger on his way again,  
 Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,  
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,  
 Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-  
 bane !

#### II

#### SONG

" Not faster yonder rowers' might  
 Flings from their oars the spray,  
 Not faster yonder rippling bright  
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,  
 Melts in the lake away, 5  
 Than men from memory erase



The benefits of former days ,  
 Then, stranger, go ! good speed the while,  
 Nor think again of the lonely isle

“ High place to thee in royal court, 10  
     High place in battled line,  
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,  
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,  
 The honoured meed be thine !  
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere, 15  
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
 And lost in love and friendship's smile  
 Be memory of the lonely isle

## III

## SONG CONTINUED

“ But if beneath yon southern sky  
     A plaided stranger roam,  
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
     Pine for his Highland home , 5  
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ,  
 Remember then thy hap ere while  
 A stranger in the lonely isle

“ Or if on life's uncertain main 10  
     Mishap shall mar thy sail ,  
 If futhful, wise, and brave in vain,  
 Woe, want, and evile thou sustain  
     Beneath the fickle gale ,  
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed, 15  
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
 But come where kindred worth shall smile,  
 To greet thee in the lonely isle ”

## IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
 The shallop reached the mainland side,  
 And ere his onward way he took,  
 The stranger cast a lingering look,  
 Where easily his eye might reach 5  
 The Harper on the islet beach,  
 Reclined against a blighted tree,  
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he  
 To minstrel meditation given,  
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven, 10  
 As from the rising sun to chime  
 A sparkle of inspiring flame  
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
 Seemed watching the awakening fire,  
 So still he sate, as those who wait 15  
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate,  
 So still, as if no breeze might dare  
 To lift one lock of hoary hair,  
 So still, as life itself were fled,  
 In the last sound his harp had sped 20

## V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
 Beside him Ellen sate and smiled —  
 Smiled she to see the stately drake  
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
 While her vexed spaniel, from the beach, 5  
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?  
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose?—  
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!  
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see 10  
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,

And stop and turn to wave anew ;  
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ne  
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy,  
 And prize such conquest of her eye ? 15

## VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,  
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not ,  
 But when he turned him to the glide,  
 One courteous parting sign she made ,  
 And after, oft the Knight would say, 5  
 That not when prize of festal day  
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair,  
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
 So highly did his bosom swell,  
 As at that simple mute farewell 10  
 Now with a trusty mountain guide,  
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
 He parts—the maid, unconscious still,  
 Watched him wind slowly round the hill ,  
 But when his stately form was hid, 15  
 The guardian in her bosom chid—  
 “Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !”  
 ’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—  
 “Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
 On the smooth phrase of southern tongue ; 20  
 Not so had Malcolm strained his eye  
 Another step than thine to spy —  
 “Wake, Allan bane,” aloud she cried,  
 To the old minstrel by her side,—  
 “Arouse thee from thy moody dream ! 25  
 I’ll give thy harp heroic theme,  
 And warm thee with a noble name ,

Pour forth the glory of the Græme !"—  
Scarcely from her lip the word had rushed,  
When deep the conscious maiden blushed , 30  
For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower,

## VII

The minstrel waked his harp—three tunes  
Arose the well known martial chimes,  
And thrice their high heroic pride  
In melancholy murmurs died  
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid," 5  
Clasping his withered hands, he said,  
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,  
Though all unwont to bid in vain  
Alas ! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned ! 10  
I touch the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of woe ,  
And the proud march, which victors tread,  
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
O well for me, if mine alone 15  
That dirge's deep prophetic tone !  
If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,  
Can thus its master's fate foretell,  
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell ! 20

## VIII

" But ah ! dear lady, thus it sighed,  
The eve thy sainted mother died ,  
And such the sounds which, while I strove  
To wake a lay of war or love,  
Came marring all the festal mirth, 5  
Appalling me who gave them birth,

And, disobedient to my call,  
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,  
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,  
 Were exiled from their native heaven — 10  
 Oh ! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
 My master's house must undergo,  
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
 Brood in these accents of despair,  
 No future bard, sad harp ! shall fling 15  
 Triumph or rapture from thy string ,  
 One short, one final strain shall flow,  
 Fraught with unutterable woe,  
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,  
 Thy master cast him down and die !" 20

## IX

Soothing she answered him—" Assuage,  
 Mine honoured friend, the fears of age ,  
 All melodies to thee are known,  
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,  
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen, 5  
 From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,  
 At times, unbidden notes should rise,  
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
 Entangling, as they rush along,  
 The war march with the funeral song ?— 10  
 Small ground is now for boding fear ,  
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here  
 My sire, in native virtue great,  
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
 Not then to fortune more resigned, 15  
 Than yonder oak might give the wind ,  
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,  
 The noble stem they cannot grieve

For me," — she stooped, and, looking round,  
Plucked a blue hare bell from the ground, — 20  
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
An image of more splendid days,  
This little flower, that loves the sea,  
May well my simple emblem be,  
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose 25  
That in the King's own garden grows,  
And when I place it in my hair,  
Alas, a bard is bound to swear  
He ne'er saw coronet so fair"  
Then playfully the chaplet wild 30  
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled

x

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
Wiled the old harper's mood away  
With such a look as hermits throw,  
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
He gazed, till fond regret and pride 5  
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied  
"Lowest and best ! thou little know'st  
The rank, the honours thou hast lost !  
O might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birth right place, 10  
To see my favourite's step advance,  
The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,  
And theme of every minstrel's art, 15  
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart !" —

xi

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,  
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed,)

"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
 Worth splendid chair and canopy,  
 Nor would my footsteps spring more gay, 5  
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,  
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
 And then for suitors proud and high,  
 To bend before my conquering eye,— 10  
 Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,  
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway  
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
 The terror of Loch Lomond's side,  
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay 15  
 A Lennox foray—for a day"—

## XII

The ancient bard his glee repressed.  
 "Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!  
 For who, through all this western wild,  
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!  
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew, 5  
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
 Courtiers give place before the stride  
 Of the undaunted homicide,  
 And since, though outlawed, hath his hand  
 Full sternly kept his mountain land 10  
 Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,  
 That I such hated truth should say—  
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
 Disowned by every noble peer,  
 Even the rude refuge we have here? 15  
 Alas, this wild marauding Chief  
 Alone might hazard our relief,  
 And now thy maiden charms expand,

Look's for his guerdon in thy land ,  
 Full soon may dispensation sought, 20  
 To brack his suit, from Rome be brought  
 Then, though an exile on the hill,  
 Thy father, is the Douglas, still  
 Be held in reverence and fear ,  
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear, 25  
 That thou might'st guide with silken thread,  
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread ,  
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain !  
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane "—

## XIII

" Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
 " My debts to Roderick's house I know  
 All that a mother could bestow,  
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe, 5  
 Since first an orphan in the wild  
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child ,  
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,  
 A deeper, holier debt is owed , 10  
 And, could I pay it with my blood,  
 Allin ! Sir Roderick should command  
 My blood, my life—but not my hand  
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
 A votaress in Maroonan's cell , 15  
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
 Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove, 20  
 Than wed the man she cannot love.



## XIV

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey—  
 That pleading look, what can it say  
 But what I own?—I grant him brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave,  
 And generous—save vindictive mood, 5  
 Or jealous transport, chafe his blood  
 I grant him true to friendly band,  
 As his claymore is to his hand,  
 But O! that very blade of steel  
 More mercy for a foe would feel 10  
 I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood, 15  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood  
 The hand that for my father fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought,  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed? 20  
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky  
 While yet a child—and children know, 25  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe—  
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume,  
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear  
 His haughty mien and lordly air 30  
 But, if though join't a suitor's claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,

I thrill with anguish ! or, if e'er  
 I Douglas knew the word, with fear  
 To change such odious theme were best— 35  
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ?—

## XV

"What think I of him ?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle !  
 Thy father's battle brand, of yore  
 For Time man forged by fury lore,  
 Whence time he leagu'd, no longer foes, 5  
 His Border spears with Ho spur's bows,  
 Dd, self uncerberded, foreshon  
 The footstep of a secret foe  
 If cowardly spy hath harboured here,  
 What may we for the Douglas fear ? 10  
 What for this island, deem'd of old  
 Clan Alpine's last and surest hold ?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say ?  
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful head, 15  
 Beshink thee of the discord dread,  
 That kindled when at Beltane game  
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Grame,  
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud, 20  
 Beware !—But hark, what sounds are these ?  
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
 Still is the cann's hoary beard, 25  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again ! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar "

## XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied  
Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
That, slow enlarging on the view,  
Four manned and masted barges grew,  
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, 5  
Steered full upon the lonely isle,  
The point of Brianchoil they passed,  
And, to the windward as they cast,  
Against the sun they gave to shine  
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine 10  
Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air  
Now might you see the tartans brave,  
And plaids and plumage dance and wave,  
Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 15  
As his tough oar the rower plies,  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke,  
See the proud pipers on the bow,  
And mark the gaudy streamers flow 20  
From their loud chanters down, and sweep  
The furrowed bosom of the deep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain,  
They plied the ancient Highland strain

## XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
And louder rung the pibroch proud  
At first the sound, by distance tame,  
Mellowed along the waters came,  
And, lingering long by cape and bay, 5  
Wailed every harsher note away,  
Then bursting bolder on the ear,

The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear,  
 Those thrilling sounds, that call the might  
 Of old Clan Alpine to the fight 10  
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
 And hurrying at the signal dread,  
 The battered earth returns their tread  
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone, 15  
 Expressed their merry marching on,  
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows,  
 And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
 As broadsword upon target jarred, 20  
 And groaning pause, ere yet again  
 Condensed the battle yelled amain,  
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
 And bursts of triumph, to declare 25  
 Clan Alpine's conquest—all were there  
 Nor ended thus the strain, but slow  
 Sank in a moan prolonged and low,  
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,  
 For wild lament o'er those that fell. 30

## XVIII.

The war pipes ceased; but lake and hill  
 Were busy with their echoes still,  
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise 5  
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
 With measured sweep the burden bore,  
 In such wild cadence, as the breeze

Makes through December's leafless trees 10  
 The chorus first could Allan know,  
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! 1ro !"  
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,  
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed

## XIX

## BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine !  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
 Heaven send it happy dew, 5  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! " 10  
 Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade,  
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the  
 mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade  
 Moored in the rifted rock, 15  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow,  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! " 20

## XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid 5

Long shall lament our raid,

I think of Clon-Alpine with fear and with woe,

Lernox and I even glen

Shake when they hear again,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroc !" 10

Know, ye all, rom, for the pride of the Highlands !

Stretch to your oars, for the ever green Pine !

O that the rose bud that graces yon islands,

Were wreathed in a garland around him to time !

O that some seedling gem, 15

Worthy such noble stem,

Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow !

Lord should Clon-Alpine then

Ring from her deepest glen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroc !" 20

# XXI

With all her joyful female band,

Had Lady Margaret sought the strand,

Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,

And high their snowy arms they threw,

As echoing back with shrill acclaim, 5

And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name,

While prompt to please, with mother's art,

The darling passion of his heart,

The Dame called Ellen to the strand,

To greet her kinsman ere he land 10

"Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,

And shun to wreath a victor's brow ?"—

Reluctantly and slow, the maid

The unwelcome summoning obeyed,

And, when a distant bugle rung, 15

For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard  
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide, 5  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide,  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid,  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favourite stand, 10  
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought 15  
 O'erweighed her worth, and beauty aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment fail  
 To balance with a juster scale,  
 For with each secret glance he stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul 20

## XXV

Of stature tall, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose,  
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue, 5  
 Curled closely round his bonnet blue  
 Trained to the chase, his eagle eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith 10  
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,  
 Outstripped in speed the mountaineer  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press, 15

And not a sob his toil confess  
 His form recorded with a mind  
 Lovely and ardent, frank and kind,  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow time      20  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As played the feather on his crest  
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,  
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features bold,      25  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But equal to that of Malcolm Gremic      30

## XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astry?  
 And why so late returned? And why?"—  
 The rest was in her speaking eye      5  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war,  
 And with that gallant pastime rest  
 Were all of Douglas I have left      10  
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,  
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground  
 This youth, though still a roval ward,  
 Risked life and land to be my guard,      15  
 And through the pines of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued,



And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen, 20  
 Nor peril aught for me agen "

## XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,  
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Failed aught in hospitality'  
 In talk and sport they whiled away 5  
 The morning of that summer day ,  
 But at high noon a courier light  
 Held secret parley with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared,  
 That evil were the news he heard 10  
 Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head ,  
 Yet was the evening banquet made,  
 Ere he assembled round the flame,  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,  
 And Ellen, too , then cast around 15  
 His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,  
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said — 20

## XXVIII

" Short be my speech , nor time affords,  
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words  
 Kinsman and father if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ,  
 Mine honoured mother Ellen—why, 5  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye?—

And Grame, in whom I hope to know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
 When age shall give thee thy command,  
 And leading in thy native land— 10  
 List all!—The King's vindictive pride  
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,  
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came  
 To share their monarch's silvan game,  
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared, 15  
 And when the banquet they prepared,  
 And wide their loyal portals flung,  
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung  
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,  
 From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed, 20  
 Where the lone streams of Eitrick glide,  
 And from the silver Teviot's side,  
 The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide  
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne, 25  
 So faithless, and so ruthless known,  
 Now hither comes, his end the same,  
 The same pretext of silvan game  
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye,  
 By fate of Border chivalry. 30  
 Yet more, amid Glenfinlas green,  
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen  
 This by espial sure I know,  
 Your counsel in the streight I show "

## XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,  
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one,  
 This to her sire, that to her son

The hasty colour went and came 5  
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ,  
 But from his glance it well appeared,  
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ,  
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,  
 The Douglas thus his counsel said 10  
 " Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ,  
 Nor will I here remain an hour,  
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ,  
 For well thou know'st, at this grey head 15  
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped  
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,  
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
 Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside. 20  
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
 The refuge of some forest cell,  
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
 Till on the mountain and the moor, 25  
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er "—

## XXX

" No, by mine honour," Roderick said,  
 " So help me, Heaven, and my good blade !  
 No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,  
 My father's ancient crest and mine,  
 If from its shade in danger part 5  
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !  
 Hear my blunt speech grant me this maid  
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ,  
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,  
 Will friends and allies flock enow , 10

Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
Will bind to us each Western chief  
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,  
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch , 15  
And, when I light the nuptial torch,  
A thousand villages in flames,  
Shall scare the slumbers of King James '  
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away ,  
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray , 20  
I meant not all my heart might say —  
Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
When the sage Douglas may unite  
Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
To guard the passes of their land, 25  
Till the foiled king, from pathless glen,  
Shall bootless turn him home agen "

XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
And, on the verge that beetled o'er  
The ocean tide's incessant roar,  
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream, 5  
Till wakened by the morning beam ,  
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
Such startler cast his glance below,  
And saw unmeasured depth around,  
And heard unintermitted sound, 10  
And thought the battled fence so frail,  
It waved like cobweb in the gale ,  
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
Headlong to plunge himself below, 15

And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—

Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,

As sudden ruin yawned around,

By crossing terrors wildly tossed,

Still for the Douglas fearing most,

Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,

To buy his safety with her hand

20

## XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy

In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,

And eager rose to speak—but ere

His tongue could hurry forth his fear,

Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,

Where death seemed combating with life ,

For to her cheek, in feverish flood,

One instant rushed the throbbing blood,

Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,

Left its domain as wan as clay

"Roderick, enough ! enough !" he cried,

"My daughter cannot be thy bride ,

Not that the blush to wooer dear,

Nor paleness that of maiden fear

It may not be—forgive her, Chief,

Nor hazard aught for our relief

Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er

Will level a rebellious spear

'Twas I that taught his youthful hand

To rein a steed and wield a brand ,

I see him yet, the princely boy !

Not Ellen more my pride and joy ,

I love him still, despite my wrongs,

By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues

5

10

15

20

O seek the grace you well may find,  
Without a cause to mine combinéd ” 25

## XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode ,  
The waving of his tartans broad,  
And darkened brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light, 5  
Like the ill Demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way  
But, unrequited Love ! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart, 10  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,  
While eyes, that mocked at tears before,  
With bitter drops were running o'er  
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope 15  
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its chequered shroud,  
While every sob—so mute were all—  
Was heard distinctly through the hall 20  
The son's despair, the mother's look,  
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ,  
She rose, and to her side there came,  
To aid her parting steps, the Græme

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—  
As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,  
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,

So the deep anguish of despair 5  
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air,  
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid  
 "Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,  
 "Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at nought 10  
 The lesson I so lately taught?  
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
 Thank thou for punishment delayed"  
 Eager as greyhound on his game,  
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme. 15  
 "Perish my name, if aught afford  
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"  
 Thus as they strove, their desperate hand  
 Groped to the dagger or the brand,  
 And death had been—but Douglas rose, 20  
 And thrust between the struggling foes  
 His giant strength —"Chieftains, forego!  
 I hold the first who strikes, my foe —  
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!  
 What! is the Douglas fallen so far, 25  
 His daughter's hand is doomed the spoil  
 Of such dishonourable broil!"  
 Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,  
 As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,  
 And each upon his rival glared, 30  
 With foot advanced, and blade half bared

xxxv.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
 As faltered through terrific dream  
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword, 5

And veiled his wrath in scornful word :  
" Rest safe till morning ; pity 'twere  
Such cheek should feel the midnight air !  
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,  
Roderick will keep the lake and fell, 10  
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,  
The pageant pomp of earthly man  
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
Thou canst our strength and passes show —  
Malise, what ho !"—his henchman came, 15  
" Give our safe conduct to the Græme "  
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,  
" Fear nothing for thy favourite hold ,  
The spot, an angel deigned to grace,  
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place 20  
Thy churlish courtesy for those  
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
As safe to me the mountain way  
At midnight as in blaze of day,  
Though with his boldest at his back, 25  
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track —  
Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,  
Nought here of parting will I say  
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,  
So secret, but we meet agen — 30  
Chieftain ! we too shall find an hour,"—  
He said, and left the silvan bower

## XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand,  
(Such was the Douglas's command,)"  
And anxious told, how, on the morn,  
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,  
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er 5



Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor  
 Much were the peril to the Græme,  
 From those who to the signal came,  
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
 Himself would row him to the strand 10  
 He gave his counsel to the wind,  
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,  
 His ample plaid in tightened fold,  
 And stripped his limbs to such array, 15  
 As best might suit the watery way,—

## XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt "Farewell to thee,  
 Pattern of old fidelity!"  
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,—  
 "O! could I point a place of rest!"  
 My sovereign holds in ward my land, 5  
 My uncle leads my vassal band,  
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade  
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,  
 Who loves the Chieftain of his name, 10  
 Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell,  
 Like hunted stag in mountain cell,  
 Nor, ere yon pride swollen robber dare,—  
 I may not give the rest to air!  
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought, 15  
 Not the poor service of a boat,  
 To waft me to yon mountain-side"  
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide  
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
 And stoutly steered him from the shore,  
 And Allan strained his anxious eye, 20

Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.  
 Darkening across each puny wave,  
 To which the moon her silver gave,  
 Fast as the cormorant could skim, 25  
 The swimmer plied each active limb,  
 Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
 Loud shouted of his weal to tell  
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
 And joyful from the shore withdrew 30

# CANTO THIRD

## The Gathering

### I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course    The race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things that be ! 5  
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,  
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his cease-  
 less course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10  
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,  
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
 And solitary heath, the signal knew,  
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
 What time the warning note was keenly wound, 15  
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

While clamorous war pipes yelled the gathering  
 sound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor,  
 round

## II

The Summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ,  
 Mildly and soft the western breeze  
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,  
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy, 5  
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ,  
 The mountain shadows on her breast  
 Were neither broken nor at rest ,  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye 10  
 The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice reared of silver bright ;  
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn ;  
 The grey mist left the mountain side, 15  
 The torrent showed its glistening pride ;  
 Invisible in flecked sky,  
 The lark sent down her revelry ;  
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good morrow gave from brake and bush ; 20  
 In answer cooed the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love

## III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,  
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,

And eyed the rising sun, and laid 5  
His hand on his impatient blade  
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;  
For such Antiquity had taught 10  
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
At the impatient glance he cast ,—  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw, 15  
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,  
She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
And, high in middle heaven reclined,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warblers of the brake. 20

## IV.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan wild,  
Mingled with shivers from the oak,  
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.  
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood, 5  
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.  
His grisled beard and matted hair  
Obscured a visage of despair ,  
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,  
The scars of frantic penance bore 10  
That monk, of savage form and face,  
The impending danger of his race  
Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude  
Not his the mien of Christian priest, 15  
But Druid's, from the grave released,

Whose hardened heart and eye might brook  
 On human sacrifice to look ,  
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er 20  
 The hallowed creed gave only worse  
 And deadlier emphasis of curse ,  
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,  
 The eager huntsman knew his bound, 25  
 And in mid chase called off his hound ;  
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
 The desert dweller met his path,  
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,  
 While terror took devotion's mien 30

## v

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told  
 His mother watched a midnight fold,  
 Built deep within a dreary glen,  
 Where scattered lay the bones of men,  
 In some forgotten battle slain, 5  
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.  
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart,  
 To view such mockery of his art !  
 The knot-grass fettered there the hand,  
 Which once could burst an iron band , 10  
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
 That bucklered heart to fear unknown,  
 A feeble and a timorous guest,  
 The field fare framed her lowly nest ;  
 There the slow blind-worm left his slime 15  
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time ,  
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,  
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,

For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,  
Supplied the bonnet and the plume 20  
All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade  
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,  
No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair 25  
The virgin snood did Alice wear ,  
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
Her maiden girdle all too short,  
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
Or holy church or blessed rite, 30  
But locked her secret in her breast,  
And died in travail, unconfessed

## VI

Alone, among his young compeers  
Was Brian from his infant years ,  
A moody and heart-broken boy,  
Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue 5  
On his mysterious lineage flung  
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
Till, frantic, he as truth received  
What of his birth the crowd believed, 10  
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
To meet and know his Phantom Sire !  
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
The cloister oped her pitying gate ,  
In vain, the learning of the age 15  
Unclasped the sable-lettered page ,  
Even in its treasures he could find  
Food for the fever of his mind.

Eager he read whatever tells  
 Of magic, cabala, and spells, 20  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride ;  
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den, 25  
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the Spectre's child.  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes 5  
 Beheld the river Demon rise ,  
 The mountain mist took form and limb,  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ,  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Swelled with the voices of the dead , 10  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world  
 One lingering sympathy of mind 15  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream . 20  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ,

The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
All augured ill to Alpine's line. 25  
He girt his loins, and came to shew  
The signals of impending woe,  
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
As bade the Chieftain of his clan. 30

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock,  
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
Before the kindling pile was laid,  
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
Patient the sickening victim eyed 5  
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,  
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim  
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
A slender crosslet formed with care, 10  
A cubit's length in measure due ;  
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep, 15  
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep  
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,  
With wasted hand, and haggard eye,  
And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
While his anathema he spoke. 20

## IX.

“Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
Forgetful that its branches grew  
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
On Alpine's dwelling low ! 5



Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
     Shall doom him wrath and woe " 10

He paused,—the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ,  
     And first in murmur low, 15

Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his mustered force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
     "Woe to the traitor, woe !" 20

Ben an's gray scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle screamed afar,—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's wai

## x

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,  
 The monk resumed his muttered spell ,  
 Dismal and low its accents came,  
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame,  
 And the few words that reached the air, 5  
 Although the holiest name was there,  
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer  
 But when he shook above the crowd  
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud —  
 "Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear 10  
 At this dread sign the ready spear !  
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,

His home, the refuge of his fear,  
A kindred fate shall know ,  
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame 15  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
While maids and matrons on his name  
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
And infamy and woe "  
Then rose the cry of females, shrill 20  
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill  
Of curses stammered slow ,  
Answering, with imprecation dread, 25  
" Sunk be his home in embers red '  
And cursed be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,  
We doom to want and woe !"  
A sharp and shrieking echo gave, 30  
Coir-Uriskin, thy Goblin-cave '  
And the gray pass where birches wave,  
On Beala-nam-bo

## XI

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread, 5  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobeyed  
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
He quenched among the bubbling blood, 10  
And, as again the sign he reared,

Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard  
 "When flits this cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed ! 15  
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
 As sinks that blood stream in the earth,  
 So may his heart's blood drench his hearth ! 20  
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
 And be the grace to him denied,  
 Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased , no echo gave agen 25  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took .  
 "Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave  
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
 "The muster-place be Lannick mead— 5  
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;  
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;  
 So rapidly the bargemen row, 10  
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,  
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
 When it had neared the mainland hill ;  
 And from the silver beach's side 15  
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
 When lightly bounded to the land  
 The messenger of blood and brand.

## XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide      r  
On fleeter foot was never tied  
Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,      5  
Burst down like torrent from its crest ,  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ,  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound ,      10  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap .  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ,  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,      15  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,  
With rivals in the mountain race ,      20  
But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

## XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They poured each hardy tenant down  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ,      5  
He shewed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamour and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand , 10  
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half cut swathe the scythe ,  
 The herds without a keeper strayed,  
 The plough was in mid furrow staid,  
 The falc'ner tossed his hawk away, 15  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ,  
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ,  
 So swept the tumult and affray  
 Along the margin of Achray 20  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud, 25  
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud

## xv

Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is past,  
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
 And peep, like moss grown rocks, half-seen,  
 Half-hidden in the copse so green ,  
 There may'st thou rest, thy labour done, 5  
 Their Lord shall speed the signal on —  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the way  
 —What woeful accents load the gale ?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail ! 10  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place !—

Within the hall, where torches' ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ,  
 The village maids and matrons round  
 The dismal coronach resound.

15

20

## XVI

## CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Fleet foot on the correi,  
 Sage counsel in cumber  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

5

10

15

20

## XVII

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,  
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,  
Poor Stumah ! whom his least halloo  
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
Bristles his crest, and points his ears, 5  
As if some stranger step he hears  
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
Urge the precipitate career 10  
All stand aghast —unheeding all,  
The henchman bursts into the hall ,  
Before the dead man's bier he stood ,  
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood ;  
"The muster place is Lannick mead , 15  
Speed forth the signal ! Clansmen, speed !"

## XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign  
In haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ,  
But when he saw his mother's eye 5  
Watch him in speechless agony,  
Back to her opened arms he flew,  
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—  
" Alas ! " she sobbed,— " and yet be gone,  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son ! " 10  
One look he cast upon the bier,  
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,  
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,

Then, like the high bred colt, when, freed, 15  
First he essays his fire and speed,  
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss  
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
Suspended was the widow's tear,  
While yet his footsteps she could hear ; 20  
And when she marked the henchman's eye  
Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
" Kinsman," she said, " his race is run,  
That should have sped thine errand on ,  
The oak has fall'n—the sapling bough 25  
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
Yet trust I well, his duty done.  
The orphans' God will guard my son. —  
And you, in many a danger true,  
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew, 30  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head !  
Let babes and women wail the dead "  
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral hall,  
While from the walls the attendant band 35  
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand ,  
And short and flitting energy  
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
As if the sounds to warrior dear  
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier 40  
But faded soon that borrowed force ,  
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course

## XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire, ~  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Not rest nor pause young Angus knew ,



The tear that gathered in his eye 5  
He left the mountain-breeze to dry ;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen 10  
Swoll'n was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge ,  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,  
He dashed amid the torrent's roar . 15  
His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ; 20  
And had he fallen,—for ever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gained, 25  
And up the chapel pathway strained

## XX

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of saint Bride  
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch, 5  
The bridal now resumed their march  
In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ,  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not hear . 10

And children, that, unwitting why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
 And minstrels, that in measures vied  
 Before the young and bonny bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose 15  
 The tear and blush of morning rose  
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
 She held the ' kerchief's snowy band ;  
 The gallant bridegroom, by her side,  
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride, 20  
 And the glad mother in her ear  
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?  
 The messenger of fear and fate !  
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
 And grief is swimming in his eyes  
 All dripping from the recent flood, 5  
 Panting and travel-soiled he stood,  
 The fatal sign of fire and sword  
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word  
 " The muster-place is Lanrick mead ,  
 Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed ! " 10  
 And must he change so soon the hand,  
 Just linked to his by holy band,  
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?  
 And must the day, so blithe that rose,  
 And promised rapture in the close, 15  
 Before its setting hour, divide  
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?  
 O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !  
 Clan Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,

Her summons dread, brook no delay , 20  
Stretch to the race—away ! away !

## XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,  
Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ,  
Then, trusting not a second look, 5  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith  
—What in the racer's bosom stirred ?  
The sickening pang of hope deferred, 10  
And memory, with a torturing train  
Of all his morning visions vain  
Mingled with love's impatience, came  
The manly thirst for martial fame ,  
The stormy joy of mountaineers, 15  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears ,  
And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,  
And hope, from well-fought field returning,  
With war's red honours on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast 20  
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,  
Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
Burst into voluntary song

## XXIII

## SONG

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ,

Tomorrow eve, more stilly laid, 5  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !  
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow, 10  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me, Mary  
No fond regret must Norman know ;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow, 15

His foot like arrow free, Mary  
A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary 20  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnets sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary !

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,  
Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow, 5  
And reddening the dark lakes below ,  
Not faster speeds it, nor so far,  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war  
The signal roused to martial coil,  
The sullen margin of Loch Voil, 10  
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source

Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ,  
 Thence southward turned its rapid road  
 Adown Strath Gartney's valley broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might claim 15  
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
 From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow 20  
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
 Mustered its little horde of men,  
 That met as torrents from the height,  
 In Highland dale their streams unite,  
 Still gathering, as they pour along, 25  
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
 Till at the rendezvous they stood  
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,  
 Each trained to arms since life began,  
 Owning no tie but to his clan, 30  
 No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand,  
 No law, But Roderick Dhu's command.

## XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,  
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
 All backward came with news of truce ; 5  
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,  
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,  
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con ,  
 All seemed at peace —Now, wot ye why 10

The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,  
Ere to the muster he repair,  
This western frontier scanned with care?—  
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, 15  
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left,  
For Douglas, to his promise true,  
That morning from the isle withdrew,  
And in a deep sequestered dell  
Had sought a low and lonely cell 20  
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung,  
A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And called the grot the Goblin cave.

## XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet  
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast,  
Its trench had staid full many a rock, 5  
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock  
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,  
And here, in random ruin piled,  
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,  
And formed the rugged silvan grot 10  
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,  
At noontide there a twilight made,  
Unless when short and sudden shone  
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye 15  
Gains on thy depth, Futurity  
No murmur waked the solemn still,  
Save tinkling of a fountain rill,  
But when the wind chafed with the lake,

A sullen sound would upward break, 20  
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke  
The incessant war of wave and rock  
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey  
From such a den the wolf had sprung, 25  
In such the wild cat leaves her young,  
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair  
Sought for a space their safety there  
Grey Superstition's whisper dread  
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread, 30  
For there, she said, did fays resort,  
And satyrs hold their silvan court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze

## XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
When Roderick, with a chosen few,  
Repassed the heights of Benvenue  
Above the Goblin cave they go, 5  
Through the wild pass of Beal nam bo,  
The prompt retainers speed before,  
To launch the shallop from the shore,  
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
To view the passes of Achray, 10  
And place his clansmen in array  
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,  
Unwonted sight, his men behind  
A single page, to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord; 15  
The rest their way through thickets break,  
And soon await him by the lake

It was a fair and gallant sight,  
To view them from the neighbouring height,  
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light ' 20  
For strength and stature, from the clan  
Each warrior was a chosen man,  
As even afar might well be seen,  
By their proud step and martial mien  
Their feathers dance, their tartans float, 25  
Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
A wild and warlike group they stand,  
That well became such mountain-strand,

## XXVIII

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still  
Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
Hard by where turned apart the road  
To Douglas' obscure abode  
It was but with that dawning morn 5  
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn  
To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ,  
But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band, 10  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love ' 1  
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,  
Still hovering near his treasure lost ,  
For though his haughty heart deny 15  
A parting meeting to his eye,  
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,  
The accents of her voice to hear,  
And inly did he curse the breeze  
That waked to sound the rustling trees 20  
But hark ! what mingles in the strain ?



It is the harp of Allan bane,  
 That wakes its measure slow and high,  
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy  
 What melting voice attends the strings? 25  
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXX

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer!  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, 5  
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—  
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!  
 The flinty couch we now must share 10  
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled,  
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer, 15  
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Stainless styled!  
 Foul demons of the earth and air,  
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair, 20  
 We bow us to our lot of care,  
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
 And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

## XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—  
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,  
 As I stood still, Clan-Alpine's lord  
 Stood leaning on his heavy sword,  
 Until the pike, with humble sign, 5  
 Twice pointed to the sun's decline  
 Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
 "It is the last time—'tis the last,"  
 He muttered thrice,—"the last time e'er  
 That angel voice shall Roderick hear!" 10  
 It was a goading thought—his stride  
 Hied haster down the mountain side,  
 Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
 And instant 'cross the lake it shot  
 They landed in that silvery bry, 15  
 And eastward held their hasty way,  
 Till, with the latest beams of light,  
 The band arrived on Lannick height,  
 Where mustered, in the vale below,  
 Clan-Alpine's men in martial show 20

## XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made,  
 Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed,  
 But most, with mantles folded round,  
 Were couched to rest upon the ground,  
 Scarce to be known by curious eye, 5  
 From the deep heather where they lie,  
 So well was matched the tartan screen  
 With heath bell dark and brackens green,  
 Unless where, here and there, a blade,  
 Or lance's point, a glimmer made, 10  
 Like glow worm twinkling through the shade

But when, advancing through the gloom,  
 They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
 Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
 Shook the steep mountain's steady side 15  
 Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
 Three times returned the martial yell,  
 It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
 And Silence claimed her evening reign

## CANTO FOURTH

## The Prophecy.

## I.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears  
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears, 5  
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
 Emblem of hope and love through future years!"—  
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,  
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

## II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,  
 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.  
 All while he stripped the wild rose spray,  
 His axe and bow beside him lay,  
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood, 5  
 A wakeful sentinel he stood  
 Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,  
 And instant to his arms he sprung.  
 "Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon  
 Art thou returned from Braes of Doune. 10



Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
 But all beside the islet moor,  
 That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

## IV

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan  
 Bespeaks the father of his clan  
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu  
 Apart from all his followers true?"—

"It is, because last evening tide 5  
 Brian an augury hath tried,  
 Of that dread kind which must not be  
 Unless in dread extremity,  
 The Taghairm called, by which, afar,  
 Our sires foresaw the events of war 10  
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,"—

## MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew  
 The choicest of the prey we had,  
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad  
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark, 5  
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
 And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,  
 Even at the pass of Beal' maha  
 But steep and flinty was the road, 10  
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's good,  
 And when we came to Dennan's Row,  
 A child might scatheless stroke his brow"—

## V

## NORMAN

"That bull was slain his reeking hide  
 They stretched the cataract beside,



Whose shroud of sentient clay can still 5  
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—  
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,  
 The curtain of the future world. 10  
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
 My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,  
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,  
 This for my Chieftain have I borne !—  
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch, 15  
 An human tongue may ne'er avouch,  
 No mortal man,—save he, who, bred  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 Is gifted beyond nature's law,—  
 Had e'er survived to say he saw 20  
 At length the fateful answer came,  
 In characters of living flame !  
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,  
 But borne and branded on my soul,—  
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE, 25  
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE "—

## VII

" Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care -  
 Good is thine augury, and fair  
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
 A surer victim still I know, 5  
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow,  
 A spy has sought my land this morn,—  
 No eve shall witness his return !  
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
 To east, to westward, and to south, 10  
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,

Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
He light on those shall bring him down  
—But see, who comes his news to show ! 15  
Malise ! what tidings of the foe ? ”—

## VIII

“ At Doune, o’er many a spear and glaive  
Two barons proud their banners wave  
I saw the Moray’s silver star,  
And marked the sable pale of Mar ”—  
“ By Alpine’s soul, high tidings those ! 5  
I love to hear of worthy foes  
When move they on ? ”—“ To-morrow’s noon  
Will see them here for battle bounne ”—  
“ Then shall it see a meeting stern !—  
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn 10  
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn ?  
Strengthened by them, we well might bide  
The battle on Benledi’s side  
Thou couldst not ?—well ! Clan Alpine’s men  
Shall man the Trosachs’ shaggy glen , 15  
Within Loch Katrine’s gorge we’ll fight,  
All in our maids’ and matrons’ sight,  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child, and son for sire,—  
Lover for maid beloved !—But why— 20  
It is the breeze affects mine eye ?  
Or dost thou come, ill omened tear !  
A messenger of doubt or fear ?  
No ! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benledi from his stance, 25  
Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu !  
’Tis stubborn as his trusty targe —



Each to his post—all know their charge ”  
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance, 30  
 The broad swords gleam, the banners dance,  
 Obedient to the Chieftain’s glance  
 —I turn me from the martial roar,  
 And seek Coir-Urskin once more

## IX

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone ,  
 And Ellen sits on the grey stone  
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan ,  
 While vainly Allan’s words of cheer  
 Are poured on her unheeding ear — 5  
 “ He will return—Dear lady, trust !—  
 With joy return ,—he will—he must  
 Well was it time to seek, afar,  
 Some refuge from impending war,  
 When e’en Clan-Alpine’s rugged swarm 10  
 Are cowed by the approaching storm  
 I saw their boats, with many a light,  
 Floating the livelong yesternight,  
 Shifting like flashes darted forth  
 By the red streamers of the north , 15  
 I marked at morn how close they ride,  
 Thick moored by the lone islet’s side,  
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen,  
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen  
 Since this rude race dare not abide 20  
 The peril on the mainland side,  
 Shall not thy noble father’s care  
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare ?”—

## X

## ELLEN

“ No, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind  
 My wakeful terrors could not blind

When in such tender tone, yet grave,  
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,  
 The tear that glistened in his eye  
 Drowned not his purpose fixed on high. 5  
 My soul, though feminine and Weak,  
 Can image his, e'en as the lake,  
 Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,  
 Reflects the invulnerable rock 10  
 He hears report of battle rife,  
 He deems himself the cause of strife.  
 I saw him redden, when the theme  
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream  
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound 15  
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound  
 Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught ?  
 Oh no ! 'twas apprehensive thought  
 For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—  
 (Let me be just) that friend so true , 20  
 In danger both, and in our cause !  
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.  
 Why else that solemn warning given,  
 ' If not on earth, we meet in heaven !'  
 Why else, to Cambus Kenneth's fane, 25  
 If eve return him not again,  
 Am I to hie, and make me known ?  
 Alas ! he goes to Scotland's throne,  
 Buys his friend's safety with his own ,—  
 He goes to do—what I had done, 30  
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son !"—

## XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen !—dearest, nay !  
 If aught should his return delay,  
 He only named yon holy fane  
 As fitting place to meet again.

Be sure he's safe, and for the Græme,— 5  
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—  
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,  
 Nor bode of ill to him or you  
 When did my gifted dream beguile?  
 Think of the stranger at the isle, 10  
 And think upon the harpings slow,  
 That presaged this approaching woe!  
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear,  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer  
 Would we had left this dismal spot! 15  
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot  
 Of such a wondrous tale I know—  
 Dear lady, change that look of woe,  
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer"—

## ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt, I hear 20  
 But cannot stop the bursting tear"  
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
 But distant far was Ellen's heart

## XII

## BALLAD

## ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing  
 "O Alice Brand, my native land, 5  
 Is lost for love of you,  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do

“O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,  
And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue, 10  
That on the night of our luckless flight,  
Thy brother bold I slew

“Now must I teach to hew the beech,  
The hand that held the glaive,  
For leaves to spread our lowly bed, 15  
And stakes to fence our cave

“And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
That wont on harp to stray,  
A cloak must sheer from the slaughtered deer,  
To keep the cold away.”— 20

‘O Richard ’ if my brother died,  
’Twas but a fatal chance ,  
For darkling was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance

“If pall and vair no more I wear, 25  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warm, we’ll say, is the russet grey,  
As gay the forest-green

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
And lost thy native land, 30  
Still Alice has her own Richard,  
And he his Alice Brand ”

XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing ,  
On the beech’s pride, and oak’s brown side,  
Lord Richard’s axe is ringing

Up spoke the moody Elfin King, 5  
Who wonned within the hill,—

Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's screen?" 10

Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?

Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The faeries' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christened man,

For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban 15

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye,

Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die." 20

#### XIV.

#### BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have stilled their singing,

The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands, 5

And, as he crossed and blessed himself,

"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,

"That is made with bloody hands."

But out them spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,— 10

"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."—

" Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand, 15  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand "

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
" And if there's blood on Richard's hand, 20  
A spotless hand is mine

" And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?" 25

## xv.

## BALLAD CONTINUED

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing :  
" And gaily shines the Fairy-land— 5  
But all is glistening show,  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow

" And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape, 10  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape

" It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray, 15  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
 I might regain my mortal mould,  
 As fair a form as thine " 20

She crossed him once— she crossed him twice—  
 That lady was so brave ;  
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
 The darker grew the cave 25

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold .  
 He rose beneath her hand  
 The fairest knight on Scottish mould,  
 Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood, 30  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,  
 When all the bells were ringing

## XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,  
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade ,  
 His martial step, his stately mien,  
 His hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims— 5  
 'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James  
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
 Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream  
 "O stranger ! in such hour of fear,  
 What evil hap has brought thee here ?"— 10  
 "An evil hap how can it be,  
 That bids me look again on thee ?  
 By promise bound, my former guide  
 Met me betimes this morning tide,  
 And marshalled, over bank and bourne, 15  
 The happy path of my return"—

"The happy path !—what I said he nought  
 Of war, of battle to be fought,  
 Of guarded pass ?" "No, by my faith !  
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe"— 20  
 "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,  
 —Yonder his tartans I discern,  
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure  
 That he will guide the stranger sure !—  
 What prompted thee, unhappy man 25  
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan  
 Had not been bribed by love or fear,  
 Unknown to him to guide thee here"—

## XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
 Since it is worthy care from thee ;  
 Yet life I hold but idle breath,  
 When love or honour's weighed with death  
 Then let me profit by my chance, 5  
 And speak my purpose bold at once  
 I come to bear thee from a wild,  
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled ;  
 By this soft hand to lead thee far  
 From frantic scenes of feud and war 10  
 Near Bochastle my horses wait,  
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate  
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower—  
 "O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art, 15  
 To say I do not read thy heart,  
 Too much, before, my selfish ear  
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear  
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track, 20  
 And how, O how, can I atone



The wreck my vanity brought on !—  
 One way remains—I'll tell him all—  
 Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it shall !  
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, 25  
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !  
 But first—my father is a man  
 Outlawed, and exiled, under ban ,  
 The price of blood is on his head,  
 With me 'twere infamy to wed — 30  
 Still wouldst thou speak ?—then hear the truth !  
 Fitz James, there is a noble youth,—  
 If yet he is !—exposed for me  
 And mine to dread extremity—  
 Thou hast the secret of my heart , 35  
 Forgive, be generous, and depart " !

## XVIII

Fitz James knew every wily train  
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,  
 But here he knew and felt them vain  
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
 To give her steadfast speech the lie , 5  
 In maiden confidence she stood,  
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
 And told her love with such a sigh  
 Of deep and hopeless ageny,  
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom, 10  
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb  
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,  
 But not with hope fled sympathy  
 He proffered to attend her side,  
 As brother would a sister guide — 15  
 " O ! little knowest thou Roderick's heart !  
 Safer for both we go apart.

O haste thee, and from Allan learn,  
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern "  
With hand upon his forehead laid, 20  
The conflict of his mind to shade,  
A parting step or two he made ,  
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,  
He paused, and turned, and came again.

## XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word !—  
It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord  
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
And bade, when I had boon to crave, 5  
To bring it back, and boldly claim  
The recompense that I would name  
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
But one who lives by lance and sword,  
Whose castle is his helm and shield, 10  
His lordship the embattled field.  
What from a prince can I demand,  
Who neither reck of state nor land ?  
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine ,  
Each guard and usher knows the sign 15  
Seek thou the king without delay ,  
This signet shall secure thy way ,  
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
As ransom of his pledge to me "  
He placed the golden circlet on, 20  
Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone  
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
So hastily Fitz-James shot past  
He joined his guide, and wending down  
The ridges of the mountain brown, 25

Across the stream they took their way,  
That joins Loch-Katrine to Achray.

## XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,  
Noontide was sleeping on the hill :  
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—  
"Murdoch ! was that a signal cry ?"—  
He stammered forth—"I shout to scare  
You raven from his dainty fare"  
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,  
His own brave steed—"Ah ! gallant grey !  
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well  
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—  
Murdoch, move first—but silently,  
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die !"  
Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
Each silent, each upon his guard

10

## XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
Around a precipice's edge,  
When lo ! a wasted female form,  
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
In tattered weeds and wild array,  
Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
And glancing round her restless eye  
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy  
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom,  
With gesture wild she waved a plume  
Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
To crag and cliff from dusky wing ;  
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,  
Where scarce was footing for the goat.

5

10

15

The tartan plaid she first described,  
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied,  
 As loud she laughed when near they drew,  
 For then the Lowland garb she knew,  
 And then her hands she wildly wrung, 20  
 And then she wept, and then she sung—  
 She sung '—the voice, in better time,  
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime,  
 And now, though strained and roughened, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill. 25

## XXII

## SONG

" They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my brain is warped and wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae  
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue  
 But were I now where Allan glides, 5  
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,  
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
 That heaven would close my wintry day!  
 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
 They made me to the church repair, 10  
 It was my bridal morn, they said,  
 And my true love would meet me there  
 But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drowned in blood the morning smile!  
 And woe betide the fairy dream! 15  
 I only waked to sob and scream "

## XXIII

" Who is this maid? what means her lay?  
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,

As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring " 5  
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,  
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,  
 When Roderick forayed Devan-side  
 The gay bridegroom resistance made, 10  
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.  
 I marvel she is now at large,  
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge —  
 Hence, brain sick fool!" He raised his bow —  
 "Now, if thou strikest her but one blow, 15  
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
 As ever peasant pitched a bar!" —  
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,  
 And pressed her to Fitz James's side  
 "See the grey pennons I prepare, 20  
 To seek my true love through the air!  
 I will not lend that savage groom,  
 To break his fall, one downy plume!  
 No! — deep amid disjointed stones,  
 The wolves shall batten on his bones, 25  
 And then shall his detested plaid,  
 By bush and brier in mid air staid,  
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
 Meet signal for their revelry." —

## XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!" —  
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will —  
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
 But still it loves the Lincoln green,  
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung, 5  
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue

“For O my sweet William was forester true,  
He stole poor Blanche’s heart away !  
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay ! 10  
“It was not that I meant to tell  
But thou art wise, and guessest well ”  
Then, in a low and broken tone,  
And hurried note, the song went on  
Still on the Clansman, fearfully, 15  
She fixed her apprehensive eye ,  
Then turned it on the Knight, and then  
Her look glanced wildly o’er the glen

## XXV

“The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily ,  
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily  
It was a stag, a stag of ten, 5  
Bearing its branches sturdily ,  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily  
It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully, 10  
She warned him of the toils below,  
O, so faithfully, faithfully !  
He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily ,  
He had a foot, and he could speed— 15  
Hunters watch so narrowly ”

## XXVI

Fitz-James’s mind was passion-tossed,  
When Ellen’s hints and fears were lost ,

But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,  
 And Blanche's song conviction brought —  
 Not like a stag that spies the snare, 5  
 But lion of the hunt aware,  
 He waved at once his blade on high,  
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"  
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
 But in his race his bow he drew 10  
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,  
 And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast —  
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,  
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!  
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 15  
 The fierce avenger is behind!  
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
 The forfeit death—the prize is life!  
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
 Close couched upon the heathery moor, 20  
 Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—  
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,  
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee!  
 —Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,  
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust, 25  
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain  
 Ere he can win his blade again  
 Bent o'er the fallen, with falcon eye,  
 He grimly smiled to see him die,  
 Then slower wended back his way, 30  
 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay

## XXVII

She sate beneath the birchen tree,  
 Her elbow resting on her knee,  
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
 And gazed on it, and feebly laughed,

Her wreath of broom and feathers grey, 5  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—  
“Stranger, it is in vain !” she cried  
“This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason’s power than years before , 10  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away  
A helpless injured wretch I die,  
And something tells me in thine eye,  
That thou wert mine avenger born — 15  
Seest thou this tress ?—O ! still I’ve worn  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, frenzy, and despair !  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine 20  
I will not tell thee when ’twas shred,  
Nor from what guiltless victim’s head—  
My brain would turn !—but it shall wave  
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,  
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain, 25  
And thou wilt bring it me again —  
I waver still —O God ! more bright  
Let Reason beam her parting light !—  
O ! by thy knighthood’s honoured sign,  
And for thy life preserved by mine, 30  
When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine’s Clan,  
With tartans broad, and shadowy plume,  
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong, 35  
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan’s wrong !  
They watch for thee by pass and fell  
Avoid the path O God ! . farewell”



## XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James ,  
 Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims ,  
 And now, with mingled grief and ire,  
 He saw the murdered maid expire  
 " God, in my need, be my relief, 5  
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief ! " —  
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair ,  
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
 And placed it on his bonnet side . 10  
 " By Him whose word is truth ! I swear,  
 No other favour will I wear,  
 Till this sad token I imbrue  
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu '  
 —But hark ! what means yon faint halloo ?  
 The chase is up,—but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe "  
 Barred from the known but guarded way,  
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz James must stray,  
 And oft must change his desperate track, 20  
 By stream and precipice turned back  
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
 From lack of food and loss of strength,  
 He couched him in a thicket hoar,  
 And thought his toils and perils o'er — 25  
 " Of all my rash adventures past,  
 This frantic feat must prove the last !  
 Who e'er so mad but might have guessed,  
 That all this Highland hornet's nest  
 Would muster up in swarms so soon 30  
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune ?—  
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—

Hark, to the whistle and the shout !—  
If further through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe . 35  
I'll couch me here till evening grey,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way ”

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell ,  
Enough remains of glimmering light 5  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake ; 10  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone, 15  
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ,  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.

## XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ,  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
“ Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand ! ”  
“ A stranger ” “ What dost thou require? ”— 5  
“ Rest and a guide, and food and fire

My life's beset, my path is lost,  
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost "  
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No "  
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" 10  
 "I dare! to him and all the band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand "  
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game  
 The privilege of chase may claim,  
 Though space and law the stag we lend, 15  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 [Who ever recked, where, how, or when,  
 [The prowling fox was trapped or slain?  
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"— 20  
 "They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,  
 And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,  
 I write the falsehood on their crest "  
 "If by the blaze I mark aright, 25  
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight "  
 "Then by these tokens mayst thou know  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—  
 "Enough, enough, sit down and share  
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." 30

## XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer,  
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid  
 He tended him like welcome guest, 5  
 Then thus his further speech addressed:—  
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
 A clansman born, a kinsman true,

Each word against his honour spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke , 10  
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid  
It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand, 15  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand  
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,  
Will I depart from honour's laws ,  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
A stranger is a holy name, 20  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ,  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward, 25  
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle's ford ,  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword "  
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,  
As freely as 'tis nobly given " 30  
" Well, rest thee , for the bittern's cry  
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby "  
With that he shook the gathered heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ,  
And the brave foemen, side by side, 35  
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream

## CANTO FIFTH

### The Combat

#### I

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,  
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
And lights the fearful path on mountain side,— 5  
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow  
of War

#### II

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Looked out upon the dappled sky, 5  
Muttered their soldier matins by,  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal  
That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue, 10  
And, true to promise, led the way,  
By thicket green and mountain grey  
A wildering path!—they winded now  
Along the precipice's brow,  
Commanding the rich scenes beneath, 15  
The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
And all the vales between that lie,

Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ,  
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's lance 20  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
Assistance from the hand to gain ,  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear, 25  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

## III

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ,  
Ever the hollow path twined on, 5  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
A hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 10  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry  
But where the lake slept deep and still, 15  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ,  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumbered land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand 20  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace, '

Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds? traversed by few, 25  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu

## 17

' Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side ,  
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
 " I dreamt not now to claim its aid  
 When here, but three days since, I came, 5  
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ,  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war 10  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
 Though deep perchance the villain lied ' —  
 " Yet why a second venture try ?"—  
 " A warrior thou, and ask me why !—  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause, 15  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,— 20  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid .  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone "—

## V

" Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,

Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar ?"  
 —" No, by my word,—of bands prepared 5  
 To guard King James's sports I heard,  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung"— 10  
 " Free be they flung ! for we were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung !—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave  
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 15  
 Bewildered in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe ?"—  
 " Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 20  
 Save as an outlawed desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight :  
 Yet this alone might from his part 95  
 Sever each true and loyal heart "

## VI

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 " And heardst thou why he drew his blade ?  
 Heardst thou, that shameful word and blow 5  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?  
 What recked the Chieftain if he stood  
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?





' To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore ! 20  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest '  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may, 25  
 And from the robber rend the prey ?  
 Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain ,  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,— 30  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution true ? 35  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu "—

## VIII.

Answered Fitz-James,—“ And, if I sought,  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid ?  
 My life given o'er to ambushade ?”—  
 “ As of a meed to rashness due 5  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,  
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ,  
 But secret path marks secret foe 10  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
 Save to fulfil an augury ”—  
 “ Well, let it pass , nor will I now

Fresh cause of enmity avow, 15  
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride .  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
In peace , but when I come agen, 20  
I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe  
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand 25  
This rebel Chieftain and his band !"

## IX.

" Have, then, thy wish !"—He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill ,  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose 5  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ,  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ,  
From shingles grey their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 10  
The rushes and the willow wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
That whistle garrisoned the glen 15  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still. 20

Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung, 25  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung  
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?" 30  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,  
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

## X.

Fitz-James was brave.—though to his heart  
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
 He manned himself with dauntless air,  
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore, 5  
 And firmly placed his foot before.—  
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I!"  
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise, 10  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel  
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand  
 Down sunk the disappearing band,  
 Each warrior vanished where he stood, 15  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood,  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low,  
 It seemed as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth. 20

The wind's last breath had tossed in air,  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back, 25  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone

## XI

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed  
 The witness that his sight received,  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 5  
 And to his look the Chief replied,  
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
 But—doubt not aught from mine array  
 Thou art my guest,—I pledged my word  
 As far as Coilantogle ford 10  
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael  
 So move we on,—I only meant 15  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu "  
 They moved—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive, 20  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,



Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel  
 See, here, all vantageless I stand, 20  
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword "

## XIII

The Saxon paused — " I ne'er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;  
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved, 5  
 A better meed have well deserved .  
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?  
 Are there no means ?"— " No, Stranger, none !  
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel , 10  
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead  
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
 His party conquers in the strife.'—  
 " Then, by my word," the Saxon said, 15  
 " The riddle is already read  
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff  
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me 20  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favour free,  
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word, 25  
 That, to thy native strengths restored,





Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed

## xv

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull hide  
Had death so often dashed aside ,  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield, 5  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ,  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war 10  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ,  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal dram, 15  
And showered his blows like wintry rain ,  
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
Against the winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill , 20  
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
And backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee

## xvi

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !"—  
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."

— He a blur darting from his coil, 5  
 His wrist that dexter through the toil,  
 Like an unerring who rushes her gown  
 Full at the Jacob's throat he spun,  
 He said I but recked not of a wound,  
 And he felt his arms his far arm round — 10  
 Now, that saxe, held there own!  
 An instant's hold it round that thrown!  
 That deep, the snap thy frame might feel,  
 The saxe of brass and triple steel! —  
 They to the saxe — down, down, they go, 15  
 The saxe below, the James below  
 The saxe as saxe his throat compressed,  
 He saxe was planted on his breast,  
 He close he looks he back and threw,  
 Across the saxe he hand he drew, 20  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleam aloft his dagger bright! —  
 — But late and fery ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came, 25  
 To turn the odds of deadly game,  
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath 30  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Christ's relaxing grasp,  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, the James arose

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
 Redeemed, unhop'd, from desperate strife,

Next on his foe his look he cast,  
 Whose every gasp appeared his last ,  
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,— 5  
 "Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ,  
 Yet with thy foe, must die, or live,"  
 The praise that Faith and Valour give"—  
 With that he blew a bugle note,  
 Undid the collar from his throat, 10  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ,  
 The sounds increase, and now are seen 15  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ,  
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
 By loosened rein, a saddled steed ,  
 Each onward held his headlong course,  
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,— 20  
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot—  
 —"Exclaim not, gallants ! question not —  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight ,  
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight, 25  
 We destined for a fairer freight,  
 And bring him on to Stirling straight ,  
 I will before at better speed,  
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed  
 The sun rides high,—I must be bounè 30  
 To see the archer game at noon ,  
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea —  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me !

## XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand !"—the steed obeyed,  
 With arching neck and bended head,

And glancing eye, and quivering ear,  
As if he loved his lord to hear  
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid, 5  
No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
And lightly bounded from the plain,  
Turned on the horse his armed heel,  
And stirred his courage with the steel 10  
Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
The rider sate erect and fair,  
Then, like a bolt from steel crossbow  
Forth launched, across the plain they go  
They dashed that rapid torrent through, 15  
And up Carhonic's hill they flew ,  
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,  
His merry men followed as they might  
Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,  
And in the race they mock thy tide , 20  
Torry and Lendrick now are past,  
And Deanstown lies behind them east ,  
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,  
They sink in distant woodland soon ,  
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire, 25  
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre,  
They mark just glance and disappear  
The lofty brow of ancient Kier ,  
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,  
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides, 30  
And on the opposing shore take ground,  
With plash, with scramble, and with bound  
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !  
And soon the bulwark of the North,  
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town, 35  
Upon their fleet career looked down

## XIX

As up the flinty path they strained,  
Sudden his steed the leader reined ,  
A signal to his squire he flung,  
Who instant to his stirrup sprung —  
“ Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,                   5  
Who town ward holds the rocky way,  
Of stature tall and poor array ?  
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
With which he scales the mountain side ?  
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ? ” 10  
“ No, by my word ,—a burly groom  
He seems, who in the field or chase  
A baron's train would nobly grace ”  
“ Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,  
And jealousy, no sharper eye ?                   15  
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
That stately form and step I knew ,  
Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
Treads not such step on Scottish green  
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle !                   20  
The uncle of the banished Earl  
Away, away, to court, to show  
The near approach of dreaded foe  
The King must stand upon his guard ,  
Douglas and he must meet prepared ”                   25  
Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight  
They won the Castle's postern gate

## XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,  
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,  
Held sad communion with himself —

' Yes ! all is true my fears could frame 5  
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel  
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
 God grant the ransom come not late ! 10  
 The abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven,—  
 —Be pardoned one repining tear !  
 I or He, who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent !—but that is by, 15  
 And now my business is—to die.  
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ,  
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !  
 That oft hast heard the death axe sound, 20  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal 25  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,  
 In motley groups what masquers meet !  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers come 30  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports to-day  
 James will be there,—he loves such show,  
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe, 35  
 As well as where, in proud career,  
 The high horn tilter shivers spear  
 I'll follow to the Castle park,

And play my prize ;—King James shall mark  
If age has tamed these sinews stark, 40  
Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
His boyish wonder loved to praise ”

## XXI

The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung,  
And echoed loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent 5  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low,  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow, 10  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame  
And well the simperer might be vain—  
He chose the fairest of the train  
Gravely he greets each city sire, 15  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims—  
“ Long live the Commons' King, King James !” 20  
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way  
—But in the train you might discern 25  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern  
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,  
And the mean burgher's joys disdained ,

And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
 Were each from home a banished man, 30  
 There thought upon their own grey tower,  
 The raving woods, their feudal power,  
 And deemed themselves a shameful part  
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart

## XXII

Now in the Castle park, drew out  
 Their chequered bands the joyous rout.  
 There morricers, with bell at heel,  
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ,  
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand 5  
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—  
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 10  
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,  
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John , 10  
 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
 In archery to prove their skill  
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
 His first shaft centred in the white,  
 And when in turn he shot again, 15  
 His second split the first in twain  
 From the King's hand must Douglas take  
 A silver dart, the archer's stake ,  
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,  
 Some answering glance of sympathy,— 20  
 No kind emotion made reply !  
 Indifferent as to archer wight,  
 The monarch gave the arrow bright

## XXIII

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.



Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
And proud demanded mightier foes,  
Nor called in vain for Douglas came. 5  
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame  
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.  
Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring, 10  
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
As frozen drop of wintry dew  
Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
His struggling soul his words suppressed,  
Indignant then he turned him where 15  
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
To hurl the massive bar in air  
When each his utmost strength had shown,  
The Douglas rent an earth fast stone  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high, 20  
And sent the fragment through the sky,  
A rood beyond the farthest mark,—  
And still in Stirling's royal park,  
The grey-haired sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas cast, 25  
And moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang,  
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed  
A purse well filled with pieces broad  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud, 5  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,

And sharper glance, the dark grey man,  
Till whispers rose among the throng,  
That heart so free, and hand so strong, 10  
Must to the Douglas blood belong  
The old men marked and shook the head,  
To see his hair with silver spread,  
And winked aside, and told each son  
Of feats upon the English done, 15  
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand  
Was exiled from his native land  
The women praised his stately form,  
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm  
The youth with awe and wonder saw 20  
His strength surpassing Nature's law  
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,  
'Till murmur rose to clamours loud  
But not a glance from that proud ring  
Of peers who circled round the King, 25  
With Douglas held communion kind,  
Or called the banished man to mind,  
No, not from those who, at the chase,  
Once held his side the honoured place,  
Begirt his board, and, in the field, 30  
Found safety underneath his shield,  
For he, whom royal eyes disown,  
When was his form to courtiers known !

## XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,  
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine, 5  
Might serve the archery to dine

But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North,—  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth — 10  
She left the royal hounds mid way,  
And dashing on the antlered prey,  
Sunk her sharp muzzle in the flank,  
And deep the flowing life-blood drank  
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport 15  
By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,  
In anger struck the noble hound  
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn, 20  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,  
Had borne the pity of the crowd ,  
But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
To share his board, to watch his bed,  
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck, 25  
In maiden glee, with garlands deck ,  
They were such playmates, that with name  
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came  
His stifled wrath is brimming high,  
In darkened brow and flashing eye , 30  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride ,  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore  
Such blow no other hand could deal, 35  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel

## XXVI

Then clamoured loud the royal train,  
And brandished swords and staves amain ,

But stern the Baron's warning — " Back !  
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !  
Beware the Douglas — Yes ! behold, 5  
King James, the Douglas, doomed of old,  
And vainly sought for near and far,  
A victim to atone the war,  
A willing victim, now attends,  
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends " — 10  
" Thus is my clemency repaid ?  
Presumptuous Lord ! " the Monarch said ,  
" Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,  
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
The only man, in whom a foe 15  
My woman-mercy would not know  
But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
Injurious blow, and haughty look ? —  
What ho ! the Captain our Guard '  
Give the offender fitting ward — 20  
Break off the sports ! " — for tumult rose,  
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows —  
" Break off the sports ! " he said, and frowned  
" And bid our horsemen clear the ground " —

## XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray  
Marred the fair form of festal day  
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,  
Repelled by threats and insult loud ,  
To earth are borne the old and weak, 5  
The timorous fly, the women shriek ,  
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,  
The hardier urge tumultuous war  
At once round Douglas darkly sweep  
The royal spears in circle deep, 10

And slowly scale the pathway steep ,  
While on their rear in thunder pour  
The rabble with disordered roar  
With grief the noble Douglas saw  
The Commons rise against the law, 15  
And to the leading soldier said,  
“ Sir John of Hyndford ! ’twas my blade  
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ,  
For that good deed, permit me then  
A word with these misguided men — 20

## XXVIII

“ Hear, gentle friends ! ere yet for me,  
Ye break the bands of fealty  
My life, my honour, and my cause,  
I tender free to Scotland’s laws  
Are these so weak as must require 5  
The aid of your misguided ire ?  
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low,  
That, for mean vengeance on a foe, 10  
Those cords of love I should unbind,  
Which knit my country and my kind ?  
Oh no ! Believe, in yonder tower  
It will not soothe my captive hour,  
To know those spears our foes should dread, 15  
For me in kindred gore are red ,  
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,  
For me, that mother wails her son ,  
For me, that widow’s mate expires ,  
For me, that orphans weep their sires , 20  
That patriots mourn insulted laws,  
And curse the Douglas for the cause

O let your patience ward such ill,  
And keep your right to love me still !"

## XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again  
In tears, as tempests melt in rain  
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed  
For blessings on his generous head,  
Who for his country felt alone, 5  
And prized her blood beyond his own  
Old men, upon the verge of life,  
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife ,  
And mothers held their babes on high,  
The self devoted chief to spy, 10  
Triumphant over wrong and ire,  
To whom the prattlers owed a sire  
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ,  
As if behind some bier beloved  
With trailing arms and drooping head, 15  
The Douglas up the hill he led,  
And at the Castle's battled verge,  
With sighs resigned his honoured charge

## XXX

The offended monarch rode apart,  
With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
And would not now vouchsafe again  
Through Stirling streets to lead his train  
" O Lennox, who would wish to rule 5  
This changling crowd, this common fool ?  
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,  
With which they shout the Douglas name ?  
With like acclaim the vulgar throat

Strained for King James their morning note , 10  
 With like acclaim they hailed the day,  
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway ,  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,  
 If he could hurl me from my seat  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign 15  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream ,  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's severed blood 20  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy king !



"But soft ! what messenger of speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?  
 I guess his cognizance afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of Mar ?"—  
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 5  
 Within the safe and guarded ground  
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—  
 The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu  
 Has summoned his rebellious crew , 10  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose banditti stand arrayed  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,  
 To break their muster marched, and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle fought , 15  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride "

## XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—  
I should have earlier looked to this  
I lost it in this bustling day  
—Retrace with speed thy former way,  
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, 5  
The best of mine shall be thy meed  
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,  
We do forbid the intended war,  
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,  
Was made our prisoner by a knight, 10  
And Douglas hath himself and cause  
Submitted to our kingdom's laws  
The tidings of their leaders lost  
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
Nor would we that the vulgar feel, 15  
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel  
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly"—  
He turned his steed,—“My liege, I hie,—  
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
I fear the broadswords will be drawn”— 20  
The turf the flying courser spurned,  
And to his towers the King returned

## XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day  
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay,  
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,  
And soon cut short the festal song  
Nor less upon the saddened town 5  
The evening sunk in sorrow down  
The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,



Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
 All up in arms —the Douglas too, 10  
 They mourned him pent within the hold  
 "Where stout Earl William was of old"  
 And there his word the speaker staid,  
 And finger on his lip he laid,  
 Or pointed to his dagger blade 15  
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
 At evening to the castle pressed,  
 And busy talkers said they bore  
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore,  
 At noon the deadly fray begun, 20  
 And lasted till the set of sun  
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,  
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown

## CANTO SIXTH

## The Guard Room

## I

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
 Rousing each cartiff to his task of care,  
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance,  
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance, 5  
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den,  
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,  
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men  
 What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe, 10  
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!

The fevered patient, from his pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream  
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,  
The debtor wakes to thought of give and jail 15  
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream,  
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pile,  
Turns her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble  
wail.

## II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel  
Through narrow loop and casement barred, 5  
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky air,  
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blackened stone, 10  
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deformed with beard and scar,  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fevered with the stern debauch,  
For the oak table's massive board, 15  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,  
Showed in what sport the night had flown  
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench,  
Some laboured still their thirst to quench 20  
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness rung

## III

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor owned the patriarchal claim  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name ,  
Adventurers they, from far who roved, 5  
To live by battle which they loved  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ,  
The mountain-loving Switzer there  
More freely breathed in mountain air 10  
The Fleming there despised the soil,  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil ,  
Their rolls showed French and German name ,  
And merry England's exiles came,  
To share, with ill concealed disdain, 15  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain  
All brave in arms, well trained to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield ,  
In camps licentious, wild, and bold ,  
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled , 20  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released

## IV

They held debate of bloody fray,  
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray  
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,  
Their hands oft grappled to their swords ,  
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear 5  
Of wounded comrades groaning near,  
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,  
Bore token of the mountain sword,

Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,  
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard, 10  
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
 At length up-started John of Brent,  
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent ,  
 A stranger to respect or fear, 15  
 In peace a chaser of the deer,  
 In host a hardy mutineer,  
 But still the boldest of the crew,  
 When deed of danger was to do  
 He grieved, that day, their games cut short, 20  
 And marred the dicer's brawling sport,  
 And shouted loud, " Renew the bowl !  
 And, while a merry catch I troll,  
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
 Like brethren of the brand and spear " 25

## v

## SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,  
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,  
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack ,  
 Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor, 5  
 Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,  
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,  
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye, 10  
 Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker,  
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?  
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ,  
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch, 15  
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church  
 Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,  
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar

## VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
 Staid in mid roar the merry shout  
 A soldier to the portal went,—  
 " Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent  
 And,—beat for jubilee the drum ! 5  
 A maid and minstrel with him come "  
 Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarred,  
 Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
 A harper with him, and in plaid  
 All muffled close, a mountain maid, 10  
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view  
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew  
 " What news ? " they roared — " I only know,  
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,  
 As wild and as untameable 15  
 As the rude mountains where they dwell ,  
 On both sides store of blood is lost,  
 Nor much success can either boast "—  
 " But whence thy captives, friend ? such spoil  
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil 20  
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp ,  
 Thou now hast glee maiden and harp !  
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land  
 The leader of a juggler band "—

## VII

" No, comrade,—no such fortune mine  
 After the fight these sought our line,

That aged harper and the girl,  
And, having audience of the Earl,  
Mar bade I should purvey them steed, 5  
And bring them hitherward with speed  
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
For none shall do them shame or harm"—  
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,  
Ever to strife and jangling bent, 10  
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
To pay the forester his fee?  
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,  
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee"— 15  
Bertram his forward step withstood,  
And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife,  
But Ellen boldly stepped between, 20  
And dropped at once the tartan screen —  
So, from his morning cloud, appears  
The sun of May, through summer tears  
The savage soldiery amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed, 25  
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half ashamed

## VIII

Boldly she spoke,— "Soldiers, attend!  
My father was the soldier's friend,  
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,  
And with him in the battle bled  
Not from the valiant, or the strong, 5  
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong"—  
Answered De Brent, most forward still

In every feat or good or ill,—  
“I shame me of the part I played  
And thou an outlaw’s child, poor maid ! 10  
An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood knows the cause  
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,”—  
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
“Must bear such age, I think, as thou — 15  
Hear ye, my mates , I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall  
There lies my halberd on the floor ,  
And he that steps my halberd o’er,  
To do the maid injurious part, 20  
My shaft shall quiver in his heart !—  
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough  
Ye all know John de Brent Enough ”

## IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—  
(Of Tullibardine’s house he sprung,)  
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight ,  
Gay was his mien, his humour light,  
And, though by courtesy controlled, 5  
Forward his speech, his bearing bold  
The high-born maiden ill could brook  
The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye,—and yet, in sooth,  
Young Lewis was a generous youth , 10  
But Ellen’s lovely face and mien,  
Ill-suited to the garb and scene,  
Might lightly bear construction strange,  
And give loose fancy scope to range.  
—“Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid ! 15  
Come ye to seek a champion’s aid,

On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
 Like errant damosel of yore ?  
 Does thy high quest a knight require,  
 Or may the venture suit a squire ?"— 20  
 Her dark eye flashed,—she paused and sighed,—  
 "O what have I to do with pride !  
 —Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,  
 A suppliant for a father's life,  
 I crave an audience of the King 25  
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James "

## X.

The signet ring young Lewis took,  
 With deep respect and altered look ,  
 And said,—“This ring our duties own ,  
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
 In semblance mean obscurely veiled, 5  
 Lady, in aught my folly failed  
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
 The King shall know what suitor waits,  
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
 Repose you till his waking hour , 10  
 Female attendance shall obey  
 Your hest, for service or array  
 Permit I marshal you the way”—  
 But, ere she followed, with the grace  
 And open bounty of her race, 15  
 She bade her slender purse be shared  
 Among the soldiers of the guard  
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took ,  
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
 On the reluctant maiden's hold 20



Forced bluntly back the proffered gold,—

‘ Forgive a haughty English heart,

And O forget its ruder part !

The vacant purse shall be my share,

Which in my barret cap I ll bear, 25

Perchance, in jeopardy of war,

Where gayer crests may keep afar ”—

With thanks,—’twas all she could,—the maid

His rugged courtesy repaid

# Xi

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,

Allan made suit to John of Brent —

“ My lady safe, O let your grace

Give me to see my master’s face !

His minstrel I,—to share his doom 5

Bound from the cradle to the tomb

Tenth in descent, since first my sires

Waked for his noble house their lyres,

Nor one of all the race was known

But prized its weal above their own 10

With the Chief’s birth begins our care ,

Our harp must soothe the infant heir

Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace

His earliest feat of field or chase ,

In peace, in war, our rank we keep, 15

We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,

Nor leave him till we pour our verse,

A doleful tribute ! o’er his hearse

Then let me share his captive lot ,

It is my right,—deny it not !”— 20

“ Little we reck,” said John of Brent,

“ We Southern men, of long descent ,

Nor wot we how a name—a word—

Makes clansmen vassals to a lord  
Yet kind my noble landlord's part, — 25  
God bless the house of Beaudesert !  
And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
More than to guide the labouring steer,  
I had not dwelt an outcast here  
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me , 30  
Thy lord and Chieftain shalt thou see "

## XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread  
Portals they passed, where, deep within, 5  
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din ,  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,  
And many an hideous engine grim,  
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb, 10  
By artist formed, who deemed it shame  
And sin to give their work a name  
They halted at a low-browed porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward rolled, 15  
And made the bar unhasp its hold  
They entered — 'twas a prisoner-room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon , for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its way, 20  
And rude and antique garniture  
Decl ed the sad walls and oaken floor ,  
Such as the rugged days of old,  
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold

"Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st remain      25  
 Till the Leech visit him again  
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
 To tend the noble prisoner well"  
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,  
 And the lock's murmurs growled anew      30  
 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed  
 A captive feebly raised his head,  
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew  
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!  
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,      35  
 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought,

## XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore  
 Shall never stem the billows more,  
 Deserted by her gallant band,  
 Amid the breakers lies astrand,—  
 So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!      5  
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw  
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,  
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,  
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat,—      10  
 O! how unlike her course at sea!  
 Or his free step on hill and lea!—  
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,  
 —"What of thy lady?—of my clan?—  
 My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all?      15  
 Have they been ruined in my fall?  
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!  
 Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear"—  
 (For Allan, who his mood well knew,  
 Was choked with grief and terror too)      20

"Who fought—who fled?—Old man, be brief,—  
Some might—for they had lost their Chief  
Who basely live? —who bravely died?"—  
"O calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,  
"Ellen is safe;"—"For that thank Heaven!" 25  
"And hopes are for the Douglas given,—  
The Lady Margaret too is well;  
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,  
Has never harp of minstrel told,  
Of combat fought so true and bold. 30  
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
Though many a goodly bough is rent"

## XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,  
And fever's fire was in his eye,  
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks  
Chequered his swarthy brow and cheeks  
—"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play, 5  
With measure bold, on festal day,  
In yon lone isle,—again where ne'er  
Shall harper play, or warrior hear!—  
That stirring air that peals on high,  
O'er Dermid's race our victory — 10  
Strike it!—and then, (for well thou canst),  
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,  
Fling me the picture of the fight,  
When met my clan the Saxon night  
I'll listen, till my fancy hears 15  
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!  
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,  
For the fair field of fighting men,  
And my free spirit burst away,  
As if it soared from battle fray" 20

The trembling Bard with awe obeyed,—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid ,  
 But soon remembrance of the sight  
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night, 25  
 Awakened the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along,—  
 As shallop launched on river's tide,  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream, 30  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam

## XV

## BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

"The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
 For ere he parted, he would say  
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
 Where shall he find, in foreign land, 5  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !—  
 There is no breeze upon the fern,  
 Nor ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her eyry nods the erne,  
 The deer has sought the brake , 10  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still,  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
 Benledi's distant hill 15  
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
 That mutters deep and dread,  
 Or echoes from the groaning ground  
 The warrior's measured tread ?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance 20  
 That on the thicket streams,  
 Or do they flash on spear and lance  
 The sun's retiring beams ?—  
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
 I see the Moray's silver star, 25  
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
 That up the lake comes winding far '  
 To hero bound for battle-strife,  
 Or bard of martial lay,  
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, 30  
 One glance at their array '

XVI.

" Their light-armed archers far and near  
 Surveyed the tangled ground,  
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
 A twilight forest frowned,  
 Their barbed horsemen, in the rear, 5  
 The stern battalia crowned  
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum ,  
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,  
 The sullen march was dumb 10  
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad ,  
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
 That shadowed o'er their road  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring, 15  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirred the roe ,  
 The host moves like a deep sea-wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave, 20

High-swelling, dark, and slow  
 The lake is passed, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosach's rugged jaws,  
 And here the horse and spearmen pause, 25  
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men

## XVII

" At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
 Had pealed the banner cry of hell !  
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven, 5  
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
 The archery appear  
 For life ! for life ! their plight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving high, 10  
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
 Are maddening in the rear  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
 Pursuers and pursued ,  
 Before that tide of flight and chase, 15  
 How shall it keep its rooted place,  
 The spearmen's twilight wood ?—  
 Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down !  
 Bear back both friend and foe !'—  
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown, 20  
 That serried grove of lances brown  
 At once lay levelled low ,  
 And closely shouldering side to side,  
 The bristling ranks the onset bide

'We'll quell the savage mountaineer, 25  
 As their Tinchel cows the game !  
 They come as fleet as forest deer,  
 We'll drive them back as tame '—

## XVIII

" Bearing before them, in their course,  
 The relics of the archer force,  
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come  
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright 5  
 Was brandishing like beam of light,  
 Each targe was dark below ,  
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
 They hurled them on the foe 10  
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ,  
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
 As if an hundred anvils rang !  
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank 15  
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,  
 'My banner man, advance '  
 I see,' he cried, ' their column shake —  
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,  
 Upon them with the lance '— 20  
 The horsemen dashed among the rout,  
 As deer break through the broom ,  
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
 They soon make lightsome room  
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne— 25  
 Where, where was Roderick then !  
 One blast upon his bugle horn  
 Were worth a thousand men







All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
And to their clamours Benvenue  
A mingled echo gave ,  
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer, 20  
The helpless females scream for fear,  
And yells for rage the mountaineer  
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
Poured down at once the lowering heaven ,  
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast, 25  
Her billows reared their snowy crest  
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,  
To mar the Highland marksman's eye ,  
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,  
The vengeful arrows of the Gael — 30  
In vain —He nears the isle—and lo !  
His hand is on a shallop's bow  
—Just then a flash of lightning came,  
It tinged the waves and strand with flame ,—  
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame, 35  
Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand —  
It darkened—but amid the moan  
Of waves, I heard a dying groan ,—  
Another flash !—the spearman floats 40  
A weltering corse beside the boats,  
And the stern matron o'er him stood,  
Her hand and dagger streaming blood

## XXI

“ ‘ Revenge ! revenge ! ’ the Saxons cried ;  
The Gaels' exulting shout replied  
Despite the elemental rage,  
Again they hurried to engage ,  
But, ere they closed in desperate fight, 5



Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !  
For thee shall none a requiem say ?—  
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay, 5  
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
The shelter of her exiled line,—  
E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
I'll wail for Alpine's honoured Pine !

“What groans shall yonder valleys fill ! 10  
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !  
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
Thy fall before the race was won,  
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun ! 15  
There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
But would have given his life for thine —  
O woe for Alpine's honoured Pine !

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—  
The captive thrush may brook the cage, 20  
The prisoned eagle dies for rage  
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !  
And, when its notes awake again,  
Even she, so long beloved in vain,  
Shall with my harp her voice combine, 25  
And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured Pine !”

## XXIII

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
Remained in lordly bower apart,  
Where played, with many-coloured gleams,  
Through storied pane the rising beams  
In vain on gilded roof they fall, 5



Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me

"I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime, 10  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing,  
These towers, although a king's they be, 15  
Have not a hall of joy for me

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew, 20  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me!"

## XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
The listener had not turned her head,  
It trickled still, the starting tear,  
When light a footstep struck her ear,  
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near 5  
She turned the hastier, lest again  
The prisoner should renew his strain  
"O welcome, brave Fitz James!" she said,  
"How may an almost orphan maid  
Pay the deep debt,"—"O say not so!" 10  
To me no gratitude you owe.





Then turned bewildered and amazed,  
 For all stood bare , and, in the room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume  
 To him each lady's look was lent , 20  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent ;  
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring,—  
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King ! 25

## XXVII

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ,  
 No word her choking voice commands,— 5  
 She showed the ring,—she clasped her hands  
 O ! not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous Prince, that suppliant look !  
 Gently he raised her,—and, the while,  
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile , 10  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
 And bade her terrors be dismissed,—  
 “ Yes, Fair ! the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ; 15  
 He will redeem his signet ring  
 Ask nought for Douglas,—yester even,  
 His Prince and he have much forgiven—  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong 20  
 We would not, to the vulgar crowd,  
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,

Our council aided, and our laws  
 I stanch'd thy father's death feud stern, 25  
 With stout De Vaux and grey Glencarn;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our Throne —  
 But, lovely infidel, how now?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 30  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid  
 'Thou must confirm this doubting maid "

## XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter hung  
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
 When it can say, with godlike voice, 5  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!  
 Yet would not James the general eye,  
 On Nature's raptures long should pry,  
 He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte away! 10  
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
 That brought this happy chance to speed  
 —Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stry,  
 In life's more low but happier way,  
 'Tis under name which veils my power, 15  
 Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower  
 Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,  
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
 Thus learn to right the injured cause"— 20  
 Then, in a tone apart and low,—  
 —"Ah, little traitress! none must know  
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,

What vanity full dearly bought  
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew 25  
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
 Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive "  
 Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold  
 That little talisman of gold, 30  
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King!"

## XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed  
 He probed the weakness of her breast,  
 But, with that consciousness, there came  
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,  
 And more she deemed the Monarch's ire 5  
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire  
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew,  
 And, to her generous feeling true,  
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu  
 "Forbear thy suit —the King of kings 10  
 Alone can stay life's parting wings,  
 I know his heart, I know his hand,  
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand —  
 My fairest earldom would I give  
 To bid Clan Alpine's Chieftain live! — 15  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave?  
 No other captive friend to save?"—  
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
 As if she wished her sire to speak 20  
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek —  
 "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course —



HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ,  
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending  
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending, 5  
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ,  
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,  
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee  
  
 Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp ! 10  
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
 And little reck I of the censure sharp  
 May idly cavil at an idle lay  
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
 Through secret woes the world has never known, 15  
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,  
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone  
 That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own  
  
 Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string ! 20  
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing  
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring 25  
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
 And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !



# NOTES

## CANTO I.

### Analysis

I—X. This canto opens with a vigorous description of a day's hunt. The chase is long and merry, and one by one the hunters drop off till at last only knight alone is left. He follows the quarry to the banks of Loch Achmar, but just as he thinks the quarry is his, he feels himself foiled, and his quarry is lost. To all odds the quarry has been worn out by the long chase, lies down to die, and he is left, parted from all his companions, in the dark hollows of the Trenches. He pushes forward, and reaches the end of the defile where it overlooks Loch Katrina.

XI—XXIII. It is now necessary, and not relishing the prospect of exploring the remote glen in the possible neighbourhood of Highland Fingert, he sends his hound in the hope that it may recall some remembrance of the chase. But instead of this, a light skiff glides forth in answer to the summons from the islet opposite to him, and comes to land close to his feet. Its occupant, a maiden 'fair as ever Glean's chieftain's maid' startled at the sight of a stranger, pushes off a little space from the shore, but after a short parley invites him to share their Highland hospitality, assuring him that he is not an unexpected guest; his bed is prepared, his evening cheer provided; for the eve, old Allanbarr, has foretold his coming.

XXIV—XXXV. The stranger crosses with her to the island, where, under the trees, is the maiden's rustic home. As he enters he is startled by the fall of a huge sword, which recalls to him one, the only one he ever knew that could wield such a blade in battle. This discovery calls back old scenes long past. Vain is the maiden's spell; it cannot quell the fever of his breast. He dreams over again the perils of the day and then the scenes of his youth, ere his trusting heart had been shaken by the falsehood of friends and the dark policy of the world. He rises and goes out into the still night, whose quiet calm soothes his spirit, and then sleeps on till dawn.—Taylor.

### INTRODUCTION.

Each canto is introduced by one or more stanzas in the Spenserian metre, bearing more or less on the subject of the canto. The Spenserian stanza consists of eight lines of ten syllables and five accents each, followed by a line of twelve syllables and six accents. It is the metre of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, whence its name.

1—2 **Harp spring**—The Scottish Harp—the instrument of national music—has long remained suspended on the drooping elm tree, whose branches shade the sacred spring of Saint Fillan by intercepting the rays of the sun, : c Minstrelsy was once held in great honour in Scotland. The bards with their harps were welcomed everywhere by gallant knights and lovely ladies. But the harp has fallen into disuse and the merry minstrelsy of Scotland has been decaying for a long time.

3—5 **And down string**—The chords of the Harp vibrated as the breeze swept fitfully over them and sent forth a wild and broken melody, till the ivy, as if envious of the musical powers of the Harp, silenced its sweet strains by creeping over the chords and twining its tendrils round them, : c from time to time some Scottish bards flourished, but in process of time, the race of bards died out and Scottish minstrelsy became a thing of the past.

6—9 **O Minstrel weep**—O Harp of the Bard!—when the leaves are rustling and the fountains flowing in sweet murmurs, when all Nature sings as it were with joy, is it doomed that thy sweet strains—sweeter than the sounds of Nature—shall wake no more, shall no more be attuned to the subjects of Love and War—causing the warrior to smile with joy on listening to the gallant exploits of heroes, and the maiden to shed tears of pity on hearing tales of innocence distressed or of love unrequited? : c Is Scottish minstrelsy doomed to perish? Shall it no more thrill the hearts of knights and maidens by its glorious lays of Love and War?

1 **Harp of the North\***—the Scottish Harp, the minstrelsy of Scotland. This is an invocation to the Spirit of the old Scottish minstrelsy after the manner of Greek and Latin poets, who commence with an invocation to the Muses. Possibly Scott refers to Ossian, the great Celtic warrior poet, who lived in the 3rd century and whose poems were published in 1763 by James Macpherson. **Harp**—a musical stringed instrument held in great esteem by the Highlanders of Scotland.

**Mouldering**—wasting away, in a state of decay. **Long**—for a long time. **Hung**—remained suspended. Cf. *We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof — Psalms*

2 **Witch-elm**—the broad leaved drooping elm—a kind of tree much used as a shade tree. The word *witch* has no relation with *witch* or *wizard*, but is derived from A. S. *Wican*—to bend, and means 'drooping'. It is more commonly spelt *rich* or *wych*. Popular superstition connects the name with *witch*, as if the tree was the especial haunt of witches. To this Scott appears to allude in the concluding stanza, where he calls it the *wizard elm* — *Paylor*

\* Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee  
The cold chain of silence hath hung o'er thee long — *Scott*

2 **Shades**—shelters, covers. The student should carefully note the difference between *shade*—which implies no particular form or definite limit, and *shadow*—which has reference to the form and extent of the object which intercepts the light

**Saint Fillan's spring\***—a sacred pool at the head of Loch Lomond—supposed to possess miraculous power to cure insanity  
**St Fillan**—a Scotch abbot in the 7th century. He was the favorite saint of Robert Bruce. Can it be that Scott selects Saint Fillan's spring as the resting place of the Scottish Harp—because Poetry should always be associated with Victory and Liberty? This spring is eminently suited to be the last resting place of the Scottish Harp, as it is situated in the district noted for the life long struggles made by Bruce to win the independence of his country, and as it is named after St. Fillan, to whose especial intervention was attributed the glorious victory of Bannockburn which secured the independence of Scotland

3 **Down**—along *Fitsful*—flowing in fits or short irregular intervals. *Number†*—notes, melody, when used in the plural, it means poetry, verse. *Flung*—cast, *hast flung*—agrees with *that* in / 1. When the wind blew, it produced a sort of wild, broken music

4 **Envious**—as if grudging the harp its musical powers. *Ivy*—an evergreen plant with yellow flowers. *Did cling*—crept over, twined round, *Did*—is a violation of the ordinary rules for sequence of tenses, being preceded by *hast hung* and *hast flung*. *Thee*—harp

5 **Muffling**—covering, choking or stifling the sound of the harp. *Verdant*—green. *Ringlet*—curling tendrils. *String*—chords

6—7 **Minstrel Harp**—the Harp of the Minstrel—an order of singers and musicians who sang verses to the accompaniment of the harp. *Still*—always, forever. *Must*—is it doomed or fated? *Accents*—sweet notes. *Sleep*—be heard no more. *Mid*—amidst, in the midst of. *Rustling*—whispering. *Murmuring*—babbling

8 **Sounds keep**—Can we say that a sound keeps silence? The propriety of such expressions has been doubted, but the meaning is clear. *Sweeter*—than the rustling of leaves and the murmuring of fountains. *Keep their silence*—remain silent and mute

9 **Nor bid smile**—without causing a warrior to smile with joy by singing of heroic deeds. *Teach weep*—cause a maiden to shed tears of pity over tales of innocence distressed or love unrequited

10—13 **Not thus proud**—In the old days of Scotland the minstrel was a welcome guest in all festive gatherings. His harp never remained silent in the midst of a gay and joyous com-

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\* Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well  
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel  
 And the crazed brain restore —Scott  
 † Tell me not in mournful numbers —Longfellow  
 I listened in numbers—for the nun bers came —Pope



-Feathery dames, hens Compare *L'Allegro*, 49 52—

While the cock with lively din

Stoutly struts his dames before

French dame, Lat *domina*

348. 'T would It (i. e., any one of the preceding) would

*Solace*, relief O Fr *solaz*, Lat *solatium*, *solari* to comfort.

Cheering, encouragement O Fr *chère*, Low Lat *cara* the face, Gr *lara* the head

349. *Dungeon* The spot they are in resembles a dungeon in its darkness, and in the fact that the way seems blocked and that they are shut in by thick trees For another figurative use of the word see *Paradise Lost*, I., 61, II., 317 O-Fr. *donjon*, Low Lat *dominio*, Lat *dominus*

Innumerable, innumerable In effect a stronger form than 'numerous' (cf 'valuable' and 'invaluable') Direct from Latin *innumerus*, numerous number The final use of ordinary suffixes was in Milton's day still undetermined

350 *Lost sister* Here we learn that the Brothers have been searching in vain for the Lady. 'Sister' is from the Scand, akin to Lat *soror* *Helpless* = *unfortunate & unhelped*

351. May she wander? can she go wandering?

352. *Chill dew* Compare *Biron* (*When We Two Parted*)—

The dew of the morning *Betake her, may she*  
Sank chill on my brow *take herself repair or*  
*go for shelter*

'Chill' was originally a subst from 'cool'; whence also 'cold,' adj

*Rude burs* 'Burs' are knob-shaped heads with rough or prickly exterior and enclosing the seeds of plants 'Rude' is rough Fr *rude*, Lat *rudis* Fr *bourre*, Lat *burra* *Thistle* = *a genus of prickly plants*

353 *Bolster*, pillow, support for the head Named from its thick round shape Akin to 'bulge' and 'bole' (which are Scand)

354 *Rugged bark*, rough rind 'Bark' is from the Scand

*Broad elm* The epithet refers to the branches. Compare in *Arcades*, 88 9— *Bank* = *a raised surface of earth*

Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star proof

355 *Unpillowed*, without a pillow 'Pillow' (O Eng *pylle*, Mid Eng. *pilwe*) is from Lat *pulvinus* a cushion *Leans* = *inclined*

*Fraught*, burdened, past part, same form as pres tense The form is Scand of the same meaning as 'freight' Fr *fict* from the Old High German

356 *What if* 'what if (sho bo)' an expression of possibility with a touch of fear *What is to be done if she be*

*Amazement*, stupor, factation See on verse 181 The prefix is the O. Eng *a*, seen also in 'arise', Ger *er-*, Goth. *us-*

*Affright*, terror For verb see on verse 148

357. *Dreadful*, dire, a wrong form after the analogy of 'dreadful' The suffix *-ful* should not be added to an adj., still less to a Latin one.

358 *Savage hunger*, the hunger of a wild animal of the desert. *Savage heat* = *with lustful men*  
O Fr *savage*, Lat *silvaticus* *silva* a wood *grasp* = *clutch*  
*wild hungry beasts*

359 *Peace* Hush! be silent! The expression is elliptical, a verb has to be supplied O Fr *paix*, Lat *par* from *parisci*, *while we sleep*

*Over-exquisite*, too minutely careful 'Exquisito' means, elaborate, excellent. Lat *exquisitus* sought out, *quacere* *curious, inquisitive*

360 *Cast*, shape mentally 'Cast' is used sometimes in the sense of, revolve, sometimes as a figure from sculpture or metal-work. Here the reference seems to be to astrological prediction, from the casting of a nativity

*Fashy*, form, referring more to external appearance or temporary manifestation than to substance or permanent character O Fren *faccion*, Lat *factic*, *facere*

*Uncertain*, not as yet known to be encountered

361. *Grant*, either imper or elliptic for (oven) if we grant (that). O Fr *granter*, Low Lat *orantare*, Lat *credere*

*Be so*, are so, or may be so, *o*, that the description is correct

362 *What need*, why need, 'what' being the Latin *quid* used as a conjunction So Milton's epitaph on Shakspeare begins—

What needs my Shal espeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones?

*Foretell*, Infinitive after 'need' anticipate See on verse 285

*Date*, assigned time Fr *date*, Low Lat *data* Lat *dare*

*Grief* O Fr *grief* an adj., Lat *gravis* heavy.

363 *Would most wishes most to* 'Would' (Mid-Eng *wold*) is the past of 'will' but the meaning is often pres., more or less potential *What = that which*

*Atoid* O Fr *esuidier*, *vider* Lat *ei*, *viduare*, *viduus* The original and etymological meaning is to 'empty' The ordinary meaning 'shun' is due to French *suer*, Lat *evitare*

364 *But false alarms*, only mistaken fears O Fr *fals*, Latin *falsus*, *faltere* Fr *alarme*, Ital *all*, *arme*; Low Lat *ad illas armas* (= Lat. *ad illa arma*) to those arms 'a war cry

365 *Bitter* O Eng *biter*, from, bite

*Self-delusion*, self-deluding 'Delusion' has here four syllables  
Lat *de ludere, ludere* *Self-deception*

366 *To seeh*, defective, a frequent old phrase equivalent to an adjective Milton has it again *Par Lost*, VIII, 197. *at a loss or puzzled*

367 *Unprincipled*, undisciplined, unformed in fixed and fundamental principles 'The modern mermaid is, wicked O Eng *un-*, Fr *principe*, Lat *principium primus, capere*

*Virtus book*, *Virtuo* is regarded as a book or system of laws and principles in which the young are to be trained and instructed

368 *Bosoms*, carries in it, 'infolds' Peace is the accompanying effect of Goodness, or perhaps, the child of Goodness. This peace which is the reward of virtue has a special charm and is therefore 'sweet peace' The past part Milton had used in *L'Allegro*, 77-8—

Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees

Ever, at all times, in all circumstances

369 *Single*, mere, the single = simply the See on verse 204.

*Noise*, sound, evidence of the presence of others

370 *Not being*, she not being Nomin. absolute

*Danger* O Fr *daner*, Low Lat (*dominarius*), *dominium*, Lat. *dominus*

371 *Constant mood*, constancy, unchanging tenour Fr *constant*, Lat *constans, cum, stare* 'Mood' is Old English

372 *Mis-becoming*, stronger than 'un-becoming,' very unseemly

*Plight*, perplexed condition, from 'plight' to fold *undecidable, improper* See on verse 301

373 *Virtue* the abstract for the concrete *Metonymy* Also Personification This verse is the same in meaning as verses 381-2

*Would*, willed or wished (to do) See verse 363

374 *By*, by means of

*Radiant*, radiating, which she herself emits Lat *radiare* to shine, *radius* a ray

375 *Flat* This word adds to the emphasis The sea is flat or level, but the intended meaning is perhaps (In the sea below the level of the Earth) 'Flat' is from the Scand It often suggests something low or fallen or dull [It would be curious to know what Warton, amending Milton, understood by 'flat sunk']

With this sentence compare the closing lines of the Poem The light of Virtue is expressed in SPENSER, *F Q*, I, 1, 12—

Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade  
The survival of Spirit over Nature is often expressed in poetry A classical example is in ADDISON's *Cato* where the Soul is addressed—

The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds

Verses 375 380 Another striking sentence, often referred to as descriptive of Milton's own life and retirement at Horton (1632 1638) where in 1634 *Comus* was written

375. *Wisdom's self* Wisdom herself That is Eron the wise or wisest man Same figure as in verse 378

376 *Seeks to* A once familiar expression, like the modern 'makes for' *Retired, in retirement*, such as is described by GRAY in his *Essay*—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife—

Along the cool sequestered vale of life

O *Er retire*, turn to draw, which is of Teutonic origin

*Solitude* *Er solitude*, Latin *solitudo*, *solus* alone Gibbon says—  
"Solitude is the school of genius"

377 *Nurse, fosterer* Personifying Metaphor The meaning is That by means of contemplation or meditation wisdom is developed  
O *Er nurse* Lat *nutrix*, *nutrire*

*Contemplation* Personified The supreme position of Contemplation is also expressed in the *Il Penseroso*, 51-4—

But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation

There the 'soaring' and the 'guiding' resemble the 'nursing' of Wisdom here Contemplation is pictured by SPENSER in his Canto on The House of Holiness (*F Q*, I, 10) as a pious old man living in a hermitage on a hill that rises heaven-ward, and meditating on "God and Goodness"

378 *Plumes her feathers* Milton two or three years later (1637) wrote to his confidential friend Diodati "I am pluming my wings for a flight" The verb 'plume' is now obsolete in this sense, it lives *dresses/arranges the feathers, by picking out the down*

in the figurative sense of 'priding oneself on.' (To 'plume' must be to adjust and develop and beautify or perfect Warton (and his followers) thought Milton should have said 'prune' which means to shorten not to lengthen and is used of trees not feathers. The methods of gardening don't apply to the wings of angels. 'Prune' is however used by Shakespeare and some older writers of the removal of damaged or superfluous feathers. *Fr plume, Lat pluma*

Lets grow her wings The same meaning, since the feathers make the wings; only the former phrase refers more to the mental development, the latter to the consequent soaring

379 Various, many-sided, confused. *Lat carius*

Bustle of resort centres of business. 'Bustle' is Scandinavian. O fr. *resortir*, Lat *resortiri*, ~~resort~~ *tumult and turmoil of the busy haunts of men.*

380 Were, would be

All to ruffled It is a problem what the 'to' here means. The construction points to one of two usages both now obsolete. The 'all to' may be taken together, as constituting an adverb meaning 'quite' the same as altogether. This we think is the real meaning. The usage is found in Shakespeare. Another view more generally accepted makes 'to' the prefix to the verb with intensifying effect. This corresponds exactly with the German *zer-*. This prefix is frequent in Chaucer but was obsolete long before Milton. On that ground alone, it seems an impossible explanation here. The former view has the additional advantage of balancing the phrases better. Altogether ruffled and sometimes injured. It is still a question whether the 'to' thus joined with the 'all' has been detached from the old form of the verb or is simply a weakened form of 'too', for 'all too' was a frequent combination. The former is probable since 'too' does not naturally qualify a verb. The same question occurs in a passage of Scripture *Judges*, IX 53, where it is said 'And all to brake his skull'. The meaning is simply 'broke'. This is usually explained as if 'to-brake' were the verb but the explanation leaves the 'all' an inexplicable adverb. 'All' is a frequent adverb qualifying adjectives, but it would be inelegant to say "all broke his skull." On the other hand the close connection of the three words is attested by the form 'all-to befooled' which is quoted from BURNIAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*. This would seem to show that the expression lingered in speech after its origin was forgotten. It may be noted that Abbott (*Shakespearean Grammar*) writes the Biblical expression as one word 'all-to-brake,' and the expression in Milton as three words 'all too ruffled'. But the cases are strictly parallel and must have a common explanation.

↓ *Ruffled* is 'disordered' akin to 'ruff' (a frill)

↓ *Impaired* injured broken O Fr *empiree* Low Lat *imperare*, Lat *in peior* worse Literally, 'made worse'

781. *Light within* The 'inner light' is a familiar expression of many some mystical Christians. Milton has 'inward light' in *Sam. Agonistes*, 162 The figure is in the words of Christ

*Clear breast*, 'Clear' is bright, pure, unsoiled O Fr *cler* Lat. *clarus* 'Breast' is the region enclosing the heart, here regarded as the seat of mind or conscience The phrase is perhaps a reminiscence of a verse of LUCRITIUS, *De Rerum Natura* V, 18—

*At bene non poterat sine puro pectore vivi*

(But life could not well be lived without the pure breast)

The use of 'breast' for mind is the figure of Metonymy

782. *I th' centre*. Either in the centre of the earth, or simply, within the earth beneath the surface The word *centre* was an established literary term It is repeatedly in Shakespeare But it probably was made to serve two totally different conceptions of the Universe one which conceived a dark under-world and peopled the interior of the earth, the other which regarded the earth as the solid centre of a vast system, and placed all spiritual (or bodiless) beings outside it The former is the scheme of Dante, the latter of Milton, but it is supposed that here he adopts an idea which is divergent from his ordinary later thought. On the other hand it is at least possible that Milton simply meant 'away from the light-of-day' without imagining that this sunless and gloomy spot was at the actual centre of the Earth, or was the abode of any kind of beings In *Par. Lost*, 1, 686, the word simply means, underground, where it is said that man, to find riches—

Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands;  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures better hid.

The expression in *Hamlet*, II, 2, regarding truth being hid 'within the centre' though explained of the centre of the Earth, is quite compatible with the other meaning—beneath the surface of the earth. In the present text as far as meaning is concerned "i th' centre" is contrasted with "under the midday sun," verse 384 French *centre*, Lat *centrum*, Gr. *kentron*

*Enjoy*, Fr *en*, *joie*, O Fr *joye* and *goye*, Lat *gaudium gaudere*

Bright day, the light and consequent happiness of the soul. Metaphor.

383 The converse of the preceding clause

*Hides*, has within him

*Dark soul* *joy*. In contrast to 'light clear'

384. *Deighted*, darkened, morally evil and ignorant *Metaphorical* In respect of the apparent contradiction in the language these sentences may be regarded as Epigrams In respect of moral meaning they are justly compared with the well-known lines of *Paradise Lost*, I, 254-5—

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell a hell of heaven.

In *Conscience* however, the freedom of the Will is not implied

385 *Himself* He himself

*His own dungeon* The term 'dungeon' is repeated from verse 319 It is the same figure as the making the light and the darkness inward. Milton repeats it in his last work, *Samson Agonistes*, 155 G 4-9—

Thou art become (O, worst imprisonment!)

The dungeon of thyself, thy soul

Imprisoned now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells.

For the form of the words and also the moral meaning compare the stronger expression in the Speech of Satan, *Paradise Lost*, IV, 75—

Which way I fly is Hell, my self am Hell

386 *Musing*, meditating. Meditation is personified, and the epithet describes the character thereof. *Fr. muser* (O Fr. *muse*) said to be derived ultimately from Lat. *morsus*, *in order* to bite. Derived from the manner of a dog scenting the air when trying to ascertain the direction. Not therefore connected with the Greek *Muse*.

*Meditation* The Second Brother takes up the remarks regarding Wisdom and Contemplation, but varies the term 'Meditate' directly from the Lat. *meditari* a frequent verb perhaps from *victoria* to heal

*Affects*, desires, seeks after, aims at applies itself to. There is no affectation implied. Lat. *affectus*, a frequent verb, *ad facere*

387 *Pensive*, thoughtful or here favourable to thoughtfulness. Compare the Italian title, *Il Penseroso* the pensive man. Fr. *pensif*, *pena* Lat. *pensare*, *pendere*

*Secretly*, retirement O Fr. *secret*, Lat. *secretus*, *se cernere*

*Desert cell* This is the idea expressed in the lines in *Il Penseroso*,  
167-9—

*Desert = solitudo*

And may at last my weary ago  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell. . .

*Latin cellu*

388. *Far from* . This verse may have suggested the different sentiment in the line in GRAY'S *Llegy*—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife

*Cheerful*, from, 'cheer' O Fr *chere* the face, Low Lat. *cara*, Gr *lara* the head

*Haunt*, from the verb, from O Fr *hante* *resort*

389 *Senate-house*, general term for a meeting place of councillors or politicians, such as the Houses of Parliament The Roman name was *curia* Such a house is safe, because fully defended—military resources being near. The sentiment of this verse may have been proverbial Fr *senat* Lat *senatus*, originally a council of elders, *senex* old

390 *For who* ? The interrogative implies the reason for the safety of the retired and meditative man

*Hermit*, Fr *hermite*, Low Lat *hermita*, Gr *eremites*, *eremia* a desert, *eremos* deserted A poetic form is "eremite"

391 This verse differs considerably from the normal rhythm. In *Paradise Lost*, where Milton has attained to full mastery, divergences are very numerous In *Comus* the poet is feeling his way and does not often quit the iambic beat This verse should be read in three parts with pauses—the stresses being on 'few,' 'books,' 'heads,' and not on any other weak syllables

*Beads*, used at prayers, for counting the prayers Originally the word meant, a prayer, from *bid*, an old verb meaning, to pray Hence transferred to the perforated balls carried on a string *rosary*

*Maple*, made of wood of the maple tree

*Dish*, plate Introduced into Old English from Lat *discus* a plate or bowl, Gr *dishos*, *delain* to throw

392 *Gray hairs*, used for the gray-haired (or old) man Metonymy the gray hairs being regarded as the symbol of age

*Violence* Fr *violent*, Lat *violentus*, perhaps from *vis*

393. *Beautly* *Fau Virgins* Again the abstract for the concrete, Metonymy Fr *beauté* O Fr *bellet*, Low Lat *bellitas*, Lat *bellus* t



Hesperian tree The reference is to the tree or trees which bore golden apples in the islands of the Hesperides. The Hesperides were nymphs or goddesses, the daughters of Hesperus. Hesperus was a son of Japetus, the brother of Atlas. The islands were somewhere in the West, either in Africa near Mount Atlas, or beyond Africa and beyond the Ocean (Atlantic). The fame of the apples had been enhanced by Juno's gift of them to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials. The Hesperides were the guardians of the trees and fruit. The story was very variously told. Milton repeatedly refers to it. See *Par. Lost*, IV, 250, where the same adjective as here is used.

394 Laden with blooming gold Loaded with blooming golden fruit. The verb 'lade' is now obsolete except in the past part. 'Blooming' describes the fresh lustre of the apples. Literally, the word means 'flowering', a Scandinavian form, from the root of 'blow.' 'Gold' is used for golden fruit. The apples were doubtless of literal gold—the word being expressive of all excellence of colour or substance. LITCHER, *ES*, I, 1, has fruits "on whose cheeks the sun sits smiling."

Had need This is a peculiar use of 'had' but it is after the analogy of several words and it is still in conversational use. The past tenses, could, might, must, &c. often express a vague potential without any *past tense* meaning. So 'were' often means 'would be' when the sense is nearly the same as 'is'. *E.g.*, 'it were long to tell' means, 'it is a long story,' the subjunctive or potential implying a doubt whether the thing is to be told. So here 'had' = 'would have,' and differs little from 'has'. The present 'has' would however be too prosaic or matter-of-fact in so highly imaginative a passage. The passage is potential because it is poetic. 'Need' is probably the substantive, but may possibly be the infinitive of the verb. This form 'had' is so used with infinitive in such an expression as 'you had better go' = 'it would be better for you to go.'

Need the guard, need of the guard, unless 'need' be the verb. See on verse 42.

395 Dragon watch, the watch of dragons, or, watching dragons. The Hesperian gardens, according to the story, were watched by a dreadful sleepless dragon. This dragon was the offspring of Typhon, and was said to have a hundred heads (as Typhon the flaming monster had). It was one of the labours of Hercules to slay the dragon and possess some of the apples.

Uncharmed eye referring to the sleeplessness of the sharp sighted dragon, eyes that could not be charmed away from their charge. The suffix -ed here as often, may have, the force of -able. The Gr. *diakon* means 'seeing'.

396 *Sare* is from Fr *saurer*, Lat *saluare*, *salvus*

*Blossoms*, fruit Metaphors, from the tree, expressive of what is the glory of the tree and what has to be guarded from rapine. With 'blossoms' compare FLITCHER's (F S, I, 1) — *chastity*

My virgin flower uncrept

O. Fr *fruit*, Lat *fructus*, fruit. *virtue*

397. *Incontinent*. Unrestrained, — continence 'being a frequent term in older English for 'self-control'. Here personified in the same way as, Beauty, Meditation &c. The phrase 'rash hand' (rash 'being by hypallage transferred to the hand) is used of Eve at the climax of *Paradise Lost*, IX., 781 2 — *lustful men*

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour

Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate

398 You may, one may

✓ *Unsuined*, kept close hidden, not exposed or made known to the public. Perhaps a reminiscence of *SIXSEN* I Q, 11, 7, (heading) where Mammon is represented as 'suining his treasure.'

399. *Miser's treasury*, the gold or money of a miser, or niggardly person. Latin *miser* wretched. O Fr. *trisor*, Latin *thesaurus*, *Gi thesauros*, *tithu* 1 place.

*By an outlaw's den*, beside the cave of a robber. 'Outlaw' is a Scandinavian compound, Icel *utlagi*, due to the fact that persons charged with crimes and not surrendering themselves to trial are proclaimed outside the protection of the laws.

401 *Danger* another abstraction personified. The word is used in a sense not exactly the usual. It stands for 'dangerous persons,' or such as have the power and disposition to injure others. It does not therefore mean, a state of peril. O F *danger*, Low Lat *dominium*, Lat *dominus*

✓ *Wink on*, overlook, so as to let go disregard. The meaning is taken from the 'shutting of the eye' so as to pretend not to see. Compare Paul's Address at Athens, *Acts*, XVII, 30, 'winked at'

*Opportunity*, the chance that is offered. A personification not quite so natural as the previous, but required for the harmony of the thought. Fr *opportun*, Lat *opportunus*, *portus* a harbour

Masson construes the passage quite differently. According to his explanation, Opportunity is the ravisher, and Danger a sentry or gnat-dian who neglects his duty. This seems inconsistent with the construction of the next verse—Danger being the subject to 'let .. pass',

—ner is it conceivable why he should be bidden hope or expect that the Sentry would so prove false

402 Single, unaccompanied *alone*

Maiden, virgin, from Teutonic base *mag* to have strength 'Maid' is an abbrev of 'maiden'

403 Uninjured O Eng *un*, Fr *injurier*, Lat. *injurari*, ult *in, jus*.

Surrounding Fr *suronder*, Lat *super-undare* to overflow, *unda* a wave, not therefore from 'reund' or entitled to two 's'

Waste, desert, uncultivated or useless land O Fr *wast*, Old High Ger *wast* and *wasten*, introduced from Lat *vastus*, *vastare*, lay waste, devastate

404 It recks me not, I take no heed, I care not 'Reck' is not usually impersonal In *Para Lost* IX., 173, Satan says "I reckon not," and in II, 48 50 it is said of Melech 'Of God or Hell or worse, He recked not' It is thus a strong expression of carelessness not the same as 'reckon'

405 Ereents, consequences, or ensuing deeds, with reference to etymological meaning Lat *eventus*, literally, outcome, *e, venire*

↓ Dog Follow on the heels of, as a dog his master

Both Night, and loneliness, a Scand word

406 Lest This clause is in apposition to 'events.' The words — 'that is to say, I fear'—may be supposed to be understood before 'lest'

↓ Ill-greeting touch, treacherously-saluting-hand. See verse 270

Attempt, attempt to violate O Fr *atempter*

Person, 'the person of our sister' is simply equivalent to 'our sister' O Fr *persone*, from Lat *persona* a mask, also the character played by the actor, from *personare* to sound through (the mask), *per, sonare, sonus* sound

407 Unowned, not under the charge or escort of any one Perhaps the same idea is expressed in the reference to the wandering Moon, *Il Penseroso*, 69-70—

Like one that had been led astray

Through the wide heaven's pathless way

408 Infer, argue, draw inferences. Fr. *inferer*, Lat *ferre*. S ate, situation,

409 Secure, safe, the modern meaning Lat *securus, cura*

*Without* has to be read with little stress on the second syllable, else the running sound is intolerable. It was often pronounced with the accent on the first syllable *a Latinism - beyond all suspicion*

*Doubt or controversy* 'Without doubt' is a familiar expression Lat *sine dubio* 'Without controversy' occurs in the New Testament, 1 Timothy, III, 16. O Fr. *douter*, Lat *dubitare*, akin to *dubius*, *dno*, Lat, *contraceras*, *contra*, *certare* *Controversy = dispute*

410 *Equal poise*, equal balance, equipoise Lat *aequalis*, *aequus* O. Fr *poier* *preis* and *pois* a weight, Low Lat *ponsum*, Lat *ponsum*, *pendere*.

411 *Does* arbitrate the event, (when hope and fear equally balanced) judge what is to happen Where we seek to determine under the influence of hopes and fears in equal degrees Lat *arbitrare* to act as judge, *arbiter* an umpire The use of 'does' merely to add a syllable was once frequent but is now intolerable. *Arbitrate*

*My nature is*, it is in accordance with my temperament The Elder Brother is sanguine and confident, while the Younger is timid. This contrast is maintained throughout

412. *Incline*, lean towards Fr *incliner*, Lat *inclinare*

*Hope*, again the subst

413 *Banish* O Fr *bannir*, Low Lat *bannire* to proclaim, from the Old High Ger *bannan* to summon, ban

*Squint*, used of an eye turned askew The phrase 'squint suspicion' suggests that suspicious persons are in the habit of eyeing askance So in Spenser 'Prob from the Scand'

*Suspicion*, semi personified Regarded as likely to be on the same side as fear. O Fr *suspi-ion*, Lat *suspicio*, *specere*

This sentence might raise a psychological question touching the freedom of the will. The mind is swayed with hopes and fears and suspicions, but there is an individual temperament which is by nature optimistic or pessimistic, a power of self-determination which may cherish or banish suspicions and fears The passage is not strictly philosophical The Elder Brother is simply stating his sanguine character For another personification of Suspicion see *Para Lost*, III, 386

414 *Defenceless* The suffix *-less* means *destitute of* Old English *leas*, Gothic *-laus*, Ger *-los* *Leas* meant (1) loose, and (2) false The form 'loose' (adj) is from the Scand

415 *Imagine*, suppose, literally *picture to yourself* French *imaginer*, Lat *imaginari*, *imago* from *imitari*

*Hidden strength*, in the heart Compare verses 381-2 and the whole of the following Speech, verses 420-68 Compare also LUTHER, *Faithful Shepherdess*, I, 1, regarding a Saviour—

What greatness or what private hidden power  
Is there in me to draw submission  
From this rude man and beast

416 *Remember not*, do not remember O *Te remember*, Latin *memorari*, *memor* mindful

417 *Unless the*. unloss (it be) the strength that comes from Heaven

*Heaven*, God : A hundred texts of Scripture may have occurred to Milton *E.g.*, *Psalm XLVI*, 1, "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble"

418 The speech here beginning is a remarkable combination of poetry and eloquence

*That too, but yet*, that also (it is true) but nevertheless.

419 *If*, granted that This passage contains the ordinary Christian doctrine, that all character which is truly good and effective is a power given by God, "the righteousness of God by faith," yet so given as to belong essentially to the renewed or regenerated receiver Thus in the Middle Ages the Christian graces—Faith Hope and Charity—were said to be infused by the Divine Spirit The thoughts of Divine grace pervade the argument of the poem

420 *Chastity* The hidden strength is now named, and the word is repeated in the verse for emphasis The power of Chastity is the subject of the poem, and this speech may be regarded as the central part of the Argument See on verse 215

421. *That*, demonstrative pronoun, not very elegant but often as here serving the purpose of emphasis

*Clad*, or clothed, shortened for *clath'd*, used of 'armour.' In Mid Eng the verb was either *clothe* or *clathe*, Old Eng *clath*

*Complete steel*, complete set of armour, *i.e.* from head to foot, *cap a pie* 'Complete' is here accented on the first syllable Lat *completus*, *cum, plere* The phrase in the text is used of the ghost in *Hamlet* Compare, in the moral aspect, the "whole armour of God," *Ephes.*, vi, 11

422 *Quivered nymph*, bearing a quiver that is, a case full of arrows The figure of Armour is kept up but the 'keen arrows' are explained as the 'rays of Chastity' (verse 425) In the original MS. this verse is wanting Milton in inserting it may have sought

to connect more clearly the beginning and end of the sentence. The language is partly due to SPENSER's description of Belphoebe (who represents Chastity)—

At her back a bow and quiver gay  
Stuffed with steel headed darts wherewith she quelled  
The savage beasts

Old French *cure*, from the Old High German

*Arrows keen* The quiver contains sharp arrows, SHELLEY may have taken from this passage his description of the rays of the morning Moon, in the *Skylark*—

Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere

423 *May trace*, Milton first wrote 'walk through' The word 'trace' may have been taken from SHAKESPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, 1—the meaning being the same—

Knight of his train to trace the forests wild.

French *tracer* (Low Lat *tractiare*), Lat *trahere*

*Forests*, woods, or wooded regions. Formerly used of open hunting-grounds, parks being enclosed, hunting-grounds O French *forest*, Low Lat *foresta*, Lat *foris* out of doors

✓ *Unharboured*, shelterless, exposed in every part. 'Harbour' is from the Scand and means 'shelter' So the verb still implies

*Heaths*, moors, tracts covered with heath. This use of the word survives in names such as, Blackheath

424 *Infamous*, famed for robbery or outrage, of bad fame The accent is on the second syllable French *infame*, Latin *infamia*, *in, fama, fusi* *Infandum*

*Sandy-perilous wilds*, such as African deserts, though the language is probably derived from books of romance 'Perilous' counts as a dissyllable, the short vowel being elided before the liquid consonant? Fr *peril*, Lat *periculum*, *periri* to try

425 *Through*, by reason of

*Rays* The term suggests a sacred influence issuing from the pure soul (as rays of light from the sun) and holding in awe the wildest men O Fr *raye*, Lat *radius*

426. *Bandit* An Italian word, plural *banditti*, from the past part of *bandire* to proscribe or outlaw Low Latin *bannire*, O H Ger. *bun* See on verse 413 (*He declares under a ban*)

*Mountaineer* This is now a term of honour In Milton's time it suggested one of a wild and fierce tribe ready to plunder Formed

from 'mountain' with French termination O Fr *montaine*, Low Lat. *montana*, Lat *mons*.

427 *Soul*, stain, pollute See on verse 16

*Virgin*, used as an adjective

428 *Yea there, where* Ye- even in the place where See on verse 188

*Very*, an adj, according to the original usage O Fr *verrai*, true, (Low Lat *veracius*), Lat *verax*, from *verus*

*Desolation*, utter loneliness Lat *desolare*, *solire*, *solus*

429 *Gropts*, or grottoes. Fr *grotte*, Low Latin *grupta*, Lat. *crypta*, Gr *krupte*, *kruptein* to hide *subterranean vaults*  
*Caverns* Lat. *cavina*, *cavus* hollow *overcaverns*

↓ *Shagged*, rendered rough or shaggy The substan. 'shag' means, rough hair

*Horrid* The Lat meaning—bristling—is in keeping with 'shagged.' It describes the wild luxuriance of the trees. Lat *horridus*, *horre*.

430 *Unblinded*, unshrinking 'Blench' is originally a causative of blink *to blink, to startle, to startle, to startle, to startle*  
*Unconquered by fear, unabashed*

*Majesty*, dignity. O Fr *majestet*, Lat *majestas*, root of *magnus*.

431. *Be it not*, provided it is not

↓ *Precumption*, haughty, self-confidence, or self-righteousness Milton may have remembered Paul's injunction 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall' O Fr. *presumer*, Lat *prae*, *sumere*  
*arrogance*

432 *Some say* Milton thus guards against making the educated youth express belief in the tribes of ghosts or fairies here exhaustively enumerated. Milton habitually availed himself of poetic materials which he did not regard as actually existing.

*Thing*, as in the expression 'living thing,' used of beings not easily defined.

*Walls*, the usual word applied to spirits abroad at night

433. *Fog or fire* Perhaps both expressions refer to the *ignis fatuus* or Will-o'-the-wisp, which was a spirit that hovered over 'moorish fens' attended by a flame or fire. But there were many such spirits, all of an evil or unfriendly type Their special method of annoyance was in misleading travellers See, where Milton's explanation is given, *Pura Lost*, IX, 634-42 'Fog,' which is here used for alliteration, is probably intended of mists generally

*Lale or moorish fen*, again one type only may be meant A 'moorish fen' is perhaps boggy or marshy moorland, a moor con-

tuning pools and wet or swampy ground. BEN JONSON in the *Masque of Queens* calls witches—

From the lakes and from the fens,  
From the rocks and from the dens

431 *Blue meagre hag*, lean and hylid witch. Possibly Milton means by 'hag' what he afterwards described, *Para. Lost*, 11, 662—

Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, called *meagre*  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charms

'Hag' is supposed to be derived from *haga* a hedge or bush. From it comes 'haggard' (i. e., hag like). 'Meagre' is from Fr *maigre*, Lat *macer*.

✓ *Stubborn unaid*, not laid (pacified) and refusing to be laid. The reference is perhaps to spirits of the dead which cannot find rest until some satisfaction is obtained. 'Stubborn' is formed from 'stub' by adding the suffix -*n*. The *n* is due to the suffix -*ness*

435 *Magic chains of death and the grave*. These chains were broken, i. e., the ghosts were allowed to come forth and wander about in the evening. In the morning before sunrise they had to return to the tombs. In the *Nativity Hymn*, at sunrise (verses 232-6)—

The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost flits to his several grave,  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze.

Old French *chaîne*, Lat. *catena*

*Curfew time*, at 8 or 9 P.M. It was the hour of putting out fires. O Fr. *correfeu*, *couvrir* to cover, *feu* fire from Lat. *focus*. This mark of the close of the day is expressed in the familiar opening line of GRAY'S *Elegy*. The close of the day was the beginning of the fairy sport

436 *Goblin*. This is a sort of domestic spirit. At least the goblin of the *L'Allegro* found his way into barns and houses, verses 105-14—

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat \*  
To earn his cream bowl duly set  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength



Old French *gobelin*, Low Latin *gobelinus*, diminutive of *cobalus* a mountain-spirit, Gr *kobalos*.

'Swart fairy of the mine, swarthy demon whose abode is in the mines' The mines were believed to be haunted by spirits, at least among the Teutonic peoples. Fr *miner* to excavate, Low Latin *minare*; Lat *minari*.

Spirits, according to mediæval ideas, were classified according to the regions or elements they inhabited—fire, air, earth, water, underground. Milton indicates all these kinds. The 'goblin' is of the earth, the 'swart fairy' from the underground, the 'hag' is perhaps of the air, 'fog' is air, 'lake' and 'fen' have different kinds of water-spirits. Compare *Il Penseroso*, 92-3, where they are all styled 'daemons'. Technical names due to Paracelsus were, 'salamanders' (in fire), 'sylphs' (in air), 'nymphs' (in water), 'gnomes' (in earth).

437. *Hurtful power, power to hurt*. So in FLITCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*, I, 1, Clorin, the shepherdess, says—

No goblin, wood-god fairy, elfo, or fiend,  
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,  
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
Draw me to wander after idle fires.

438. *Do ye* More poetic and dignified than the conversational 'do you'. 'dest thou' would be too stiff and formal between brothers.

*Call*, summon to give evidence.

439. *Antiquity*, the ancient world, that is the wisdom of the ancients, a rather pompous expression used to enhance vaguely the learned authority which the Elder Brother imposes on the Younger. Fr *antique*, Lat. *antiquus*, *ante*.

*Schools of Greece*, schools where the philosophers taught. The reference is however not to the special philosophic systems but to the general teaching imparted, largely contained in the poets. One of the finest passages in Milton is his description of Athens, *Paradise Regained*, IV, from verse 250. Compare, *c g*—

Within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages, his who bred-  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum thore, and painted Stoa next,  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence

Latin *schola* Gr *scholē* leisure

440 *Testify* give evidence of The constr with a direct accus is unusual Fr. *testifier*, Lat *testifera*, *testis facere*

*Arms*, in keeping with the objective description at the commencement, the 'complete steel,' verse 421.

441. Hence, from her chastity

*Huntress Diana* Diana (Gr Artemis) the goddess of Hunting, daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and twin sister of Apollo She lived in celibacy, presided over child-birth and was the patroness of Chastity She had various names, characters temples, &c Identified with the Moon, and with Proserpine below hence *Triformis*

442 *Silver shafted*, bearing white arrows 'Silver' may denote the colour of the Moon and the moon-light, or may be emblematic of purity. Compare again Shelley's 'arrows of that silver sphere.'

For ever chaste vowed to virginity. *Shape - and so on*

443 *Tamed*, subdued

*Brinded*, streaked Of tawny or brown colour with dark streaks. A Scandinavian word, the same as 'branded,' from the root of 'burn' Probably however it denoted not the colour of flame, but of the effects of burning SHAKESPEARE in *Macbeth* uses it of a cat—

Thrice the brinded cat hath mowed

*Lioness* 'Lion' is from Fr *lion*, Lat *leo*, Gr *leon*

444 *Mountain-pard* Either the panther or the leopard or some animal closely akin to these 'Spotted' is the appropriate epithet of the leopard 'Mountain pard' may denote another variety But 'mountain' may be used either in contrast to the haunts of the lion, or to describe the region of Diana's haunts Mr Verity in his explanation 'cat-o'-the-mountain,' or 'wild-cat,' seems to forget that Diana was an ancient and eastern, not an English, goddess And it seems to lower the dignity of the reference His note however shows that three species were recognised panthers, pardals, and leopards But the names were variously used *Spotted - streaked*

'Pard' (Lat *pardus*, Gr *pardos*) is a name of Eastern origin (Persian or Sanskrit) The form of 'leopard' (i.e., lion-pard) suggests that it is a kind different from the original pard So also 'camelo-pard'

*Set at naught*, utterly dis-regarded. Compare *Acts*, IV, 11

445 *Fricolous*, Lat *frivulus*, silly, *frivola* used of broken potsherds, from *fricare* rub *Silly, foolish*

*Bolts of Cupid* Cupid's arrows The phrase is in SHAKESPEARE, *M.V.D.* Cupid was the god of Love, and was variously represented

in aspects high and low, usually painted as a winged boy with bow and quiver. BEN JONSON in his *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, gathered up most of the ancient ideas regarding him. His frivolous character is thus indicated—

Idle minutes are his reign  
\* \* \* \*

'Tis the ambition of the elf  
To have all childish as himself

Latin *cupido, cupere* 'Bolt' was originally a round pin (of iron)  
See on 'bolster,' verse 355

446 *Stern frown* moral ansterity O Fr frogner, from the Scand

*Queen of the woods.* The huntress-goddess was supreme in her sphere Compare above verses 443-4

447 Another classical example

*Sna[y]-headed Gorgon shield.* The head of Medusa placed in the regis (or shield) of Minerva. Medusa was one of the three Gorgons. Her hair was entwined with, or consisted of, serpents. She only of the three was mortal. Perseus conquered her and cut off her head, which he gave to Minerva.

448 *Wise Minerva* The descriptive epithet since Minerva (Gr Pallas, Athene) was goddess of Wisdom. Minerva spring full-armed from the brain of Jupiter. She too lived in perpetual celibacy and as virgin was named Parthenon. She is often represented as armed with helmet and nodding plume, spear and shield, or with Gorgon head, and writhing serpents on her breastplate.

*Unconquered* Probably refers to the successful resistance of Vulcan to Eng un-, O Fr conquerre Lat, *quaerere*.

449 *Frozen, congealed* This double expression is pleonastic. Both words express the effect of intense cold; but the myth simply states hardening. All who gazed on the shield, while Minerva wore it, were thereby turned into stone. This to Milton expresses the paralyzing and overwhelming power which Minerva possessed in virtue of her elasticity. 'Congealed' is here accented on the first syllable. Fr *congeler*, Lat *congelare, gelidus, gelu* frost.

450 But, following 'what was,' verse 447. It was nothing but nothing other than. But=except

*Rigid look* 'Rigid' is stiff, unbending, hence morally uncompromising. The phrase is the same as 'stern frown' verse 446. The plural 'looks' is now generally used in describing beauty of 'good looks' = good-looking = pretty. Here 'looks' may be regarded either

as plural or as a collective singular The plurality of the conception is symbolised by the Snakes Latin *rigidus, rigere* Compare the description of Christ in *Paradise Regained* (II., 216-20), put into the mouth of Satan—

How would one look from his majestic brow  
Sorted as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
All her array, her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe.

Austerity, lofty severity. O Fr. *austere* Lat. *austerus*, Gr. *austeros*, unus parched, auster ~~chaste austerity - austere character~~  
~~a strictly chaste woman~~

451 Noble grace, referring to the intellectual beauty of the Medusa countenance ~~majestic beauty~~

↓ Dashed, overpowered, abashed From the Scand +

Brute violence, animal fierceness The abstract is used for the concrete. The phrase is again used in *Par. Regained*, I, 218-20, where Christ gives expression to the desires that arose within him—

To subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restored

452. Sudden, instantaneous O Fr. *sodain* (Low Lat. *subitanus*), Lat. *sub, ve.*

Adoration, worship. Latin *adorare, orare* to pray, akin to *os* mouth ~~the highest degree of veneration. It is now~~

↓ Blank, void, utter or absolute reverence ~~Blank means white~~  
(hence, with nothing written, &c.) Fr. *blank*, old High Ger *blanch* from the root of 'bluk' = shine Of 'reverent awe' quoted on verse 450 A peculiar use of 'blank' (applied to Satan) occurs in *Par. Regained*, II, 119— ~~void of all their feelings except a~~

There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Sollicitous and blank he thus began

These verses give Millon's interpretation of the mythical shield of Minerva with its Gorgon head This meaning was not known to the Greeks. In later times the Medusa face was used as a prohibitory charm. It was the manner of Bacon as of Plato to find ethical or social ideas in the ancient myths - With this conception of Minerva compare Matthew Arnold's description of the Muse—

Such poet is your bride the Muse! young, gay,  
Radiant, adorned outside, a hidden ground  
Of thought, and of austerity within.

~~Blank properly means white or pale with fear,~~  
~~also speechless from fear~~

453 *Saintly*, holy, characteristic of the saints The poet passes now to Christian ideas

454 *Sincerely* so, genuinely and inwardly chaste. This use of 'so' is inelegant It corresponds to the phrase, to this effect Similarly 'such' (i.e., so-like) is often used.

455 *Liveried angels*, angels in the service of God 'Liveried' is the dress 'handed over' to the servants of a large establishment, and distinguishing particular households Here the idea of service is the prominent one, but there is also a reference to the angels' wings, and possibly to colours thereof. Fr *livrer* (and sb *livree*), Lat. *liberare*, *liber*.

↓ *Lacley*, attend, wait upon, a term of rather humble services. O. Fr *laquay* supposed to be through Spanish from the Arabic

456 *Each thing*, demons, wicked persons, evil thoughts

457. *Clear dream and solemn vision* The angels who belong to the invisible world variously communicate thoughts to the minds of those whom they are commissioned to guard or to enlighten. The methods of dreams and visions are often referred to in the Old Testament Truths were conveyed to the mind of the prophets sometimes in dreams, and sometimes by sudden perceptions when awake, and often symbolically by striking images both when awake and when asleep. In *Acts*, II. 17 Peter quotes from Joel as descriptive of the Christian epoch, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams" 'Clear' means distinct, 'solemn' refers to the subject-matter of the vision suggesting, grave, sacred Perhaps both adjectives refer to the moral truth of the communications

458 *Her*, the soul Personified, because attended with guardian messengers

*Gross*, impure, unspiritual, unrefined Compare *Iriades*, 73 where Milton says of the Music of the Spheres—

Which none can hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear

O Fr *gross*, Lat *grossus*

459 *Of converse* frequent association 'Of' is here probably an adjective. 'Converse' (the subst is now accented on the first syllable) is from Fr *converser*, Lat *cum, versari* (frequent of *vertro* and literally means, being or living with) 'Conversation' in the New Testament means, 'manner of life'

*Heavenly habitants*, the angels of verse 455 Cf *Par Lost* VIII, 99, X., 588 Fr. *habitant*, *habiter*, Lat *habitare*, *habere*

460. *Begin* Father subj., or indie plural, 'oft converse' being regarded as 'many-experiences of inter-communication'. On the latter view this verse simply states a fact, on the former an aim or goal.

\* *Cast a beam on*, illuminate, glorify *cast-sher*. *Beam-sh*  
*Outward shape*, the body.

461. *Unpolluted*, *undefiled*, *holy* that is in the case of the sincerely chaste. O Eng *un-*, Lat *pollutus*, *polluere*, from *luere* to wash.

*Temple*. The description of the body as a 'temple' because inhabited by the Spirit of God is due to Paul *1 Corinthians*, III, 16, - 17, VI 19, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you what he have of God". "The temple of God is holy which temple ye are are" Latin *templum*

462. *Turn it by degrees* This theory of the gradual transformation of the body into a spiritual and glorified essence is probably also taken from Paul. The ultimate assimilation to the form of the risen and glorified Christ is one of the fundamental points in the teaching of the Apostle. *Rom.*, predestined to be conformed to his image (*Rom.*, VIII, 29), renewed day by day (*2 Corinth.*, IV, 16) being transformed into the same image from glory to glory (*2 Corinth.*, III, 18), shall change the body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto the body of his glory (*Phil.*, III 21) Milton, in *Para. Lost*, V, traces (following a different line of thought) the gradual ascent in Nature and suggests the transmutation of men into angelic likeness—  
*Turns-changes. By degrees*

Time may come, when men  
 With angels may participate

Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and winged ascend  
 Ethereal, as we

(*Para. Lost*, V, 493 9)

O. F. *degre*, Lat *de, gradus*

\* *Soul's essence, substance or real being of the Soul, essential nature* thereof. Fr *essence*, Lat *essentia*, *esse* to be. *Spiritual sub*

463. *Till all*... The ultimate end, the body being transformed and glorified becomes immortal like the soul. Compare again Paul *1 Corinth* XV 53 "for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality"

\* 463 75 The opposite process is now described. See after verse 470,

464 *Unchaste looks*. This expression is repeated in Milton's Tract on Divorce. Compare *Matthew*, V., 28.

*Loose gestures*, referring to outward behaviour any form of action  
Low Lat. *gestura*, *gerere*.

465 *Leica*. O. Eng. *laican* to enfeeble. Skeat has the following exhaustive sentence — The train of thought runs thus occasion, opportunity, betrayal, enfeeblement ignorance baseness, licentiousness *it belonging to the laity or common people who are not of the clergy, hence it is learned, as they are vicious*, *Latin*, prodigal. Formed from an O Eng. verb *lure* to pour out, distinct from *lure* (from the Latin) to wash *lustrate*.

466 *Defilement*, pollution. 'Defile' is formed by prefixing Lat. *de* to O Eng. 'file' (*fylian*) to dirty. This took the place of the Mid-Eng. *defoyle* or *defoulen*, from O F *foyle*. Low Lat. *fullare* and *folare* used of whitening cloth *Corruption*.

*Inward parts*, the region of the soul, spirit, mind. Compare *Psalms* LI, 6 "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts"

467 *Clotted*, thickened, coarsened, materialised. A 'clot' is a ball of earth, or any lump formed as, a clot of blood.

*Contagion*. From the body 'Contagion' is used of the spreading of a disease by touch. In the present case defilement passes from the external to the internal, and the soul receives the character of the already degraded body. Its spirituality is lost and grossness grows. Fr *contagion* Lat. *contagium*, *tangere*.

468 *Embodied* and *embrytes*, takes the form of a body and (what is worse) of bestial body. Both verbs are used intransitively.

The double process is put into the mouth of Satan when meditating on his apostasy and degradation. *Paradise Lost*, IX., 163-7—

O, foul descent? that I, who erst contended  
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
Into a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the height of deity aspired!

Here 'incarnate' takes the place of 'embody', and the verbs are transitive. *Embodied* = *become incarnate and brutish*.

469. *Divine*, derived from God *heavenly*.

*Property*, peculiar character, what was proper to her, i.e., her own, or distinctive of her. O F *properte*, Lat. *propria* *proprius* *calene*.

*First being*, nature originally imparted, referring to *Genesis*, II, 7 "The Lord God formed man and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man become a living soul." This Divine breath was the property distinguishing man from animals.

470. *Those thick* . the spirits of deceased sensual persons - They seem to be regarded as formed of dark thick but unsubstantial vapour. Plato, in the passage in Milton's mind, speaks of 'shadowy phantasms of souls.' *Damp = devoid of spiritual wa-*

471. *Of seen, i. e.*, in the imagination of the superstitious *drum*  
*Charnel vaults.* 'Charnel' means 'containing dead bodies' O Fr *charnel*, Lat *carnalis*, *caro* flesh. Such vaults are underground.

*Sepulchres.* O Fr *sepulcre*, Lat *sepulcrum*, *sepultus*, *sepulchre*  
 The meaning is 'tombs,' but perhaps here 'cemeteries'

472 *Ling'ring* The ghosts are supposed to remain for some time near where the body is laid *loitering; hovering about*

473. *As loth* As if (each was) loth Milton abruptly passes into the singular, which has the advantage of individualising these experiences This ghastly picture is in accordance with many forms of superstition, with which, and with some of the words before us, may be compared GRAY's description of the natural reluctance to 'leave life—' *It is either for each particular shadowy*

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being o'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

474 *Linked*, (as if it had) linked, or simply, (having) linked.  
*Carnal sensuality* 'Sensuality' is the correct formation -ty (= Lat. -tas, Fr -té) being the suffix. The word 'sensual' in Milton's time had not necessarily a bad meaning, hence the adjective is not a mere pleonasm. The experimental school of Philosophy, even in the 18th Century, was called 'sensual' as opposed to those who taught innate ideas or were intuitionists. Late Lat *sensualis* endowed with feeling Lat. *sensus*, *sentire*. *lust of flesh*

475 *Degenerate*, used of downward development, Latin *degenerare*, *degener*, *genus*

*Degraded, fallen* O Fr *degrader* to deprive of rank or office, Lat *degradare*, *gradus*

The argument here ending (verses 463-75) is supposed to be founded on a passage in Plato's *Phaedo* where of the impure and servile soul it is said "She is engrossed by the corporeal which the continual association and constant care of the body have made natural to her And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthly element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below—prowling about tombs and



'sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible.'—(Jowett's Translation.)

Verses 476-480 These verses are a lyrical out-burst which comes as a relief to the mind after a long strain of argument. They express something of the admiration of a younger brother for the superior culture of an elder, but their chief purpose is to mark a close, and a transition to a new stage in the development of the story. Except in respect of the speaker they correspond exactly to the short sayings of the Chorus in the classic drama. In the Greek tragedy (of which *Sam Agon* is a perfect example) there are long lyrical speeches of the Chorus and these mark the modern divisions into Acts, and there are brief exclamations which may be said to divide the Acts into Scenes. In *Comus* most of the divisions are marked by a complete change of Scene or Characters and circumstance (see e.g. after verses 92, 830-658, 813), but in the present case the external change consists simply in the entrance of an additional character (Thyrsis), and accordingly these verses are given to mark the entire change in the movement of thought.

476 *Philosophy* *Wisdom*, the Greek *sophia*, not what is now technically called 'philosophy'. Bacon uses the expression Divine Philosophy as the equivalent of Natural Religion, i.e., to denote the product of the exercise of reason on Divine things. Here Milton uses the term not so much on account of the ethical sentiments as on account of the subtle theorising regarding the Soul and future destinies. Fr *philosophie*, Lat *philosophia*, Gr *philosophia* *philos* and *sophos*.

477 *Crabbed*, an epithet formed from the ill-shaped crab, implying distortion or disagreeable limitation. Shakespeare has 'Crabbed age and youth cannot live together *harsh and sour*'.

478 *Musical*, in contrast to 'harsh' and 'crabbed', therefore, smooth and harmonious, including harmonies both of expression and of thought. Fr *musique*, Lat *musica*, Gr *mousike* *mousa* the Muse.

*Apollo's lute*. Apollo was the god of Music. He received from Mercury the lyre with seven strings. The lute is a similar instrument. Fr *lut*; appearing in Portuguese as *alaude*, Arabic *al*, 'ud.

479 *Perpetual feast* *Metaphor*. 'Perpetual' probably means continuous, or perhaps ever-available, and seems to refer to the succession of beautiful sentiments in the preceding speech. Fr *perpetuel*. Lat *perpetualis* *per-petuuus* *per* and a root meaning to 'go

*Nectar'd*, having qualities pertaining to nectar (the drink of the gods) Compare verse 838 In the *Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant* Milton has 'nectar'd head' of a goddess, the same perhaps as 'ambrosial locks.' In the later poems 'nectarous' is Milton's adjective, which however refers to substance rather than to secondary qualities

480 *Crude*, undigested Lat *crudus*, raw

481 *Surfeit*, unassimilated excess O Fr *surfait*, *sorsaine*, Lat *superficere*, *super*, *facere*

*Reigns* expresses continuance of effect Fr *regne*, Latin *regnum*, *regere*

*Listen*, listen. The repetition of the word is intended to mark intensity of feeling or anxiety Anglo-Sax. *hlýstan*, from *hlýst*, the sense of hearing,

481 *Break the silent air* Either break the silence of the air or, disturb and make way through the quiet air 'Break' is infn after 'hear'

*For certain - to be sure*  
*adverbial phrase*

482. *Methought*, to me it seemed

*Should*, equivalent to 'may' or 'can'

483 *Night foundered*, brought to a stand-still by the darkness Again used in *Paradise Lost*, l. 204, where—

The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff

mistakes Iovathan for an island Properly 'founder' is used of sinking—O Fr *fonder*, Fr *fond*, Lat *fundus* the bottom—but the Mid-Eng *foundren* was used of a horse falling, and similarly in Old French.

484 *Else*, if not, a second supposition.

*Woodman*, one whose occupation is in connection with the wood.

485 *Roving robber*, wandering plunderer, highwayman A 'rover' was originally a pirate (Dutch), but it is also used of any robber (as in Scott's *Rokeby*). The verb 'rove' was often used (and perhaps here) to denote an unsettled disposition rather than physical roaming Burns says of himself—

"For Robin was a rovin' boy

O rantin', rovin' Robin!"

See on verses 60, 890

*Yellows*, associates From the Scandinavian, the root-idea being partnership in property. Icel. *se* property, *lag* law.

486. *Heaven keep* . . Shows the anxiety or timidity of the Younger Brother

*Again* . The hallelu is heard repeatedly and seems to be approaching

487. *Best draw.* (It is) best to draw (our swords) ' In Milton's day the wearing of swords was customary

*Upon our guard,* on the defensive, i.e., ready to fight

*Pll hallo* The Elder Brother agrees, though in the first instance he acts on the assumption that he is meeting a friendly party. His hallo is indeed a salutation

488 *Comes well,* seems equivalent to 'is welcome'

489. *Defence is a good cause* It was a religious belief that the issues of combats depended on the justice of the cause. Self-defence was a just cause, inspiring courage and hope Compare the motto of the Volunteers "Defence not defiance" O *Fi defense, Lat defensa defendere* Fr *cause, Lat causa*

*Heaven be for us,* may Heaven take part on our behalf ' It was the custom of warriors thus to ask Divine aid, or protection from some saint. Compare the phrase "God and the right"

At this point there was in the first edition (1637) a stage-direction, probably due to Lawes, which Milton (in editions of 1645 and 1673) did not think it necessary to retain *He* (i.e., the Elder Brother) *hallos, the Guardian demon hallos again, and enters in the habit of a Shepherd*

490 *That hallo,* the "hallo" of Thyrsis heard now for the fourth time Compare verses 481, 486

*Should I now* should be able to recognise, it sounds familiar

*What are you?* Thyrsis has now entered and is in front of the Brothers But in the darkness he is not seen distinctly. 'What' is wider than 'who,' including 'who, and of what occupation'

491 *Fall,* the present tense, denoting the immediate future

*Iron stakes,* containing sharp iron points' The reference is to the swords which seem to be held horizontally The words are spoken in warning—the scene being more or less dark

*Else,* if you do, unless you listen and obey

492. *What voice* ? Thyrsis looks up surprised Probably the preceding line and a half was spoken in a loud voice.

*My young lord* Is it my young lord, i.e., Viscount Brackley? The epithet 'young' is inserted, as 'my lord' would more readily suggest the boy's father (Earl of Bridgewater).

494 *Thyrsis* A typical shepherd's name in pastoral poetry It is used in the first idyl of Theocritus and the seventh *E-logue* of Virgil Here it is used of Mr Lawes who has exchanged his sky-robes for shepherd's dress Milton uses it of himself in the *Epitaphium*

*Damon* It is the title of the Monody of Matthew Arnold on his friend the poet Clough

*Artful*, skillful.

*Strains*, sustained notes in music or song O Tr. *estraindre*, Lat *stringere*.

These words and the two following verses are supposed to contain a personal compliment to Lawes who acted the part of the Attendant Spirit, and was a famed composer This is possible enough since the audience knew that it was Lawes. But there is nothing in the text to suggest or require this interpretation.

*Delayed* - See quotation on verse 87. O Tr. *delay*, Lat. *dislatas* ~~arrested, deferred, etc.~~

495. *Huddling* seems to be used in the sense of 'hustling' which is a Dutch word meaning 'to-thrust' To huddle is, to crowd together Poetic references to the brook generally have regard to the noise of of its waters, as in Tennyson's 'bleak down a valley' Here the reference is probably to the rapidity of its flow, which is in sharp contrast with the 'delaying'

*Madrigal* a short pastoral song. Ital. *madrigale* from *mandra* a flock. Lat *mandra*, Gr *mandra* a fold (Suffix = Lat *-alis*) In the Elizabethan period many poets wrote sonnets and madrigals The madrigals were irregular in form and usually contained about a dozen lines. Lawes had often set madrigals to music

496 *Sweetened* another bold *Hyperbole*. The music invests everything with charm So the sweetest roses are made sweeter, i.e., more fragrant.

*Usl-rose*, a kind of rose with fragrant white blossoms Tr. *musc* Lat *muscus* of oriental origin For 'rose' see verse 105

Note that here verses 497-512, there are eighteen verses in running complete Johnston makes fun of it He says the Brother is taken with a sudden fit of rhyming 'Mr Verity is not much better He thinks Milton was set off by the accidental use of the word 'madrigal' So even Masson suggested that Milton 'wanted to prolong the feeling of Pastoralism by calling up the cadence of known English pastoral poems' But Milton was not gulled by puerile reasons It is to be remembered that the occasional use of rhyme, or rhyming complete, belonged to the English drama in all its forms, to grave tragedies such as *Hamlet* as well as to Pastoral plays like the *Sad Shepherd* of Jonson or the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher Secondly Milton, even more than others, studied the poetic requirements of variety Further, his *Areopagitica* is entirely in rhyme The short lines of *Comus* 93-144 and 579-702 are of course in rhyme, but all the rest of the poem except these 13 lines are in blank verse

true poet, whom he regarded as an inspired prophet commissioned to elevate, by teaching and noble ideals, the life and thought of his country. Fr *sage*, (Low Lat *sabius*, Lat *sapiens*), *sapere* to be wise. Fr *poete*, Lat *poeta*, Gr *poietes*, *poiein* to make.

*Taught by the Heavenly Muse*, These words Milton repeats of himself in *Par Lost*, III, 19— ~~The great offspring~~

Taught by the Heavenly muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend

In its application to the Greek or Latin poets Milton distinguishes a lower and a higher element in their thought. As in verse 1601 he distinguishes Celestial Cupid from the earthly (a distinction recognised by the Greeks themselves) so here he distinguishes the loftier elements of poetry which transcend the ordinary works of literature and which may be regarded as divinely inspired. Similarly in *Par Regained*, IV, 257-9, he refers to the father of epic and of lyric poetry as—

His who gave them breath, but higher song,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own

In seeking the same inspiration for himself Milton directly invokes the Spirit of God who in Old Testament times guided the poetic minds of Moses and David—

Sing heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed

*Taught = inspired* (Paradise Lost, I, 6)

516 *Storied*, put into memorable verse, narrated in enduring form. 'Storied,' the participle used as an adjective, is frequent in later literature, but is used of pictorial rather than literary forms. Thus 'storied urn' in Gray's *Flew*, 'storied pane' in Scott, 'storied walls' in Tennyson etc, all which may be due to their 'storied windows richly light' in *Il Penseroso*, 159. 'Story' is from O Fr *estoire* and *estore*, Lat *historia*, Gr *historia* from the root of the verb, to know. In Late Latin *storia* was often used for *historia*. Chaucer has 'storial.' The abbreviated form is said to have been used in monastic records for Biblical history.

*High immortal verse*, lofty and enduring poetry. 'Verse' is properly a single line of poetry, and so named because of the 'turning' or going back to begin a new line at the end of each. So Milton (*Lycidas*, 11) uses the word 'rimo' for 'poetry' in the phrase 'build the lofty rimo.' 'Mortal' is from Lr *mortal*, Lat *mortalis*, more Lat *versus*, *vertere*

517 *Chimeras*, fire-breathing monsters. The Chimera had the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, and it vomited flame. It is explained as a burning mountain which had goats on its sides and snakes round its base. Milton however finds ethical teaching in the stories regarding it. The word is repeated with the same epithet in *Paradise Lost*, II., 628—*"Chimeras... Isles"* by Homer.

Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire

*Enchanted isles*. This phrase is suggestive of medieval romance. Mr. Vortv refers it to the wandering islands in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* (II., 12). But the words 'of old' seem to confine the references to classical antiquity. Accordingly it is best to take it of Circe's island, verso 50, or the island of the Sirens. O. Fr. *isle* (Fi. *ile*); Lat. *insula*.

518 *Rifted-rocks*. ~~rocks with rifts or clefts in them, i.e.,~~ with caverns. It seems better to take 'rifted' as a regularly formed adjective than as the past tense of the rare verb 'rift.' Both 'rive' and 'rift' are from the Scandinavian.

*Whose entrance*. In *Virgil* the Entrance to the lower world is a cavern near the lake Avernus. O. Fr. *entree*, Lat. *intrinseca*, in, and root of *trans*. *"Rifted rocks..."* *"H"* was sung by *Virgil*.

519 *Be, are*. See on verso 12.

*Unbelief is blind*. Perhaps a proverbial expression. The necessity of faith for the requirement of spiritual knowledge is a commonplace of Theology. Compare Cowper in a Hymn—*unbelieving*  
Blind unbelief is sure to err *not understanding*  
And scan His works in vain *incredulity is de- reasons*

520 *Navel, centre*. The term was used by the ancients. Delphi among the Greeks being called the 'navel of the Earth.' The word is a diminutive of 'navo,' a part of a wheel. *Heaven = horrible; bright*

521 *Immured, walled in, closely begirt*. Compare 'imbowered,' verso 62. Fr. *emmuré* to shut up in prison, Lat. *in muris* a wall. *hidden from*

*Cypress shades*. Cyprus is an emblem of mourning. Those gloomy trees are supposed to grow so thick in the centre of the wood as to form a dark bower which is the residence of Comus. The trunks are the walls and the branches the shades. For Adam's bower with its verdant wall and shady roof, see *Para Lost*, IV., 692-703. Compare with this, verso 62. O. Fr. *cypres*, Lat. *cyparissus*, Gr. *luparissos*.

*Sorcerer, evil enchanter or magician*. O. Fr. *soicier*, Low Lat. *sortilarius*, Lat. *sors lot*.

522 *Great*. This extravagant epithet is used to intensify the interest of the poem as the climax approaches.

523 *Deep skilled, profoundly versed*

*Witcheries*, arts and means of bewitching See verse 63 'Witch' was originally of either gender Mid Eng *wicche*, Old Eng. *wicca* masc., *wicce* fem., from *wlitga* and *witega* a prophet, or magician; *witan* to see; akin to *witan* to know The modern term is, 'witchcraft'—'witchory' being a polite word to denote charm as in CAMPBELL'S *Ode to the Evening Star*—

Chased by the soul subduing power  
Of love's delicious witchery

525 *By sly enticement*, by means of *cunning* inducements 'Sly' is from the Scand., akin to 'sloight', originally meaning 'dexterous with the hammer', from root of 'slay'

↓ *Baneful cup*, hurtful liquor The use of 'cup'—the container for the contained—is *Metonymy* 'Cup' O Eng *cuppe* is from Lat *cupa* a tub See verses 65-77, 672-8

↓ 526 *Murmurs*, muttered incantations, these were spoken or chanted while the drink was being brewed A better use of the word occurs in *Arcades*, 60—

With puissant words and murmurs made to bless

Fr *murmure*, Lat *murmur* A reduplicated form, imitative

*Mixed* Because the murmurs were uttered at various stages of the making of the potions, and in the belief that they affected the qualities of it A phrase similar to the text is quoted from a Latin poet,—Statius—

"He mixes sacred incantations and conscious murmurs"

*Pleasing poison* Compare 'sweet poison' verse 47. Here note alliteration, and an eleventh syllable O Fr. *plaisir*, Lat *placere*

527 *Visage quite transforms* Compare verses 68-71, where the same meaning is expressed in the words "Their human countenance is changed" Fr *visage*, *vis*, Lat *visus*, *videre* Fr *transformer*, Lat *trans*, *forma* 'Quite' is an adverb corresponding to 'quit' O Fr *quite*, Lat *quietus*. *Visage* = *the face*

528 ↓ *Inglorious likeness* See verses 70, 71 Opposed to the glorious resemblance of the Divine 'Inglorious' is not merely a negative epithet, it means, dishonouring or degraded Fr *glorie*, Lat. *gloria* *Transforms* = *changes*

529 *Unmoulding*, breaking the mould (or pattern) of The metaphor, taken from Coinage, is three times expressed in this clause 'Mould' (a model) Mid. Eng *moude*, as from O. Fr *molle* (and *modle*). Lat *modulus*, *modus*

*impression,*

Reason's mintage 'Reason' is what distinguishes man from the beasts Reason (many theologians have argued) is what constitutes the image of God in man. Compare *Par Lost*, IV., 291-7 To this term Milton gives the widest sense It is not only the chief of the intellectual faculties (*Par Lost*, V., 102), it includes Conscience (cf *Par Lost*, XII., 97) and Free-will or freedom of choice (III., 108, XII., 84-90) 'Reason's mintage' is the coining or external form, which is the outward expression or embodiment of Reason O *Fr reison*, Lat *ratio*, *ratus* 'Mintage' is from 'mint' O Eng *mynel*, which was introduced from the Lat *moneta* which meant a mint, and money. The use was due to the fact that money was coined at Rome in a temple of Juno Moneta. Moneta (from *monere* warn) was a surname of Juno *the stamp of reason with which the face of man is impressed*

530 Charactered, stamped, engraved The word is here accented on the second syllable Lat *character*, Gr *charakter*, from *charassein* to furrow

Face Fr *face*, Lat *facies* Compare *Paradise Lost*, IV., 291-3—

In their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude . . .

531 Crofts, patches of pasture land. The older meaning of this word is not exactly known It now means a very small farm often only four or five acres attached to a cottage Skeat thinks it is of Celtic origin, in which case the idea of a hillock or hilly ground is included. Some give the meaning as, an enclosed field.

532 Brow, project over, overlook *overhang*

Bottom-glade, opening in the valley below these ridges Apparently the phrase is a description of the spot where they are now met

Whence, from which glade

533. Monstrous rout, riotous band of monsters Fr *monstre* Lat. *monstrum*, *monere*, Fr *route*, Lat *rupta*, *rumpere* to break. *Rupta* meant successively, a desert, a troop, and a route

534 Stabled wolves It is not clear whether the meaning is wolves in their haunts, or wolves shut up in kennels A 'stable' is a stall for horses, but may be used of the den or bed of any animal See *Par Lost*, XI., 752 O Fr *estable*, Lat *stabulum*, *stare* The term was probably suggested by a phrase in Virgil's *Eclogues*, III., 80. *wolves collected together in*

Picy. O Fr *piece*, Lat *macula*

535 Abhorred rites Compare verses 125-137 Lat *ab*, *horreare*  
*Heate* See verse 135



536 *Obscured haunts*, dark recesses which they frequent Fr *obscur*, Lat *obscurus*, originally meaning 'covered over' O Fr *hanter*

*Inmost bowers*, where the darkness is deepest Both 'inmost' and 'innormost' are corruptions of Old Eng *innemest* (*unc-m-est*) a double superlative

↓ 537 *Baits and guileful spells*, allurements and wily artifices See on verses 150, 151 162.

↓ 538 *Inveigle* entice This word is inexplicable It is found also in Spenser and Shakespeare, another spelling was 'inveagle' The use in SPENSER (L, XII, 32) corresponds in meaning with Old French *areugler* to hoodwink

*Invite* Fr *inviter*, Lat *invitare* The 'spells' inveigle, and the 'baits' invite

*Unicary* meanings, 'wary' being formed from 'ware'

↓ 539 *Unmeeting* unknowing, 'weet' being another form of the verb wit='know', and a spelling which preserves the original pronunciation

540 *Late*, at a late hour (of the evening) So 'this evening early' means, in the first part of the evening Adverb

*By then the*, by the time (when) the

*Chewing flocks*, the flocks of sheep and goats which being ruminant chew the cud From 'chew' comes jaw

541 *Taken their supper*, taken their supper The word 'supper' is used of sheep by Spenser, I, 1, 23 It is not specially accurate The termination -er is the French imperative O Fr *soper* (Fr. *souper*) which is from the Low German, same as English 'sup'

↓ 542 *Savoury herb*, tasteful grass O Fr *savou*, Lat, *sapor*, *sapere* Milton makes Adam and Eve chew the savoury pulp *Par Lost*, IV, 335

542 *Knot-grass*, A grass or weed with pointed stems

*Dew bespient*, sprinkled with dew 'Spront' is pres part O Eng *springan* of which 'sprinkle' is the frequent and which is itself the causal of 'spring'

543 *Sat me* Reflexive Many verbs now used intrans were so used in the Elizabethan age, as if the transitive forms were instinctively sought

544 *Canopied*, covered over Fr *canope*, Latin *canopeum*, Gr. *lonopeion*, *lonops*, a gnat, from *lonos* a cone and *ops* face—the literal meaning being, cone-headed ♀

545. *Flaunting*, showy. Used of what waves in the air, here of the bright red blossoms. Perhaps akin to 'flag' which is Scandinavian.

*Honey-suckle*, a fragrant wild flower, same as the "well-attired wood-bino" in *Lycidas*, 146, in Spenser and Shakespeare called 'gent-leah'. See *Par. Lost*, IX, 216. *strapped, wrapped = abson*

546. *Fit*, mood or temporary state

*Melancholy*, not melancholia or any form of mental distress, and not the— *thoughtfulness*

Loathed Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born

warned off at the commencement of the *L'Allegro*, but the melancholy invoked in the *Il Penseroso*—

Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest Melancholy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the senso of human sight

The pleasing character that sometimes pertains to grave or even mournful reflection has been often expressed by the poets, as by SHAKESPEARE in the *Skylark*—

Our sweetest songs are those that toll of sad, lost thought,  
or by WORDSWORTH—

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

O Fr *melancholic*, Lat *melancholia*, Gr *melancholia*, *melas* black and *chole* bile. The use of the term goes back to the explanation of mental types by reference to the humours. Thus there were four main types: the sanguine (Lat *sanguis* blood), the choleric (Gr *chole* bile), the phlegmatic (Gr *phlegma* phlegm), and the melancholic.

547. *Meditate*, go over, practise (not, reflect upon). Similarly in *Lycidas* Milton has "meditate the thankless muse" where Virgil is directly imitated and the composition of poetry is meant. Latin *meditari* frequent of *mederi* to heal. *song, compose*

Rural minstrelsy, pastoral music. 'Minstrelsy' includes song and instrumental music. According to verso 86, Thyrsis was to play on a soft pipe as well as sing a smooth-dittied song. The word 'close' suggests singing mainly. Mid Eng *minstralcie*, O Fr *menestrel*. Low Lat *ministralis*, used of a servant who played on instruments. Lat *minister*, which is a compar form from the root of *munus*.

548. *Fancy*, here almost in the senso of, Desire. 'Fancy' is mentioned in *Par. Lost*, V, 102, as the highest faculty after Reason. See on verso 205.

*Had her fill*, should be satisfied This not very elegant subst. used to be in frequent use Compare WORDSWORTH (the *Highland Reaper*)—

I listened till I had my fill

*Ere*, before, here a proposition, often a conjunction, originally an adverb A. S. *æf* soon, whence 'early'

*Close*, a technical term of Music, denoting the cadence at the end of each piece

549 *Wonted*, customary Formed from the later use of 'wont' as a substantive. *accustomed*

*Was up*, had begun, was (risen) up.

550 *Barbarous dissonance*, rude discord. The reference is, perhaps both to the confused noise of the revellers and its antagonism to the musical mood of *Thyrsis* The same double application may be found in the more famous use of the expression in *Par. Lost*, VII., 32—

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance

Of Bacchus and his revellers—

where Milton has been referring to his own song, and where he alludes to the Court of Charles II Latin *barbarus*, Gr. *barbáros* foreign, the word referring to the implied character or rude sound of other languages Fr *dissonant*, Lat *dissonare*, sonus

551 *Coased*, stopped singing or playing. Fr. *cesser*, Lat *cessare*, frequent of *cadere*

*Listened them*, listened to them. Formerly a frequent construction.

*A while*, for a considerable time Accusative

552 *Unusual*, contrary to their nightly practice Old Eng. *un*, Lat. *usualis*, *usus*.

*Sudden silence* See verso 145

553 *Respite*, apparently from 'fright' Etymologically the same word as 'respect' Fr *respit*, Lat *respectus*, *specere*.

*Drowsy frightened* The editors propose another reading here They find 'flighted' in the MS. of Lawes, and this they think more poetic—much more poetic. 'Flighted' is explained as meaning 'flying,' and the words are hyphenated so that they may describe the manner of flying But there is no reason to doubt that we have Milton's exact text, and improvements are apt to be dangerous 'Flighted' can only be formed from the substant 'flight' and would mean 'put to (rapid) flight'—practically the same thing as 'frighted' It would not therefore express the intended meaning 'Flying' is in any case a doubtful epithet of steeds drawing a car, unless as in the case of

Pegasus the wings are mentioned' And the word 'respite' on this view is not explained Drowsily-moving steeds would not seem to need respite 'Frighted' on the other hand accentuates the effect of the barbarous dissonance Even the drowsy steeds of the chariot of Sleep have been thrown into a temporary panic Mr Verity quotes (in proof of the emendation) the following passage from *II Henry VI*, IV, 1, 36—

And now loud howling wolves rouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night  
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
Chide dead men's graves

This passage does seem to have been in Milton's mind It is certainly not Shakespeare's (as Mr Verity supposes), it is Marlowe's unmistakably But the rousing of the slow jades seems to us to support the reading, *frighted*.

*Steeds.* Compare 'night steeds' in the *Nativity Hymn*, verso 236  
54. *Litter*—bed The word is used of what is carried by men rather than of what is drawn by horses. But the two ideas can be combined The coach of 'Sleep' may be supposed to be within a chariot drawn by steeds O Fr. *litte*, Low Lat *lectum*, Latin *lectus*.

*Close curtained Sleep* Sleep is supposed to be retired and shut off from the world. Sleep is of course personified The opithot was probably suggested by the language of older poets Thus we find in SHAKESPEARE, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'Thy close curtain night,' and in *Macbeth* "curtained sleep," and in SPENSER, I, IV, 44, the 'coal-black curtain' of Night

555 *At last* There was an interval—the close of Comus' remarks and the speech of the Lady before the song—when no sound reached the ear of Thyrsis

*Soft and solemn-breathing* These words are meant to describe the sweetness and gravity of the Lady's voice 'Solemn-breathing' applied to ours is repeated by Gray *Solemnly breathed of interreg*

556. *Rose like a stream* Simple Music is compared to fragrance in the air,—the converse being stated by Bacon, *Essay* XLVI "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the warbling of music." But there is a secondary comparison referring to the manner of the rise and diffusion of the music. Compare the erection of Pandemonium, *Par. Lost*, I, 711—

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;

The word 'steam' corresponds with the epithet 'soft', and also with 'distilled'. Perhaps Milton remembered that 'steam' had in older English sometimes meant 'smell.'

✓ *Distilled*, refined, with perhaps a reference to boiling and evaporation. O Fr *distiller*, Lat *distillare* stilla a drop.

*Perfumes*, odours, accented on the second syllable (now on first) 1 r *perfumer*, Lat *per, fumare, fumus* smoke.

557 *Stole upon* Again referring to the soft and gradual rise and diffusion of the music. It came gently unexpectedly, overwhelmingly

*Silence*, Personified See on verse 250.

558 *Took ere she was ware*, captivated before she realised it. *Wished she might*, wished that she could. *Wish = aware of = info.*

559 *Deny her nature*, renounce her essential character, cease to be silence; disappear, provided such harmonious sounds could last for ever. O Fr *dénier* Lat *deneare*

*Be never more*, never again exist

560 *Still to be so displaced*, being thus continually and for ever displaced, its place being for ever taken by Music. *Displace* is formed from 'place' with Latin prefix *dis*

The personification of Silence twice imagined in this poem, is repeated in *Par Lost*, IV, where it is said first that Silence accompanied Evening (verse 600), and secondly that when the nightingale sang Silence was pleased (verse 604). In *Comus* here the figure is put more strongly inasmuch as Silence is ready, under the influence of unreflecting feeling, to sacrifice her life in the interests of Melody.

An interesting question is the exact meaning and usage of the word 'took' (=taken) verse 558. In *Par Lost*, IV, 604, Milton simply says 'pleased'. Twice in the Early Poems he uses 'took' as here. In the *Vocation Exercise*, verse 20, is the line regarding novelties of style—

Which takes our late fantasies with delight,

and in the *Nativity Hymn*, 97, referring to the Heavenly music—

As all their souls in blissful rapture took

In these cases it expresses vaguely the idea of charm, and so the term is used in Shakespeare. It is also still so used conversationally as when we say, a person is taken with an idea, or a fancy, or with admiration of any person or thing. The word is from the Scand. and meant, to seize or grasp. But according to Mr Verity the figure here is derived not from the idea of capturing or laying hold of, but from a special use in connection with the influence of spirits or fairies. Two examples he gives from Shakespeare, *Hamlet* 1, 1, 163, 'no fairy takes,' *Lea*, II, IV, 166 'taking airs.'

All ear Listening as attentively as if I could have received the sound through every pore in my body, ears all over. The phrase is used of Satan *Paradise Lost*, IV, 410 Compare in the description of the Angels, *Paradise Lost* VI, 350 1—

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense

561 *Took in*, imbibed, received into my mind

*Create a soul*—a living thinking principle.

562 *Under the ribs of Death*, according to the supposition that the seat of the Soul is within the breast. 'Death' is personified, not however as a powerful king but as a lifeless skeleton To reanimate such a form—making it not only alive but a rational spiritual being—is here imagined to be within the power of such marvellous music. The expression is one of the boldest hyperboles in literature

*Er2 long*, soon, an adverbial phrase Cf 151, 548

563 *Did perceive* This expletive use of 'did' is now abandoned.  
(1) Fr *percevoir*, Lat *per, capere* *Doowell's Commentary*

564 *My most honoured* This is the language of respect For the use of 'my' cf. verses 492, 501. O Fr *honour*, Lat *honos*.

565 *Amazed*, stupefied, (not in the sense of 'surprised')

*Harrowed*, deeply-distressed. A 'harrow' is an iron-spiked instrument which is drawn over fields, after they have been ploughed, to break all clods and leave the surface level 'To harrow' is therefore to tear up, and fig. to distress greatly. Possibly the accent here is on the second syllable, not necessarily

566 *Poor hapless*. Both words mean 'unfortunate' *Poor denote*

*Nightingale* Metaphor, due to the darkness and the song 'Gale' means 'singer,' and the middle syllable denotes the genitive case, the *n* being excretant

*Thought*, reflected, said to myself.

567. In this verse the juxtaposition of the sweetness and the danger is meant to have the same intensifying effect as figures of Contrast usually have

*Sweet*, probably adverb=sweetly, but possibly meant as a condensation of *How sweet thou art, thou that singest so*

*How near, how near* (then art to)

568. *Lawn*, glades Mid. Eng *launde*, O Fr *lande* It is doubtful whether the word is from the Ger. *land* open country, or from the Celtic

*Headlong*, corresponding to, precipitate (from Lat. *caput*).

569 *Turnings* A continuous straight path in a word is impossible  
Compare verses 311-4 *winding*

570. *Fill*, up to the time when A Scandinavian word.

571 *↓ Damned-wizard, evil or accursed conjurer.* 1r *damner* Lat *damnare* *damnum* O Fr *uischard* (and *guischard*) which is from the Icel *risir* with Fr suffix from the Icel *rita* to I now, the same word as O Fng *utan* to wit

*Disguise* The substantive is from the verb which means, to change the form or style of O Fr *dispuiser*, Lat *dis*, and Old High German

572 *Certain signs* See on verse 615 though the 'signs' are not indicated O Fr *signe*, Lat *signum*

573 *Pre my best*, before my utmost

*Prevent*, not anticipate, as the editors say, but 'prevent by anticipating' The word has the modern meaning with the etymological explanation Thyrsis wishes to be beforehand and thus prevent the meeting of Comus and the Lady. Lat *prævenire* go before

574 *Adless*, unaided.

*Innocent*, blameless, guileless The middle vowel either is elided or receives the accent Fr *innocent*, Lat. *in, nocere*

*Wished* Dissyllable So frequently in Milton The verse should probably be scanned thus—

The ad'less in 'nocent la'dy has wish 'ed prey

Other scansions are possible The second syllable of 'lady' may be regarded as extra metrical, see on verse 66 'Wished' may be pronounced as a monosyllable in which case the second elision is not required The opening syllable may be elided thus—

Th' adless' inno 'cent la 'dy has wish 'ed prey

575 *Gently asked* The Lady did not directly ask the question The matter emerged gradually in conversation. 'Gently' describes the modest manner in which the Lady made known her want

*Such two.* Compare 'two such' in verse 291 The words here seem an abbreviation of "two answering to a certain description," 'two such and such,' or 'two such as you (before me) are'

576. *Neighbour* Either an adjective for 'neighbouring,' or a substantive used as an adjective. See verses 304, 166 *284*

577 *Durst* Past tense of 'dare' May stand here either for, did not, or could not, dare, (and often with present meaning, may not dare). Thyrsis professes to have been afraid to encounter Comus alone

*Guessed*, understood See on verse 310

578 *With that I sprang*, whereupon I sprang A graphic way of stating the suddenness with which the flight was begun.

579 *Till*, (and did not pause) till

580. *Further*. The same meaning and construction as, more Originally an adverb. Comparative of *fore* 'taking *-th* from 'forth.'

*O night*! The three foes now combined are, darkness, the density of the forest, and Cornus with his accursed powers. 'Night' and 'shade' are apostrophised, and reproached for their alliance with an evil power

581 *How*. Introduces an Exclamation, which is stronger as an expression of feeling than an Interrogative, almost equal to Why are ye thus? Both 'how' and 'why' are forms of the instrumental case of the Relative *who* Old Eng *hu*

*Joined, leagued* O Fr *jouindre*, Lat *iungere*

*Hell*, used by Metonymy for one using the arts of Hell Magic was the black or hellish art, and its professors were believed to be in league with the Evil One

✓ *Triple hug*, the same figure as 'joined' So often, 'triple bond' Fr *triple*, Lat *triplex*, *tri-*, and *plus*

582. *Unarmed weakness of one* one weak and one unarmed ..... *Hypallage* O Eng *un-*, O Fr *armes*, Lat *arma*

583 *Alone, and helpless*! Repeats for emphasis the ideas of, one and unarmed Tautology, which in poetry and oratory is often effective.

585. *Lean on it*, as on a supporting friend, or on a staff

*Safely*, perhaps, with a feeling of safety

*Not a* not one, or simply, no Compare in the *Burial of Sir John Moore*—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note

*Period*. Technically a period is opposed to a loose sentence and means a rounded and skilfully constructed sentence in which subordinate clauses are placed as near the beginning as possible and in which the full meaning is suspended to the close Here it refers to the weighty and careful sentences in which the Elder Brother sets forth his thoughts on Chastity Fr *periode*, Lat *periodus*, Gr *periodos*, *peri*, *odos*

586. *Unsaid for me*, withdrawn on my part. *Forsooth*

587. *Malice*, usually means, all-will, but here perhaps, 'evil generally'. Fr *malice*, Lat *malitia*, *malus*

*Sorcery*, dark magic. O Fr *sorcerie*. See on verso 521



588 *Chance* The reference is mainly to the speculations, both physical and moral, of the ancients. Some attributed the formation of the world to chance, as is expressed in the phrase 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' or the issues of life were assigned to chance. Milton describes the subjects of Greek tragedy as—

Fate and Chance and Change in human life

'Fortune' is the usual Latin name of it (*Gr. tuche*). Milton banishes Chance from this world which is under the government of God, being a *cosmos*, and relegates it to the outside region of Chaos. There "eldest Night and Chaos hold eternal sway" "Chaos umpire sits" and next him "Chance governs all" (*Paradise Lost*, II, 910). Milton believed not in Chance but in Providence. The object of *Paradise Lost* was to assert Eternal Providence (I, 25) and similarly *Samson Agonistes* concludes—

All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What the unsearchable dispose,  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And over best found in the close

On this view it is error to suppose that there is any power such as is named Chance, hence it is the saying of 'erring men' 'Chance' is from *cadere* to fall, as 'Fortune' is from *ferre* to bring. See on verse 79.

589 *Virtue*, virtuous persons. Abstract for Concrete. Compare with this verse the speech beginning from verse 418.

*Assailed*, attacked, attempted. O Fr *assailor*, Lat *ad, salire*.

590 *Surprised*, come upon suddenly, taken unawares, O Fr *surprise* *surprendre*, Lat *super, prehendere*.

*Unjust*, a Hybrid form, but the subst. is, injustice.

↓ *Enthralled*, enslaved, i.e. deprived of the power of freedom and brought into other service. Compare verse 1019—

Love Virtue, She alone is free

591 *Yea*. Not only so, but—

*Mischief*. Personified. The term includes every form of ill-doing. O Fr *meschief*, *mes* and *chief*, Lat *minus, caput*. The original meaning was, injury, evil result.

*Most harm*, most harmful, or to work most harm.

592. *Happy trial*, in the happy results of the proving of it. From, 'try', Fr. *trier*, Low Lat. *tritare*, Lat *tritum, terere*. The suffix *-al*, formerly *-all*, Mid Eng. *-ille*, corresponds to O F *-alle*, Lat *-alia*, and is used to form nouns of action.

*From most glory*, turn out to be the cause of greatest glory. 'Prove' is intrans. The original idea is 'test,' and the meaning here is, 'after being tested shall result in' O I'r *prover*, Lat *probare*, *probus*.

The sentiment of these two lines is frequently expressed in the New Testament. See, e.g., in Paul, *Rom V 3, 4, VIII, 28, Jas I, 12*

593 *Recoil* A term used of the backward recoil of a discharged gun. Compare *Paradise Lost*, IV, 17, where Satan's scheme "like a devilish engine back recoils upon himself" Fr *reculer*, literally to go backwards, *re* and *cul* *to spring back*

594 *Mix no more* A full separation of good and evil, as the final result, is here contemplated

*At last*—*At the end of the present dispensation of things* (called in the New Testament 'this age')

This view of the end of things may be contrasted with the modern universalist hope, poeticised by TRUSSON, *In Memoriam*, LIV—

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of all,  
'To prings of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood,  
'That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete

595 *Gathered* Compare *Matt XIII, 41* 'The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity.'

*Like scum* 'Scum' is dross or impurity on the surface. The figure is perhaps taken from the skimming of the dross of melted metals (*Cf Par Lost*, I, 704) 'Scum' and the verb 'skim' are from the Scand

*Settled to itself* 'Settled' (akin to 'seated') is used of what has had time to assume a fixed form or condition. Thus 'scum' settles on the top and dross in the bottom. 'Settled to itself' therefore means, no longer floating on or mingling with the good but having all its relations with itself—being its own scum, its own dross, its own sphere and association, confined to itself

596 *Eternal restless change*, with no peace and no goal. The phrase is full of reminiscence. The Christian Heaven is a state of rest, calm, full satisfaction. *Nirvana* is an escape from restless change. Compare *Isaiah*, LVII, 20, 21 'The wicked are like the

troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt  
There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked'

597 *Self-fed and self-consumed* These words further describe the restless change—birth and death and re birth, rise and fall and re rise, continual flux. The self-feeding is expressed in SRENSER's Allegory of Error where the offspring drink the blood of their slaughtered mother (*I Q., I., 1*) and also in Milton's Allegory of Sin where Sin's offspring, 'hourly conceived and hourly born' gnaw Sin's 'bowels their repast', so that Sin adds (*Par Lost*, II, 802)—

That rest or intermission none I find

The 'self-consuming' is perhaps expressed in the conception of Death, the son of Sin, whose famine is endless (*Paradise Lost*, II, 805, 846).  
Lat. *consumere*, *cum*, *sumere*

If this fail Prove false, be a deception Fr *faillir*, Lat *fallere*  
to deceive, pass *falli* to err

598 *Pillared firmament*, the sky Firmament, is a word used in the Old Testament (*Gen*, I, 6, 7, 8) really meaning the expanse of heaven This is conceived as upheld by pillars. Compare *Job*, XXVI, 11, "the pillars of heaven tremble." O Fr. *pilier*, Low Lat *pilare*, Lat. *pila*. O Fr *firmament*, Lat *firmamentum* *firmare*, *firmus*

Rottenness, *putrid mass* 'Rotten' is Scand. while the verb is Old English.

599 *Earth's base* the foundations of the Earth This also is a Biblical idea. See e.g., *Ps* XXIV., 1 2 'The earth is the Lord's, for he hath founded it in the seas,' *Eph*, I, 4 "Before the foundation of the world" The two expressions in this sentence are again combined by Milton *Par Regained*, IV, 455-6—

Dangerous to the pillared frame of heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis undornenth.

Fr *base*, Lat *basis*, Gr *basis*

*Built on stubble*. 'Stubble' usually means the root of the stalk of corn left in the ground when the corn is cut, but the older meaning must have been wider 'Stubble' as a foundation may denote anything not solid or real, something worthless The use of the word here is perhaps due to Paul, *I Cor*, III, 11 where he is developing the idea of a spiritual building, and adds "If any man build on this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest" Cf *Isaiah*, V, 24 O Fr *estouble*, from the Old High German. Akm to English 'stub' (of a tree).

The sentence of the Elder Brother amounts to this That if good does not ultimately and fully triumph, then there is nothing true or

stable in Earth or Heaven but all is false and hollow The existence and character of God is involved in the problem of Virtue.

The second syllable of 'stubble' is supernumerary See on verse 66.

Come let's on, now let us go on, move forward in search of Comus or the Virgin

600 *Opposing will*, will of God recognised as opposed, forbidding, ranged on the opposite side Fr *opposer* See on verse 284

*Arm*, used by metonymy for strength or active power A frequent Old Testament figure E.g., 'Awake put on strength, O arm of the Lord,' *Isaiah*, LI, 9

601 *Just sword* The sword is often referred to as an emblem of Justice The speaker here regards himself as authorised to execute justice His cause is now not merely defence, verse 489, but the deliverance of his sister and the avenging of her wrongs. The sword is just either because the wielder of it is just, (Hypallago), or because it executes justice

602 *For* As respects, as far as concerns.

*Magician* The last half of the word is supernumerary See on verse 66 From *magic* See on verse 165

Let him be, although he should be

*Girt* See on verse 214

603 *Grisly*, hideous, terrible. A Spenserian adjective, now written 'grisly'

*Legions* Pronounced here 'le-gions' Used first of the Roman army—a 'legion' being a body of from four to six thousand men Applied in the New Testament to a numerous band of devils, *Luke*, VIII, 30 O Fr *legion*, Lat *legio*, *legere* to gather.

*Troop* Another military term The subst. is from Fr *troupe*, Low Lat *tropus*, perhaps from Lat *turba* a crowd

604 *Sooty*, black 'Soot' is a black substance formed from deposit of smoke The phrase 'sooty flags' is quoted from Phineas Fletcher Acheron is specially black

*Acheron* Acheron is one of the four rivers of hell according to Greek mythology It was (from its dead appearance) specially associated with the souls of the dead, because its language possessed them. The shades hovered over it Each of the four rivers had its own characteristic, (hate, sorrow, wailing and burning) Acheron is the river of Sorrow as in *Paradise Lost*, II, 578—

Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep

Both Styx and Acheron were used for the whole of Hell, so here,

by Synecdoche Cf above, verse 132. The word is derived from the Gr. *achos* sorrow, and *rheo* flow

605 Harpies These were winged monsters, with the face of maidens, the body of vultures and sharp claws. The name means 'plunderers' (Gr *harpua*, *harpazein* to snatch through Latin and French). In Virgil, Book III they attack Æneas and his party.

Hydras The original hydra was a many-headed monster inhabiting the lake or marsh of Lerna in the Peloponnesus. It was one of the labours of Hercules to kill it. It was of the nature of a snake. Lat *hydia*, Gr. *hudra* a water-snake, *hudor* water

Monstrous forms, creatures of misshapen and hideous form, imaginary animals, &c

606 'Twixt Africa and Ind Including the whole of both 'Ind' is a poetic name of India. The Brother speaks as a classical scholar familiar with ancient mythology and legend

I'll find I will find, an expression of determination

607 Restore O Fr. *restorer*, Latin *restaurare* (adjective *stans* = fixed)

Purchase, prev. In *Paradise Lost*, X, 579, the term is used of the regions won by Satan Cf X 500. The process of change of meaning is seen in Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III, 2 'Steal any-thing and call it purchase' O Fr *purcher* to pursue eagerly, *chacer*, Low Lat (*caciare*), (= *captiare*); Lat *cavare*, *capere* anything stolen

608 Curls, hair In the seventeenth century men frequently combed their hair in curls. Only the Puritans wore their hair short. Curls are 'appropriate to *Cómus* (1) as a son of *Bacchus* who is represented with long curling locks and (2) as a sensualist—curls specially developed being characteristic of the voluptuous. But the Elder Brother had scarcely time to reflect on these things, and the word came to him as naturally as 'hair' would. Old Dutch *Frul*

609 Cursed, accursed, opprobrious. Some forms of death were specially humiliating or even reckoned accursed. A superstitious importance has always been attached to matters of death and burial. As his life, as his life (has been accursed). Let him be in death as he has been in life under the ban of God

Alas O Fr. *alas* O. Fr. *a*, *las*, Latin *ah* and *lassus* wearied, wretched.

Venturous, daring. The modern adjectives are 'venturesome' and 'adventurous' See on verse 79

610 Courage Fr. *courage*, O Fr *corage* Lat *cor* Fr *-age* = Lat *-ationem*

Yet It is not clear whether this word qualifies 'courage' or the whole sentence. In the former case it means 'still continuing' (notwithstanding what I have told you). In the latter case it is connected with what follows, and the meaning is 'I love thy courage though it be unavailing'. For here .

Emprise, enterprising spirit. Another form of 'enterprise'. O Fr *emprise, entrepri-e*; Low Lat *inter, prendere*, Lat *inter, prehendere*.

611. Stead, benefit, service. The O Eng. *stede* meant 'place,' 'position,' and that is still the ordinary meaning, as in the prep 'instead'. But the term seems to have had a secondary meaning describing what is due to place or position. So we still say of some things that they 'stand in good stead'. Similarly in *Il Penseroso*, 3, Milton says of vain joys 'how little you bested!'

612. For other, quite different. 'Other' being here an adjective or quality is qualified by an adverb. For a similar double use of 'other' cf. *Lycidas* 174—

Where other groves and other streams along.

Arms, weapons. In ordinary use 'weapons' are offensive instruments wielded in the hand, while 'arms' includes military dress, the defensive as well as the offensive. The two terms are used here to give full emphasis to the difficulty involved in combating the powers of Evil.

613. Those that . This is the subject of the sentence, the predicate being 'must be far other.'

Quell overpower, subdue. Causative of 'quail'.

614. Bare wand, wand only, i.e., without any other instrument. Magicians profess to exercise their power by aid of a wand or magic rod.

615. Unthread, untie, tear asunder. The prefix *un* with verbs is not merely negative but denotes reversal.

Joints. Used of parts such as the knee where two bones are fitted into one another. So 'unthread the joints' is 'to separate these bones'. O Fr *joint* and *joinet*, *joindre*, Lat *ungere*.

616. Crumble. Here trans. Probably in the sense of 'crumple,' wither up, cause to shrink. 'Crumble' is from 'crumb'.

Sinews, tendons, fibrous tissue connecting muscles, &c. From a root meaning 'bind'.

617. Approach. O Fr *approcher*, Lat *appropriare*, *ad, propere*.

618. As to make, as to be (or, so that thou art) able to make.

Relation, account, report, what has been related. 'Relate' is from Fr *relater*, Low Lat. *relatar*, *re, latus* from *tollere*.

Care, anxiety *Shifts* See on verse 273

618. *How to secure* Either, simply, to secure, or by what means I might secure.

From *surprisal*, from being surprised. Milton coins a passive verbal noun, after the form of 'reprisal' O Fr. *sorprise*; Lat *super, prehendere*. See on verse 592

619 *Brought to my mind*, recalled to my memory

*Lad*, youth or boy From the Celtic

620. *Of small regard to see to*, not at all imposing to the eye 'Regard' means 'esteem' but with a reference to its etymological meaning Fr *regarder* to look at, Lat *re*, O Fr *garder* from the Old High German *warten* 'See to' is an old expression for 'look upon' Now it is used only figuratively in the sense of 'make sure'

*Skilled (in)*, learned in the properties of.

621 *Virtuous*, possessing mysterious power

*Plant* Lat *planta* from the base of Gr. *platus* broad, applied to a spreading shoot. ~~Healing herb - simple, or seeking~~  
*curative / roborant*

622 This verse describes the 'plant' rather than the 'herb' though it grammatically agrees with the latter

*Verdant*, green, flourishing Fr *verdant* pres part of *verdier*, O Fr. *verd*, Lat. *viridis*, green

*Morning ray*, rising sun. — Some flowers shut themselves up at night and with the sunrise spread out their leaves again

623 The Attendant Spirit here affects to describe a companion with whom he was frequently associated Companionship of a shepherd, such as Thyris affects to be, and a young shepherd lad who had special talents and special knowledge of herbs is not surprising. The interest of the present passage however is in the supposition that Milton is indirectly referring to a youth of his own acquaintance, in which case the editors are agreed that the reference is to Charles Diodati Diodati had been a school friend, and an elegy written on his death is Milton's best Latin poem When *Comus* was written he was a physician, and the *Epitaphium Damonis* testifies to his knowledge of Botany Damon, like Lycidas, is an imaginary shepherd

*Beg me sing*, beg me (to) sing The sign of the Infinitive is omitted not only with what became auxiliary verbs, but with several others of familiar use, 'make' and 'beg' being chief examples 'Beg' is the freq. of 'bid.'

624 *Wh c<sup>i</sup>*, the singing. Latin idiom

'Tender grass. A Biblical phrase. II Samuel, XXIII, 4. The reference must be to lawns and meadows, not ordinary sheep pasture

625. *Hearken*, listen Formed from the root of 'hear' O. Eng *hyrcanian* extended from *hyran*

*E'en to*, even (till he would be transported) to (a state of).

*Ecstasy*, rapture, transport Compare Milton's description of the effect of Music on himself II *Penseroso*, 161-6—

There let the swelling organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

O. Fr *ecstasy*, Lat. *ecstasis*, Gr *ekstasis*; *ek*, *stasis* (*histemi*)

✓ 626. *Requital*, return From 'requito' Cf 'surprisal' verso 618 and see on versos 468 and 592

✓ *Leathern scrip*, bag or pocket made of leather 'Scrip' is Scand and is the same as 'scrip,' because made of a scrap of anything. Akin to 'sharp'—the root-meaning being 'cut'

✓ 627. *Simple*, medicinal herbs It is the ordinary word 'simple' and meant originally one ingredient in a mixture Fr *simple*, Lat *simplex*, *sem-*, *plicare* Akin to 'single', verso 204.

*Names*, including characters or descriptions.

628 *Telling*, going over. The original meaning was, to count

Strange and vigorous faculties, surprising and powerful proportions.

O Fr *estrange* and *estranger*, Lat *extraneus*, *extra* O Fr *vigor*, Lat *vigor*, *vigere* to be lively Fr *faculta*, Lat *facultas*, *facilis*, *facere*

629. *Amongst the rest* A fig of speech not infrequent in Milton, as when he calls Eve the 'fairest of her daughters,' *Paradise Lost*, IV., 324

✓ *Unightly* not pleasing to the sight plain or ugly

*Root*, herb or plant growing in the ground Usually the 'root' is the lowest part of the plant, and the word is often used of bulbous formations underground The word is Scand, an initial 'v' (not) is dropped, it being originally another form of *reit* akin to Eng 'wort.'

630 *Divine* This epithet has a double reference (1) to the marvellous power and (2) to the ethical quality of the root It is proof against the charms of the Sorcerer, and as Comus' power is hellish so this is heavenly and divine

*Effect*, efficiency, not the effect itself but the power of producing it. O Fr *effect*, Lat *effectus*, *ex*, *facere*



✓ *Called me out*, picked out for me, 'Cull' is the equivalent through the Fr of 'collect.' O Fr *collir*; Lat *colligere*, cum *legere*.

✓ 631 *Darkish*, rather dark The suffix *ish* (O Eng *-isc*) is used (1) in adjectives of nationality as 'English,' 'Irish' and (2) to convey a sense of diminution, with adjectives as in this case, or with nouns as 'childish.'

*Prickles*, sharp thorny points. Prickle is from 'prick' which was orig a small spot or dot, and thence a small wound.

632 *Another country* Heaven, or any sinless world O. Fr *contree*, Low Latin *contrada* or *contrata*, Latin *contra* opposite. 'Country' was thus the region lying opposite.

*Bore* There is a certain indistinctness in the conception or expression here. The subject of the verb is, according to the grammar, 'loaf,' according to the sense, the plant Milton is thinking of the mysterious qualities or properties and wishes to modify the impression due to its earthly appearance by an immediate statement of its divine excellence What here is dark and thorny is elsewhere soft and bright and fair

633 *Bright golden*, sun-like in colour and splendour.

*Flower* O Fr *fleur*, Lat *flos*.

*But not soil*. The herb grows on earth but does not effloresce. Its beauty is therefore not revealed, only the plain root is known to man O Fr *soel*, Late Lat. *solea*, soil, Lat *solea*, a sandal Also to *solum* ground

As this verse contains eleven syllables a question of metre or scansion is raised There is no possibility of omission. Has Milton then allowed a foot of three syllables? It is certain that his mature judgment absolutely rejected all such But when he wrote *Comus* his final rules were not framed. And it is remarkable that he wrote, but rejected, one verse where a three-syllabled foot would have had to be read *Comus* however allows what is very rarely allowed in *Paradise Lost* but was frequent in all dramas, an extra syllable at the end That extra syllable is usually of the weakest possible type Not so however always in *Comus* And in this case when the verse is properly read, it is seen that the word 'this' is the most emphatic in it, thus making the last syllable 'soil' the supernumerary ending There is thus no violation of law, though the propriety of having an unstressed substantive at the end of the verse is open to dispute

'634 *And like esteemed* and accordingly, not osteemed 'Like' is an adverb in the same manner or degree, correspondingly

635. *Clouted shoon* 'Shoon' is the old plural of 'shoe' In O Eng some plurals ended in *-an* Of these 'oxen' retains the consonant. Others are *shoon, hosen, cynn*, (and, in Spenser, *foen* and others) The plural terminations in 'brothron,' 'children,' are composite. The phrase 'clouted shoon' was once familiar, but the meaning seems now not absolutely certain The general idea of 'clouted' is expressed by the word 'patched' but the special force here and also in Shakespeare is perhaps expressed by the words 'clumsy' and 'heavy' The country shoes are contrasted with the fashionable styles of cities and society A 'clout' was a patch in three usages, (1) a patch of cloth used in mending clothes, tents, &c, (2) a patch on leather on the upper part of shoes and (3) a plate of iron to prevent wear nailed on ploughs or the axle trees of carts or perhaps the soles of boots or shoes, 'Clouted shoon' was and is still used of old shoes mended and patched with leather Eg, in an old Scotch song, a girl asking new shoes is answered 'Clout the auld, the new are dear' This is the meaning given by Johnson here But there is no special advantage for the text gained in supposing the swain's shoes to be old Warton explained that 'clouted' meant plated with iron on the soles This may have been a local application of the phrase It gives better sense here and also in Shakespeare where the sound of the 'clouted brogues,' due to their weight is, distinctly referred to *patched shoes*

Another meaning is suggested in Webster's Dictionary, on the authority of Mason From the use of the expression 'clout nails' (for the nails used in fastening iron clouts) came the use of 'clout' for 'nail', aided by the similarity of the French *clouter* to nail, *clou* a nail New country shoes have rows of broad-headed nails (in Scotland called *taclats*) on the soles 'Clouted' therefore is supposed to mean 'tacketed' This gives good sense, but we have no knowledge of such usage, and it cannot be connected with the ancient meaning of 'clout'

Skeat derives 'clout' from the Celtic, but the Celts derive their word from the Old English Murray's Diet connects it with 'clent' Probably it is not connected with 'cloth' The term 'dish-clout' (cloth for wiping dishes) and the proverb "Cast not a clout till May is out" (keep warm clothing till the end of May) might suggest such connection, but probably the usage is the same as often of the word 'rag' (akin to 'rugged') One writer says (on what grounds we know not) that 'clout' orig meant the swelling on the face caused by a blow He connects it with the German *klatsen* to strike In provincial speech 'clout' is still a term used for a 'blow' But whether it is the same word is not known This explanation seems to us intrinsically probable

It may be noted that *Colin Clout* is a traditional name for a rustic

✓ 636. *Med'cinal*, healing O Fr *medecine*, Latin *medicīna*, *medicus*, *mederi*. Note that the four syllables of this word count in scansion only two—the first : being unpronounced, the second being elided. So in *Sam Agonistes*, 627. There has always been a tendency to slur certain syllables in certain words. 'Medicine' is still familiarly (though it is supposed inaccurately) pronounced as a dissyllable. 'Ignominy' was pronounced 'ignomy,' &c.

*Moly*. This plant is mentioned in the *Odyssey* X. In the words of Ulysses it was "black at the root and its flower was like unto milk and the gods call it Moly, but it is difficult for mortal man to dig it up." It enabled Ulysses to resist the charms of Circe.

637 *Hermes*. The Greek divinity named by the Latins, Mercury. He was the special messenger of Jupiter.

*Wise Ulysses*. The adjective describes the traditional conception of Ulysses. The standing Homeric epithet, *polymētis*, means resourceful in counsel. Ulysses was king of the islands of Ithaca and Dulichium. He is one of the Grecian heroes in the Trojan war and his subsequent travels and experiences is the subject of the *Odyssey*, the second of the Greek epics. (The Greek form of his name is Odysseus.)

638 *He*, the shepherd lad.

*Haemony*. As this story is an invention so also is the name of the root. It is supposed that Milton formed it from *Haemonia* an ancient name of Thessaly—Thessaly being the special home of spells and witchery. Here it is allegorical of some divine grace or power, perhaps some inward excellence wrought by the Spirit of God.

639 *Of sorian use*, a supreme preventive or protection. The epithet 'sovereign' is often applied to any very efficacious remedy. So in Shakespeare, Bacon, and others. Milton seems to have preferred the form 'soveran'. See on verse 41.

640 *Enchantments*, charms or powers wrought by Sorcery. O Fr. *enchanter*.

*Mildew blast*. 'Blast' means not wind but blight. Corn when blasted is utterly useless. The mildew blast is a blight supposed to be caused by mildew (in Old English honey-dew) an apparent deposit (really consisting of the development of fungi) on the leaves. In *Arcturion*, 49, 'blasting vapours' are mentioned, and in *Comus*, verse 845, 'urchin blasts' : i.e., blight caused by evil spirits. Ultimately doubtless it is the same word as 'blast' a wind (from 'blow'), but the meanings are quite separate. Cf. *Hamlet*, III 4, 64-5.

✓ 641 *Ghastly*, terror causing, hideous. Akin to 'aghost,' not to 'ghost.'

*Furies* Used here of the more wicked or destructive kinds of ghosts or fairies. See above, verses 432 G. In *Paradise Regained*, IV., 424-2, Christ is environed by "infernal ghosts and hellish furies" howling, yelling, shrieking, threatening. The classical *Furies* are a different conception. Fr *furie*, Lat *furia*, *furere*.

*Apparition* The same word, direct from the Latin, as 'appearance' which is through the French. An 'apparition' is a sudden and unexpected manifestation, a phantasm. The appearance of a ghost, (and also the ghost itself). Lat *apparere*, *ad, parere*.

642. *Pursed*, treasured. O Fr. *boise*. Low Lat *bursa*, Gr *burse* a hide or skin, from which material purses were made. The change from Mid Eug *b* into *p* is rare, but occurs again at the beginning of a word in 'peat' for *beat*, and at the end in 'gossip' for *gossib*. One of the laws of the development of the Teutonic language from the primitive Aryan is that 'voiced stops became unvoiced,' that is, *b, d, g*, became *p, t, k*. *Eg*, Lat *tribus* is Eng 'thorp', Gr *lupos*, Lat. *cubus*, Eng 'hip.' But the examples of this special change are very few.

*Little reckoning made*, thought little about it. Cf in *Iycidas*, 116, of false ministers—

Of other care they little reckoning make

643. *Till now that*, till now when 'now' being equivalent to 'the present time' and practically a substantive. The phrase 'now that' is often used to introduce a reason, the meaning of 'now' being nearly lost, equivalent to 'since now,' or 'inasmuch as now' as in Milton's Sonnet to Lawrence—

Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire

*This extremity compelled*, this critical occasion threw me on it as a last resource. O Fr. *extreme*, Lat *extremus*, *exterius*, or

644. *It*, not the plant, but the account of its properties.

*This means*, means of the root. 'Means' is properly the plural of 'mean' an intermediate thing (as used in Algebra, etc.) O Fr *meien*; Lat. *medius*, *medius*.

645. *Knew*, recognised, was able to discern.

*Disguised*. Comus was not exactly disguised, but the 'magic dust' which he had scattered made him appear to the ordinary eye as a simple swain. The effect of Thyrsis' charm is to undo or neutralise this dazzling dust. For etymology see on verse 571.

646. *Entered*. Used figuratively. See on verse 518.

*The very*, the real, the inmost or, even the... See on verse 428.

Lime-twigs, snares A 'lime-twig' is a twig or branch covered with bird-lime. In consequence the birds' feet stick to the branches and they are thus caught. The word is used here by Metaphor for, cunning devices to deceive *Spells-enchantments*

647 Yet came off, nevertheless escaped Was not caught

About you, with you, in your pocket or dress 'About' is 'on-by out'

648 Will give, undertake to give Mero futurity would have been expressed in the first person by 'shall'

You may, you may with safety, you will be sufficiently armed

√ 649 Assault, of the same derivation as 'assail.' But 'assault,' the verb, is used chiefly of a building, or city, or stronghold. O Fr. *assault*, Lat *ad, saltus, salire*

Necromancer's hall 'Necromancy' is divination by communication with the dead. The Mid Eng spelling was *nigromancie*. O Fr *nigromance*. Low Lat *nigromantia*, Lat *necromantia* from Gr *nekros* a dead body, *mantion* prophetic power. Owing to the mistaken idea that the first part of the word was from Lat *niger* 'black', necromancy was styled the 'black art'. Comus is styled a necromancer, not because he called up the spirits of the dead, but partly because of his parentage (the son of Circe) and partly from his invocation and worship of Cotytto. His troops of followers may also be conceived as dark spirits called up from the abyss.

The whole of this passage regarding the Haemony is more or less based on mediæval beliefs regarding magic herbs or other charms. Some of these were regarded as rendering their possessors invincible; and accordingly warriors carried charms to enable them to overcome all influences that might be due to evil spirits. References to such beliefs are frequent in the poems of romance. In the last of these, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, an approach to the idea of Milton may be found in Book I, viii, where Arthur attacks the giant Orgoglio in his hall or castle. Arthur's squire has a horn which opens the doors and makes the castle shake, and Arthur wins in the combat through the magic light that issues from his shield. The horn and shield are emblematic of Religion (the gospel and the grace of God) and similarly the Haemony is to be interpreted allegorically.

650 Where if he be And if he be there So the relative 'who' often has a copulative force = 'and he'

Dauntless, undaunted. A hybrid form. O Fr *dantel*. Lat *dominare* freq. of *domare*

√ Hardihood, firmness, or bravery Also a hybrid form. The adj 'hardy' is from the O Fr. *hardi*, verb *hardir* to harden, from the Old High German *hart* (= Eng 'hard')

651 *Brandished blade*, sword drawn and raised. 'Blade is sword-blade. To brandish' is to wave in the air, lit to cause to flash. From the pres. part. of Fr *brandir*, Nor. Fr *brand* a sword, from the Scand. (Icel *brandr*, Swed *brand*) akin to 'burn'—the sword being named from its flashing brightness. 'Blade' is used primarily of a loaf, then of the flat side of a sword.

*Rush* The editors refer to the *Odyssey*, X, 294-5, where Hermes tells Ulysses encountering the wand of Circe to draw his sharp sword and "spring on her as one eager to slay her." So Ovid, *Metam.* XIII, 293, "he repulsed her trying to soften his hair with her rod, and with his drawn sword drove her back trembling."

*Break his glass* Here Milton follows SPENSER, *F. Q.*, II, 12, where Guyon meeting the sorceress Acrasia—

The cup to ground did violently cast  
That all in pieces it was broken fond  
And with the liquor stained all the loud (land)

652 *Shed, pour out* Orig. meaning 'separate.'

↓ *Luscious liquor* Compare 'orient liquor' verse 65 'Luscious' formerly written *lushious* and (earlier) *luaryouse* is supposed to be a corruption of *lustious* from 'lusty' which formerly meant 'pleasant' or 'delicious' (and, later, 'powerful'), with Fr suffix *-ous*. 'Luscious' combines the ideas of rich and delicious. Shakspeare, *Tempest*, ii, 1, uses the contraction *lush*—

How lush and lusty the grass looks

In FLETCHER's *Faithful Shepherdess*, i, 1, berries are described as of—

That luscious meat  
The great god Pan himself doth eat

653 *Seize his wand*. This they fail to do, leaving him in possession of his power. See, and for consequences verses 814-9. 'Seize' is from O Fr. *saisir*, *seisir*, from the Old High German *sezzen* = *sol* (causal of 'sit')

*Crew*. This word was often used in a bad sense. Thus Satan's followers are in *Paradise Lost* called a 'crew' (IV., 952), also with the epithet 'cursed,' VI, 806. The phrase 'cursed crew' is quoted from Harrington's Translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. Orig. *crue*, abbrev. of 'accrue' a re-inforcement. O Fr *accrue*, *accroistre*; Lat *ad, crescere*.

654 *Fiercè*. O. Fr *fers*, *fer* Lat *ferus*.

*Battle* O. Fr. *bataille*, Low Latin *batalia*, Lat. *batere* = *batuere* beat

*Menace high* It is best to take 'menace' as a subst. O Fr. *menace*; Lat. *minacia, minax, minar, minere* to project. High may mean 'loud' or 'proud,' or simply 'great' So 'high disdain' (*Paradise Lost*, I, 98)

655 *Sons of Vulcan* In VIRGIL, *Æneid*, viii, 252, *Cæus*, a son of Vulcan, contending with Hercules, 'vomits from his jaws a huge quantity of smoke' Vulcan (Gr Hephæstos) was the god of fire, who practised and taught working in metals. He was the son of Juno and husband of Venus, but was generally represented as more or less deformed or darkened. One story of his descent to earth is beautifully told in *Paradise Lost*, I 740-6 'The 'sons of Vulcan' would naturally mean 'blacksmiths'

*Vomit* Lat *vomitus, vomere*

656 *They, the crow, he, Comus, retire*, 'see verse 376

*But shrink*, only contracts, draws in, i.e., hesitates, or shows signs of fear If the leader fails in courage the followers will take to flight 'Shrink' refers to personal bearing, 'retire' is stronger, meaning withdrawal from the encounter

657 *Apace* Originally 'a pace,' i.e., a foot pace In Chaucer the phrase means 'slowly', in Milton and modern *English*, quickly. See on verse 100

658 *Some good angel* The Elder Brother here speaks as a Christian implying his belief in Guardian angels Compare *Psalms* XXXIII, 7 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them' A good angel is an angel of God (not a fallen angel, i.e., devil) commissioned to aid mankind (*cf* verse 219)

*Bear a shield.* The construction is the direct imperative not the present potential, at least if the analogy of verses 337-9 is followed. It is pointed out that in Tasso an angel holds a shield to protect Rinaldo in a combat

*Before us*, in front of us, referring probably to the three—THEYRSIS and both the Brothers

This is the close of the Second Part of the Poem The Third Part extends to verse 957 which is the real conclusion of the Story all that follows being epilogue or formal conclusion

There is here a complete change of external Scene Suddenly from the dense dark Forest we pass to a stately Palace with all its delicacies and charms Comus endeavours to work upon the Lady's mind by the magnificence of a Banquet and the charm of tender Music Banquets as means of temptation occur frequently in mediæval romance.

So in Shakespeare, *Tempest*, III., 3 'Strange shapes enter, bringing in a banquet and inviting the king to eat' The grandest description of the kind is in *Paradise Regained*, in the first Temptation of Christ, II., 340-365, ending—

And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds  
Of gentlest gale, Arabian odours issued  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells

660 Your nerve You will be paralysed; your power of feeling and movement will be gone So in the *Tempest*, I., ii, 486—

Thy nerves are in their infancy again *say = not so;*  
And have no vigour in them *do so*

Fr *nerf*, Lat *nervus* a sinew

Are, will immediately be

Chained up, here, poetised Metaphor. O. Fr *chaîne*, Lat *catena*  
Alabaster Spelt in Milton 'alabaster' except in *Par. Regained*  
IV., 545 So also in SPENSER and others in *Par. Regained*

There were two kinds of alabaster, the ancient, a carbonate of lime which was largely used in making boxes for ointments, and the modern (or what is now called 'alabaster') a sulphate of lime used in images and monuments The latter is here intended, since the Lady is to become a statue. In *Paradise Lost*, IV., 544, the eastern side of Paradise is a huge and towering alabaster rock O. Fr *alabaster*, Lat *alabastron*, said by Pliny to be from an Egyptian town of the same name

661. A statue, as a statue, motionless. O. Fr *statue*, Lat *statua*, *status*, *stare*. Metaphor

As *Daphno* was, as *Daphno* was (root-bound), or, as was *Daphno*

662 Root-bound A tree. *Daphno* was changed into a laurel; on the banks of the Peneus in Thessaly, or the Ladoon in Arcadia *Shew of the river*  
That fled Apollo, who fled (from) Apollo Apollo was enamoured of the goddess. She fled from him, and while he pursued she entreated the gods and they transformed her Thereafter the laurel was sacred to Apollo. The use of 'fled' with an accusative is after the Lat. *fugere* So *Paradise Lost*, IV., 73.

The second syllable of Apollo is supernumerary, see on verso 66

663. Touch, affect, reach See on verso 406

Freedom. See on verses 381-2 With this sentiment may be compared the song of Captain Lovelace, *To Althea*

664 - With, notwithstanding, or, with the agency of



*Corporal rind* Body 'Rind' is the bark of a tree, or the hard outside of a fruit (as in *Paradise Lost*, IV, 335), used metaphorically of the body as the covering or outer frame of the mind or soul Lat *corporalis*, *corpus*

665 *Immanacled*, bound. A 'manacle' is a handcuff, French *manicle*, Lat *manicula* and *manica*, *manus* hand, *but in chains*  
~~held - chains for the feet~~

*While Heaven* According to Milton no evil can happen except what is permitted by God So in *Paradise Lost* Satan is always subject to the power of God And in *Paradise Regained* Christ says to him, L, 495-6—

I bid not or forbid, do as thou findest  
Permission from above, thou canst not more

'While' perhaps means 'so long as'

*Sees good* An expression not merely of submission to the Divine will, but of the belief that the discipline of temptation serves a moral end

666 *Vexed*. The Lady shows signs of mental distress or indignation Fr *vexer*, Lat *vexare* intens of *rehere* carry

*Frown*, look sullen or angry O Fr *frogner*, from the Scand.

667 *Anger* A Scandinavian word. In Mid. Eng it often had the secondary meaning of sorrow or vexation So possibly here

*These gates*, the gates of this (apparent) palace.

668 *Here be*, here are A frequent arrangement of words Compare in the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester—

'Horo be tears of perfect moan'

669 *Fancy* Not Imagination but Love, as in the poem of Shakspere, *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 63—

Tell me, where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How bogot, how nourished?

It is engendored in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies

670 *Can beget* 'Fancy' is the father, 'youthful thoughts' the mother of the brood of pleasures *to produce*

*Youthful thoughts* Perhaps the classical verse in this connection is Tennyson's in *Locksley Hall*—*hearts of young men*

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love

670. *Fresh blood.* Cf. again Tennyson, in *In Memoriam*, etc —

And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Through all the years of April blood *lively-lively*

*Fresh* was originally used of moving (oppos to stagnant) water.

*Returns.* Apparently the idea is of the blood going forth vigorously and again returning to the heart still fresh and lively. An image taken from the circulation of the blood, not of ebb and flow, of ups and downs, but of continuous liveliness and brightness. The law of the Circulation of the Blood was in Milton's youth a recent discovery.

671. *Brisk, quick, keen lively* A Celtic word. A

*April*—the last month, nominally, of Spring, the first month of flowers and mild weather (in Britain). Latin *Aprilis* supposed to be derived from *aperire* to open, referring to new fruits.

*Buds* The first stage in the evolution of new fruits

*Primrose season*, the time of primroses (April and the first half of May). Fr *prime rose*; Lat *prima rosa* (first rose) but the primrose is not a rose, and the form of the word arose erroneously. The Mid. Eng form was *primero's*, Low Lat *primula* a primrose, *primus* first. The primrose is one of the first of English flowers; and they are multitudinous over the land. Hence they are universal favourites. In *Jocidas*, 142, Milton uses the epithet 'rather' (i.e., early) 'Season' is from O Fr *season*; Low Lat. *catia*, Lat. *satus*, *serere* to sow.

✓ 672 *Cordial julep*, exhilarating drink. 'Julep' is from Fr. *julep*, Spanish *julepe*, Persian *julab* from *gulab*, from *gul* a rose and *ab* water, but the term is not specially applied to rose-water but to any bright drink, and often (as here) to what is used medicinally or for any marked effect. 'Cordial' means 'heartly' but has a special reference to drinks, as in 'ginger-cordial.' Fr *cordial*, Lat *cor*

✓ 673 *Flames*, refers both to bright colour and rapid movement upwards. O Fr *flame*, Lat *flamma* from root of *flagrare*

✓ *Dances*, describes the rapid movement up and down, of the sparkling liquor. See on verso 104. Compare *Samson Agonistes*, 549, 'dancing ruby, sparkling out-poured'

*His, its.*

✓ *Crystal bounds*, clear or crystal glass. See verso 65

✓ 674. *Spirits of balin.* Liquid-essence derived from the balsam tree. 'Spirits' denotes any thing distilled. O Fr *baisano*, Lat. *balsamum*, Gr. *balsamon* resin of the balsam tree. *Spirits of balin*

*Fragrant*, of pleasant odour. Fr *fragrant*, Lat. *fragrans*, *fragrare*.

*Syrups* Used of a more or less viscous substance derived from fruits with sugar, &c. Fr *syrop*, Span *scarope*, Arabic *sharah*, from *sharibu* he drank. From the same word is 'sherbet,' <sup>a sugar-drink</sup> ~~and sweet drink~~.

675 *Not that* This is a notable example of the early use of a form of words to which Milton recurred in writing *Paradise Lost*. His description of the Garden of Eden (IV, 295-268) is followed by mythological comparisons beginning "Not that fair field of Enna"

*Nepenthes* *Nepenthe*. The spelling in the text is the neuter of the Greek adjective meaning 'free from sorrow,' from *ne* and *pentho* grief. According to the account in Homer (*Odyssey*, IV, 219-229) this drug mingled with the wine dispelled all care and grief and pain and anger. It is not the name of any individual drug, and the passage in Homer has been allegorically explained of the charm of Helen's speech. The charm of the *Nepenthe* is described by Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, IV, 3, 43—

Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign grace  
Devised by the gods for to assuage  
Heart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase  
Which stirs up anguish and contentions rage  
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age  
It doth establish in the troubled mind,  
Few men but such as sober are and sage  
Are by the gods to drink thereof assigned

But such as drink eternal happiness do find

*Wife of Thon* Polydamna wife of Thon or Thonis, king of Egypt. It was she, according to this story, that gave the magic powder to Helen with which afterwards Helen entertained her husband (Menelaus) and Telemachus at Sparta.

676 *Egypt* The stories of Helen (of Troy, and Sparta) are manifold. Some of these connect her with Egypt. According to one, she and Paris sailing from Greece to Troy were driven by a storm on the coast of Egypt. The story referred to here may have owed its origin to the association of Egypt with magical art.

*Jove-born Helena*. According to a Greek myth Helen sprang from the egg of a swan, having owed her paternity to Jupiter who approached her mother disguised in the form of that bird. Her mother was Leda, or, according to another story, Nemesis. Leda was the wife of Tyndarus, King of Sparta. The stories of Leda and of her offspring, and of Jupiter's being enamoured of her are variously told. The expression 'Jove-born' is scarcely in accordance with modern idiom. Compare above, verse 522, "of Baechnus and of Circe born." Now 'born of' would be used only with reference to the mother. Helen was a woman of wonderful beauty, and it was to regain possession of

her from Paris who had carried her off that the Greeks (in support of her husband Menelaus, King of Sparta) waged the Trojan war. That war is the subject of Homer's *Iliad*.

677. *Is of such* . . So effective in producing joy. The repentance had not merely negative properties. *Stir up - raise, excite*

678. Comus is supposed to be describing the effects of his own potion. 'Life' here is probably used in the sense of, vivacity, good spirits, joyous energy. *Friendly - beneficent*

So cool to thirst, either so cool to (assuage) thirst, or so cooling to the thirsty. Had Milton loved balanced structure he would have said 'to thirst so cool'

679. *So cruel to yourself* Apparently a reminiscence of Shakespeare in his First Sonnet, 'to thy sweet self so cruel.' O Fr. *cruel*, Lat. *crudelis*

680. *Dainty*, delicate in its sense of, exquisite, finely and prettily formed. Etymologically the word is the same as 'dignity' O Fr. *daintie* agreeableness (O Fr. *adj. dain* = Fr. *digne*), Lat. *dignitas*, *dignus*.

*Nature lent*, gave in trust (for certain purposes and on certain conditions). This metaphor of Nature (personified) as a creditor is taken from Shakespeare. In a Sonnet he says —

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.

And in *Measure for Measure* I., i, 36—

Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use—

where 'lends' seems used in the sense of 'gives away.' The word is from the subst. 'loan,' the *l* being excrecent

681. *Gentle usage*, mild use, opposed to harsh, ascetic or austere treatment. Fr. *usage*; Lat. *uti*.

Soft delicacy, ease and luxurious comfort. 'Soft' is an epithet of compliment. Compare in the description of Eve *Par. Lost*, IV, 298—

For softness she and sweet attractive grace

Lat. *delicatus*, *delicose*, *lascive*

682. Invert, turn inside out, or upside down, reverse. Lat. *invertere*  
Covenants, terms or conditions of the agreement. A 'covenant' is an agreement or bargain between two parties. O Fr. *covenant* from *convenant* p. part. of *convenir*, Lat. *convenire*

*harshly* = *cruelly* *trust*

**Trust** Used in a semi-legal sense Nature has entrusted to her her strength, something like a trust deed may be supposed to exist constituting the covenant 'Trust' is Scandinavian from the root of 'true'

683 *Lile*, in the manner of Not introducing a simile

**Il** borrower, one who misuses what he borrows. To 'borrow' is literally to give a pledge, from O Eng. *beorgan* to protect—the root also of 'borough', 'burgher,' &c *Il* = *suborn*

684 *Other*, quite different, opposite Cf verse 612 *fasting*

685 *Scorning*, O Fr *excern* from the O H German *diwergan*  
~~*Unexempt* = *unavoidable* *necessary*~~  
 \* *Unexempt condition* condition or terms which cannot be exempted or omitted, universally binding O Eng *un-*, O Ir *exempt*; Lat. *eximere*, *emere* Fr *condition*, Lat *conditio*, *cum* and root of *dicere*

686 *All mortal frailty*, all mon, &c, all inasmuch as all are frail and subject to death 'Frailty' is the abstract for the concrete—Metonymy (not Personification) See on verse 8. The use of 'mortal' for 'human' is frequent Fr *mortal*, Lat *mortalis*, *mors*

\* *Must subsist*, alone can subsist, *without* which condition they cannot subsist 'Must' expresses necessity in respect of the observance of the condition 'Subsist' = continue to exist, or to maintain oneself Fr *subsister*, Lat *sistere*, *stare*

687 *Refreshment*. This is the statement of the condition referred to With this verse compare *Sir Isumbrun, F 1, 1, 9, 40*—

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, *lase* after war

'Refresh' is from O Fr *refreschir*, Lat *re* and O H Ger 'Toil' is from O Fr *toillie* probably from the O H Ger 'Easo' is from O Fr *awe* 'Pain' is from Fr *peine*, Lat *poena* 'Pain' is perhaps used here in the sense of 'effort', as in the plural form 'pains' The contrast of 'ease' and 'pain' is expressed in *Pai Lost*, IV, 96-7.

688 *That*, who, perhaps equal to 'although you.' Lat *qui* with the subjunctive. The antecedent is 'you,' verse 682

*Tired*, exhausted Perhaps an adjective Akin to 'tear', 'torn'

*Repast*, food As 'tired' is the result of 'ted', so 'repast' is the ground of refreshment O Fr *repast*, Lat *re*, *pascere*

689 *Timely rest*, rest already due, undelayed rest. See on verse 970

*Timely* = *early*

Wanted, needed

690 *This*, the cordial jolop

*All*, all faculties, energies, agreeable sensations.

'I will, it will. An indignant reply.

*Faler traitor* ' betrayer by untruth referring to his offer to guide her to her brothers, or to a loyal col'age—what she had trusted a "honest offered courtesy," verses 308 322, O Fr traitor', Lat *traditor, tradere, trans, dare*

691 *Honesty, integrity*, which is the older meaning of the word O Fr *honête*, Lat *honestus* honourable, *honos*

692 This verse limits the truth and honesty to speech, *verac*, to veracity.

693 *Was this* A familiar form of interrogation often expressive of surprise, here of contemptuous indignation Compare in Marlowe's *Faustus* of Helen of Troy—

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships ?

*Abode*, dwelling-place, from 'bide' The Mid Eng was *abood*, from O Eng past part *bad*.

✓ 694. *Grim aspects*, fierce or hideous faces 'Aspect' is usually an abstr noun meaning, 'look', 'appearance' Here it is semi concrete used for 'faces', or 'countenances', which by *Synecdoche* is used for the persons (the followers of Comus) The question seems to imply that the 'magic dust' did not affect the vision of the Lady except in regard to Comus The rout of monsters which had withdrawn behind the trees at first, appears in the stately palace as a rabble attending Comus, and every thing is visible in its true character though Comus himself still seems a swain 'Grim' was a frequent epithet of 'aspect' 'Aspoet' is accented here (as usually in Milton and the Elizabethans) on the second syllable, being directly from Lat *aspectus* and perhaps not yet familiarly anglicised, *aspicere, ad specere*

✓ 695 *Oughly headed*, frightful 'Oughly' is supposed to be the same as 'ugly', but the form is not explained 'Ugly' was written centuries before Milton by Chaucer and others, and corresponds with, the Scand from which it comes, Icel *uggligr*. The subst *uggi*, meant 'fear' The *ly* is the usual English suffix

Earle quotes the spelling *oughlye* from Crowley's *Epigrams*, 1550 *Ou* was formerly sounded as *oo*

*Monsters*, deformities, referring here to animal faces on human bodies. Fr *monstre*, Lat *monstrum, monstrare*

*Mercy* ' An appeal to the Divine compassion. Fr *merci* and O Fr. *merci* thanks, also pardon, Lat *merces* hire, *meret, merere* to purchase *full form* "May the mercy of Heaven guard

696 Hence, go hence Adverbs are often thus used as verbs

✓ Brewed, cooked, concocted by boiling and other processes

Formerly familiarly used of brewing ale So the makers of beer are called 'brewers' Cf Burns' song—

"Willie brewed a peck of maut."

The reference here is to the "cnp with many murmurs mixed," verse 526, which the Lady herself sees 'flaming and dancing,' verse 673 She is not deceived by the description, verse 674 The use of the word 'enchantments' shows that she recognises Comus as a sorcerer. Virtue can detect fraudulent pretensions.

*Deceit* O Fr *deceit*, Lat *capere infacler*  
 ✓ 697 *Betrayed*. Eng *be*, O Fr *trair*; Lat. *trader*; trans. *dare*  
 The prefix is due to confusion with the Eng 'betrav' *deceived*

✓ *Credulous*, trustful, now generally used in a slightly contemptuous sense Lat *credulus*, *credere*

*Innocence* The abstract for the concrete, *Metonymy* 'my innocence' being equivalent to 'me in my innocence.'

✓ 698 *Vizard*, masked Used metaphorically Comus had disguised his real character and appearance, how, the Lady may not be supposed to know 'Vizard' or 'visor' is primarily a helmet with also a mask since it covered the face Fr *visiere*, vis the face, Lat. *videre*  
 Comus had no literal vizard

*Falsehood*, deception, either of word, act, or aspect  
 ✓ *Base forgery*, low deceitful device, low, because against a young virgin Fr *bas*, Low Lat *bassus* low or fat 'Forgery' is the same as fabrication, from the verb, from the subst 'forge' O Fr *forge* a workshop, Lat *fabrica*, *faber*, *facere*

699 *Wouldst* ? hast thou the desire? is it possible that thou art again seeking? A sort of present potential

*Trap*, ensnare.  
 ✓ 700 *Liquorish* *bait* *enticements* appealing to the taste The orig spelling of the adj is *lickerish* which is supposed to be from 'lick', in the sense in which one licks one's lips after tasting anything sweet. Not therefore connected with liquor See on verses 162, 187

*Brute*, an animal destitute of reason Lat. *brutus* stupid  
 701 *Were it*, if it were, even although it should be *indescribable*

✓ *Draught*, *drink*. Formed from Old English *dragan* the same as 'draw', *t* being the suffix

*Juno*, wife of Jupiter, queen of Olympus  
*Banquets*, feasts Fr *banquet*, literally a small table, *banc*, from the Mid. High German *banc* a bench

702 *I would not, I would refuse to.*

*Treacherous, traitorous, stained with betrayal.* O. Fr. *trahison*, Lat. *traditio, tradere, dare*

703. *But such as, except them that, (or, those who).*

The sentiment of the verse implies that gifts take their character from the givers, that to all things there cleaves a quality dependent on their source. The quality of the action or actor is transferred to his deeds. Milton may have in mind popular opinions that the gifts of the bad carry with them a curse. Or the statement may be derived from the saying of the New Testament (*James*, I, 17) "Every good gift, is from above and cometh from the Father of lights"

704 *Delicious, pleasant, agreeable, not in the modern sense of exquisitely sweet.* The adjectives, delicate, delicious, delectable, delightful are all from one root. Milton repeatedly writes 'delicious'. Thus the fruits of Paradise are of delicious taste, *Par Lost*, IV, 251. O. Fr. *delicieux*, Low Lat. *deliciosus*, Lat. *delicia, delectare, lacerare*

705 *Well-governed, duly restrained or controlled, wisely temperate.* O. Fr. *gouverner*, Lat. *gubernare*, Gr. *kubernain*

*Appetite*, Lat. *appetitus*, literally assault upon, *petere*. This saying is characteristically Miltonic. The point of it lies in Milton's identification of Reason and Virtue (*P, L*, XII, 98). A well-governed appetite is under the control of Reason, what is contrary to Reason is in such a case painful, therefore what is contrary to Good is painful, and therefore not in any case delicious. So also (*P, L*, XII, 86-9) inordinate desires (i.e., ill governed appetite) arise when reason is 'obscured, or not obeyed.'

706. *That.* Probably equal to, when they. If 'that' were used restrictively there would be no point of Exclamation after 'mon'

*Lend then ears, listen.* A phrase used in the opening of Antony's oration over the body of Caesar.

707 *Budge.* Apparently an adjective meaning, stiff, staid, formal. Such is the meaning given by Johnson. Mr. Vorty quotes from Oldham's *Art of Poetry*, 1686, the phrase 'budge philosophers' which must be the same usage as here. The origin of this adj. is untraced, but it seems a natural application of the subst., and Milton seems to have judged so. 'Budge' the subst. is a kind of fur other identical with or usually coupled with lambskin. Skeat calls it 'lambskin' with the wool dressed outwards. Mr. Vorty points out that it was largely used in academic dress, and especially that at Cambridge Bachelors (of Arts) had to wear on their hoods "only budge or lamb-skin furs."



Milton in one of his prose works (*Observations on the Peace*) uses the word 'budge gowns', and there is evidence that Budge-Bachelor was a recognised expression. Budge Doctor is thus a natural expression to be used of elder academics. The sense is completed by the words, "of the Stoic fur". The word 'Stoic' shows the kind of Doctors meant, and confirms the meaning of the adjective as 'grave,' 'stiff,' 'pompous'. The word 'fur' shows that Milton is thinking of the hoods or gowns of the professorial class. *Fr bouge* a pouch, Lat *bulga* a little bag, Gael. *balg* a bag, orig. a skin.

Stoic. The Stoics were the most important body of the later Greek philosophers. They were moralists of a severe type, holding Virtue to be the chief good, while the opposite party, the Epicureans, placed it in pleasure, or happiness, or freedom from care. The recognised founder of the sect was Zeno (361-264, B.C.) a native of Cyprus. His life was spent in Athens, and he taught publicly for nearly half a century. The name *Stoic* is derived from the *stoa* or portico where he taught. The Stoics are referred to by Comus on account of their principles of self-denial and their contempt of every kind of pleasure.

Fur, referring to the fur worn in hoods and on gowns by graduates or professors, and used here by Metonymy to denote 'system of thought'. The symbol is used for the thing symbolised. O *Fr forre* a sheath or case, from the Gothic or O Low Ger.

708 Precepts, maxims, rules. O *Fr precepte*, Lat *prae*, *capere*.

Cynic tub, the philosophy of Diogenes and the Cynics. 'Tub' is used by Metonymy, being a thing associated with the life and habits of Diogenes. The word is from the Old Low German. 'Cynic' is literally, dog-like, Lat *cynicus*, Gr *κυνικός*, *kyon* a dog. The philosophers of this sect were called Cynics, either of account of their snarling and fault-finding disposition, or because of their disregard of the decencies of life. The founder was Antisthenes a man of austere character. Diogenes (412-324, B.C.) was the most celebrated of his pupils. The tub which he carried about with him was his house and bed. He lived in extreme indigence.

709 Lean and sallow, thin and sickly pale. These epithets are meant to describe contemptuously those who deny themselves the comforts of life especially sufficiency of food and the use of wines. 'Sallow' denotes a wan yellowish colour remote from the bloom of health. *Praising = extolling*

Abstinence Personification. The quality is represented in the form of a person who possesses it in a high degree. Not the Abstract for the Concrete, i.e., for abstainers. The three points in view (food, drink, and dress) are specified in verses 721-2. The Lady in reply

expresses her abhorrence of luxury and swinish gluttony (verses 762-779) The word, in the phrase 'total abstinence,' is still in familiar use, where it refers to the use of wines or alcohol. O Fr *abstener*, Lat *abstinere*, tencie *Temperance*

710 Wherefore, for what purpose, (except)

Nature, the earth with its materials and laws Personification. See on verse 198.

Pour her bounties forth, pour forth her abundant gifts O. Fr *bontet*, Lat *bontas*, *bonus*

✓711 Unwithdrawing, liberal, generous. The force of 'with' is, towards oneself *full-copious*

712 Covering, stronging, filling. O Fr *couvrir*, Lat *cum*, *operire* to hide

Odours, fragrant flowers. Motonymy—the flowers being named by a prominent characteristic

713 Spawn. Properly the eggs of fishes (or frogs), here expressive of the great abundance of fishes resulting from their prolific character. For spawned from O Fr *espandre*, Lat *ex*, *spandere* literally what is poured out in great profusion. *Thronging = crowding, fi*

Innumerable To be read with the a long and a short eleventh syllable (vel) Lat *innumerabilis*, *numerosus*, *numerus*

714 But all to, except altogether in order to 'All' is the old adverb meaning, 'entirely,' 'quite,' or (here) 'simply'

Sato, fully satisfy 'Sato' is due to the adj 'sated' which is an abbrev of 'satiated' (So in Latin *sat* is used as a contracc of *satis*) Lat *satiatus* past part of *satiare*, *satis*

Curious This adjective corresponds to 'careful' but expressed finer and "subtler shades of meaning It was often used, in the sense of 'elaborate,' of hand workmanship, especially of needle-work Applied to 'taste' it seems to combine the ideas of 'dainty' and 'diversely cultivated' Now it has lost its literary importance and is used conversationally in the two senses of 'strange' and 'minutely inquisitive' O Fr. *curios*, Lat *curiosus*, *cura* *fastidious, nice*

715 And set. And (she) set The interrogatory form is not continued The poet goes on as if the previous question had been a direct statement

Millions Fr *million*, Low Lat. *millio* an augmentative of Lat *milli* a thousand

Spinning worms, silk-worms These spin threads of silk to form their cocoon before leaving the larval for the pupa state of their life

716 Green shans. leaves of trees Metaphor compared to *millions*

*Smooth-haired*, of soft smooth fine fibre

*Silk* Used primarily as here of what is spun by the moths, secondarily of cloth made therefrom O Eng *seale*, from Latin *sericum* *Serious* belonging to the Chinese, Gr *Seres* the Chinese, perhaps from the Chinese word for silk The *l* is due to Slavonic influence.

717 ~~Her corner men~~ *No corner*, no part whatsoever, not even the most obscure spot 'Corner' denotes an angular point, also a nook or out-of-the-way place O Fr *cornice*, Low Lat. *corneria*, *corna*, Lat *cornu*

718 *Vacant* of, without, unoccupied by Lat. *vacare*

*Plenty*, her abundant produce O Fr *plente*, Lat *plenitas*, *plenus*

*Loin* O Fr *logne*, (Low Lat. *lumbea*), Lat *lumbus* Compare in the description of Mammon, *Par Lost*, 687-8—

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures better hid

The use of 'loins' is a Metaphor which keeps up the Personification

719 ~~word or traits~~ *Hutched*, garnered, enclosed as in a box The subst 'hutch' meant 'chest' Fr *huche* a box, Low Latin *lutica*, perhaps of Teutonic origin

*All-worshipped*, by all men (or, every where) worshipped, i. e., held in excessive regard, or sought after as something sacred

*Ore*, gold and silver An Old English word, akin to Lat. *aes* brass, not *aurum* ~~impure metal when first dug out from the mine but Shakespeare uses it for pure gold as here~~

*Precious gems*, costly jewels—diamonds, etc O Fr *precuus*, Lat *pretiosus*, *pretium* price Fr *gemme*, Lat *gemma* a bud or gem

720 *Store*, abundantly-supply The more usual idiom is to make 'store' govern the object containing the provisions Barns, not farmers, are stored with corn O Fr *estor*; Low Lat *staurum*, Lat *instaurare* See on verse 691.

*Her children* Cf 'her sons' verse 717 Mankind are represented as the children of Nature Nature is, to Comus, as God.

*With*, with (them) This use of 'with' may be after the analogy of 'withal' The correct prose constr is 'With which (or wherewith) to store her children' The prep is frequent at the end when the clause is introduced by the relative 'that'

*All the world*, all mankind Metonymy, or Synecdoche

721 *Pet*, peevish fit A Celtic word, probably the same as 'pet' a favourite animal or child, to 'take the pet' being a phrase for acting as a spoiled child

*Temperance* Self-restraint involving self-denial Cf 'abstinence' verse 709 'Temperance' properly means self control and as such is

one of the four Greek cardinal virtues. Today the word is used almost exclusively with reference to drinks. In the text it has a threefold special application. Fr *temperer*, Lat *temperare*

*Pulse*, vegetable food. Properly the seed of pease, beans, etc. Lat *puls* a thick pap

722 *The clear stream*, water. There is a reference (with a sort of sneer) to *Daniel*, I, 12, where Daniel, a Jew in Babylon and at the Court, requested, instead of the royal luxuries, "pulse to eat and water to drink," not however on the ground of temperance but from ancient (and Hindu) ideas of defilement

With this passage may be compared the description in *Campion's Marquis* of the Tree of Chastity sacred to Diana —

The root is Temperance grounded deep  
Which the cold juiced earth doth steep,  
Water it desires alone  
Other drink it thirsts for none

*Frieze*, coarse, woollen cloth, named from Friesland, French *frize*, Dutch *Vriedland*, Frick *herb from a puer garments*

723 *All-giver*. Comus professes to believe in a personal God without directly naming Him. He wishes to make his arguments plausible to the Lady, *James*, I, 17

*Unthank'd, unprais'd* without thanks, praise

724 *Riches*. Formerly written *richesse*, French *richesse*, from the Mid. High German. akin to 'rich'. The same termination is seen in 'largess'. The Fr *-esse* corresponds to Lat *-itia*, Fr and Eng, *-ice*.

*Known, and yet*. (would be) known and yet (would be) despised.

*Despised*. Literally looked down on. O Fr *despis*- in pres part of *despice*, Lat. *despicere*, *specere*

725. *Should*. Used with 1st person pronoun 'we' as 'would' with 3rd person, verse 723. Here expressive of Consequence.

*Serve*, be serving. Fr *servir*, Lat *servire*

*As a*, as (if he were) a . .

*Grudging master*. The opposite of verses 710 1, illiberal or envious lord. Mid. Eng. *groochen* O Fr *grocer*, to murmur. Of Teutonic origin and from imitative base. O Fr *maistre*, Lat. *magister*.

726 *Penurious niggard* of, narrow miser (in the administration) of 'Penury' is poverty, but 'penurious' means not 'poor' but 'disposed to act meanly as if poor'. Fr *penurie*, Lat *penuria*. 'Niggard' is from the Scand. with *kr* suffix

727 Bastards, not her sons In the New Testament, *Heb*, XII, 8, we have the words "bastards, and not sons" 'Bastard' is thus used in a moral or figurative sense to denote violation of the spirit or obligation of sonship. The word was first used of an individual case. It is from O Fr *bast* a pack-saddle. The suffix *-ard* (Ger *hart*) often conveys a depreciatory meaning, as in *niggard*, *sluggard*, *coward*, *drunkard*, &c. *a child born of parents not married*

728 Who Nature *illegitimate child*.

✓ Surcharged, overloaded. See on verse 32 *Sur-* = Fr *sur*, Lat *super*.

✓ 729 Strangled, choked. O Fr *estrangler*, Lat. *strangulare*; Gr *straggaleon*, *straggale* a halter, *straggos* twisted.

Waste fertility, superfluous produce. 'Fertility' may denote either the property or the products of fertility *waste = not properly used*.

730 Cumbered, encumbered, so that free movement would be prevented. O Fr *combrer* to hinder, Low Lat *cumbrus*, Lat *cumulus* a heap. The sense is due to heap being in the way.

Winged air. It seems doubtful whether 'winged' is here a regular epithet of 'air,' or whether it is simply part of the pred. transposed. On the latter view the meaning is 'The air would be full of wings and darked.' On the former view of above, the wings of Silence and the down of Darkness. Thus 'winged' might mean the region of wings, or might simply mean, fluid, baton, undulating. 'Wing' is from the Scand. and meruit orig., flapper. Akin to 'wag.'

Darked, darkened. Describes the effect of flocks of birds seen against the sky. Wings that are not dark appear dark in the distance.

Plumes, feathers, the primary meaning. Fr. *plume*, Lat. *pluma* a small feather.

✓ 731 Over-multipitude, be too numerous for their lords to control, would over-run. Fr. *multipitude*, Lat. *multitudo*, *multus* *Over-natural*.

Lords, owners. 'Lord' is supposed to be 'loaf-keeper.' Old Eng. *hlaford* (= *hlaf-ward*).

The sentiment of this verse is found in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Sea Voyage*, ii —

Should all women use this obstinate abstinence,  
In a few years the whole world would be peopled  
Only with beasts

732. O'er-fraught, overfilled, literally, 'over loaded.' 'Fraught' is a Scand. word used now only as a past participle.

Swell. This and the sentiment of the next four verses seem absurdly hyperbolic. But they are not unsuitable to Comus, who has no

regard for truth and who wishes to overpower the imagination of the Lady. According to the various Readings Milton also wrote—

Would heave her waters up above the stars

*heaved, not high*

*Diamonds.* The sea is the home of pearls not diamonds. But Elizabethan poets frequently referred to the gems of the sea. And the word 'diamond' may here be used in the same general sense. O. Fr. *diamant*, corruption of *adament*, Lat. *adamas*, Gr. *adamas* unconquerable—applied to any hard metal *unsought, lying neglected*

733. *Emblaze*, brilliantly illuminate. From 'blaze' a flame

*Forehead*. A bold personifying Metaphor, describing perhaps the surface of the sea as one looks towards the horizon. The MS. reading however suggests that Milton meant by 'swell' overflow with the effect of emptying in which case 'forehead' must mean, the surface of the bottom. The figure is often used of the sky. So in *Lycidas*, 171—

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky

✓ 731. *Bestud*. The sea bottom would become to them as the evening sky is to us. Milton also tried the form—

*to thimble away*

Would so bestud the centre with their star-light

*They below*, the inhabitants of the depths of the sea, monstrous creatures. The form of the phrase is according to Greek idiom.

✓ 735. *Inured*, accustomed. 'Ure' was once in frequent use as a word of the same meaning as 'use,' but of different derivation. O. Fr. *enre* and *over*, Lat. *opera* work

*Light*. The light of day is not supposed to reach the recesses of the deep. The diamond lustre would be a partial substitute and awaken desire for more

736. *Gaze*, look steadfastly on. These creatures would aspire to exchange their star-lit world for life on earth. From the Scand

*With shameless brows*. Probably 'brows' is used by a sort of *Synecdoche* for 'eyes' (the eyes being supposed to be in the brows) and 'shameless' is by *Hypallage* transferred from the subject of the sentence. Or the phrase may be regarded as simply expressing one idea, as 'unabashed'

✓ 737. *Coy*, practising reserve. A frequent epithet of woman. Compare *Paradise Lost*, IV, 310, 'Yielded with coy submission', or SCOTT in *Marmion*—

*shy, reserved; etymo. same as quiet*

O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please

The use of this term by Comus involves an insinuation that the Lady

is only half-sincere in her refusal to drink O. Fr *coi* for *coit*; Lat. *quietus*

*Cozened* Note the alliteration here and also in next verse To 'cozen' is to cheat, orig. to act as *cousin* which meant to 'live upon.' Fr *coziner*, *cousin*, O Fr *cosin*, Low Lat *cosinus* (= L *consobrinus*, child of mother's sister), Lat *sobrinus* from (*sodor* =) *soror*, sister

738 *Vaunted*, highly (and vainly) extolled To 'vaunt' is to boast, an intrans verb 'Vaunted' is from the subst Fr *vanter*; Low Lat *vanitare*, Lat *vanus*

*Virginity*, or, maidenhood See on verse 787.

739. *Nature's coin* Beauty is as coin The prosperity of mankind depends on its free use, as business depends on money And it is provided by Nature, not artificially constructed. Metaphor. O Fr *coin*, Lat *cuneus* a wedge, taken from mode of stamping coins

The idea that beautiful persons are under special obligations to marry and have children is frequent in the Elizabethans Shakespeare harps on it in his Sonnets where he is addressing a man (the Earl of Pembroke, probably)

*Hoard*d, as misers or timid people hoard money 'Hoard' is derived from 'house.' Goth. *huzd* and *hus*

740 *Current*, in use, or circulation Literally, running Compare in Indian languages 'walking.' O Fr *curant*, *curre*, Lat. *currere*.

*Thereof*, of beauty

741 Defines the nature of the Currency.

*Consists in*, lies in Fr *consister*, Lat *cum*, *sistere*, *stare*

*Mutual*, reciprocal. O Fr *mutual*. Lat *mutuus*, *mutare* The root idea is 'exchanged'

*Partaken*. 'Partake' is a compound of 'part' and 'take'—the former through Fr. from Lat, the latter from the Scand

*Bliss* Derived from 'blithe' = blitheness

742 *Unsavory*, tasteless, insipid O Eng *un-*, O Fr *savour*, Lat *sapor* *sapere*.

743 *Let slip*, allow to slip away; a doubtful use

*Like a* Introducing a Simile.

*Neglected rose* See on 105 Lat. *negligere*, *nec*, *legere*.

*Withers on the stalk* A phrase appropriated by Wordsworth but derived or adapted from Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, i, 'withering on the virgin thorn.' 'Wither' expresses the effects of exposure to trying weather *Stalk-stem*

*Languished*, drooping, gradually losing power. The form 'languished' is irregular, 'languish' being an intrans verb. It is meant to be stronger than 'languishing'. Fr *languere*, Lat *languere*.

The language of this verse is metaphorical, being primarily applicable not to the subject Beauty, but to the Rose. It is therefore practically the full statement of the Simile suggested in the preceding verse. There is in such handling a want of clearness and precision, which is a defect characteristic of immature poets.

745 *Brag*, boast, pride, glory. A Celtic word, akin to English 'break.'

746 This verse indicates the various State occasions when Beauty may be shown to advantage, and when ladies may thus win the admiration of the public. *Solemnities - Solemn religious ceremonies; festive gathering*

747. *Wonders at*, admires

*Workmanship* Metaphor. Beauty is compared to elaborate work of Art. So in *Paradise Lost* Adam describes Eve as 'in outward show elaborate'. Compare also in the New Testament, referring to character, *Ephesians*, ii, 10, 'We are His workmanship, *the things which are wrought by Him*'

748 *Homely*, plain, i.e., not beautiful. The same play on the words 'home,' 'homely,' occurs in Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits', where 'homely' means 'simple,' not 'clever'.

*Features* *Lineaments*. Literally, the *mala* of the face. O Fr. *facture*, Lat *factura*, *facere*.

*Keep home*, keep house or, perhaps for, keep (i.e., stay) at home. The meaning here is, not to attend festivals and public assemblies.

749 *They had*. Referring to the formation of 'homely'.

*Coarse*, rough, ugly. The word should be written 'course.' Its use as an adjective arose from the phrase 'in course', therefore meant 'ordinary'. Hence, as in the case of 'homely,' the meaning degenerated. Fr *course*, Lat *cursus*, *currere*.

*Complexions*. The usage of this word now refers to the colour of the face, in older English it was used of the constitution of the body. In the text it seems to denote the general appearance of the face; but referring to features more than to colour or expression. Nearly the same as 'looks.' Fr *complexion* appearance, Lat *complexio*, *complexus*, *plectere* to plait. Note that the termination of the word is dissyllabic. Of verses 212, 298, 457, 603.

750 *Soury grain*, unattractive colour. 'Sorry' is from 'sore,' the second r being due to confusion with 'sorrow'. The word usually



means 'mentally aggrivated' but it has sometimes a secondary contemptuous sense, as here 'Grain' has two uses, both secondary, which might suit the sense—colour and fibre. The former is the usual meaning in *Milton* and also the more natural here. 'Grain' is from O Fr *grain*, Lat *granum* grain, i.e., corn. In Low Lat *granum* was used as an equiv. of *roccum* (a berry) which was used specially of the cochineal insect. From this insect a red dye is made, and *carcinus* meant 'red'. So 'grain' was used of this same vermeil or scarlet colour. In *Milton's* time however 'grain' was used of colour generally, so that we find in him 'darkest grain', *Il Penseroso* 37; 'sky-tinctured grain', *Par. Lost*, V, 285; 'purple grain', *Par. Lost*, XI, 242. Mr Verity further quotes from the Cambridge MS as a tentative form of *Lycidas*, 143, the words 'vermeil grain' applied to the hyacinth—a reference highly interesting in its proof that *Milton* regarded the hyacinth as reddish, or a reddish purple.

*Ply*, weave, plait. Fr *plier*; Lat *placere* to please.

751 *Sampler*, pattern. O French *exemplaire*, *exempaire*, Latin *exemplarium*, *exemp'tum*, i.e., *emere*.

*Tease*, card or simply clean and smooth. Wool is teased by the fingers, so as to be put into a smooth uniform mass before it is sent to a carding mill whence it issues ready to be spun into thread.

Mr Verity's note applies 'tease' to the smoothing of the surface of the cloth, but this can scarcely be the meaning of the text. It is a quite different application of the term.

*Huswife's*. A spelling corresponding to 'husband'. The pronunciation *hussif* was also attempted. *Hussy* is a corruption. The original spelling is restored in GRAY'S *Melody*—

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care.

There is nothing disrespectful in the use of the word here, but it is used in contrast to the idea of a lady of fashion or of society.

752 *What need*. See on 362.

*Vermeil-tinctured*, red ruddy, rosy. 'Vermeil' is vermillion (Fr *vermeil*, Lat. *vermiculus*, *vermis* a worm) which takes its name from the cochineal insect (see on 750); as does also 'crimson' which comes ultimately from the Sanskrit word *krumi* worm. Vermilion is usually made from red lead. 'Tincture' is from Latin *tinctura* *tingere* to dye. It is used in the poets in the sense of tint or colour.

*That*, the tasks referred to in the preceding verse.

753 *Tore darting*. The word is quoted from Sylvester's Translation of *Du Bartas*. Compare in the *Nativity Hymn*—'Whose bright eyes rain influence.' In a worse sense after the Fall Eve's eye darts

fire The figure is frequent in the poets 'Dart' is from Old Fr *dart* from the Old Low German

*Tresses*-braided or plaited hair It is the favourite poetic word for lady's hair as 'locks' is of men's hair In *Paradise Lost*, IV, 305 6, Lie, down to the waist—

Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved

Fr *tressa*, Low Lat *tricia*, Gr *tricha* threefold

*Like the morn*, of the colour of the dawn or sunrise; fair, golden, bright This is the type of lady's hair that is deemed ideally beautiful Milton and the moderns therein follow the classics The Dawn is in Homer a fair-haired goddess But the same colour is assigned to all the types of beauty. 'Morn' and 'morrow' are both contractions of Mid Eng *morwen*

754 *Meaning*, intention See on verses 417, 764

*These gifts*, lips, eyes and tresses of beauty

755 *Think what*, reflect what (that meaning really is)

*Be advised* Either take advice, 'advise' being regarded as a verb with the modern meaning, or, be instructed, or be deliberate O Fr. *aviser* See on verse 108

*You are but young yet* Comus poses as a man of ripe experience, and endeavours to make the Lady distrust her moral judgment The words profess a sort of triumphant scorn of the Lady's rigid principles, as if they were delusions of youth

Verses 756-762 are a sort of *aside*, not directly addressed to Comus

756 *I had not thought . but* Compare the commencement of Wolsey's Speech (*Henry viii*) "Cromwell I did not think . but"

*Unlocked* opened *Un-* (with a verb) has a reversive force. *had not = unopened*

757 *Unhallowed*, unholy *Un-* is the simple negative, 'hallowed' is the past part. of 'hallow' to make holy The Old Eng adjective is *halig*, the verb *halgian* Cf 'profane', verse 781:

*But that* . (And would not now unlock them) were it not that ..

*Juggler* A contemptuous term denying to Comus even the character of a magician, acknowledging only clever deceptive tricks O Fr *jogleur*, Lat *joculator*, *joculus* diminutive of *jocus* a joke The word was first applied to minstrels

758 *Charm*, beguile.

*As mine eyes*, as (he has charmed) mine eyes Milton uses 'mine' instead of 'my' before a vowel.

759 *Obtruding*, thrusting forward Lat. *ob, trudere*

*Rules* rules of life for the guidance of conduct O. French *rule*,  
Lat *regula, regere*

✓ *Pranked*, decked.

*In reason's garb*, in the dress or appearance of truth and reason  
O. Fr *garbe*, from the O H German

Compare with these two verses the description of Belial, also a sensualist, *Par Lost*, II, 112-5—

But all was falso and hollow, though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The botter reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels

760 *Hate when*, hate (the state of matters) when

*Vice*, vicious men, the Abstract for the Concrete Fr. *vice*, Latin  
*vitium*

✓ *Bolt*, or bould Refers to the power of stating the false so skillfully that it seems the true. The original meaning is, to sift meal, separating the meal and the bran, so as to reject the bran. A secondary application refers to the subtlety of lawyers, first in the tracing out of truth but further in skilful arguing generally Milton in his prose *Animadversions* describes his opponent as a "passing fine sophistical boulding-hutch" which shows that the poet associated the word with *sophistry* or subtle and false reasoning A passage in Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, III, 1, 820-3, well illustrates the meaning—

He has been bred in th' wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled  
In bolted language, meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction

Here the etymological sense is remembered while the plain speech of a soldier is contrasted with the bolted language of a skilled rhetorician O Fr *bultier*; *buire*, coarse woollen cloth used in sifting, Low Lat. *burra*, Lat *burna* reddish, Gr *purros*, *pur* fire

*Arguments* O Fr. *arguer*, Lat *arguere*.

761. *Check* This word is due to its use in the game of chess Its original meaning is 'king', O Fr *eschee*, Pers. *shah*

✓ 762 *Impostor*, pretender, or deceiver The same idea as in, juggler.  
Lat *impostor*, in, *ponere*.

*Charge*, accense

763 *Would*, willed that, desired that.

*Riotous* Used here not in the usual sense of noisy and contentious, but of prodigal, excessive in the use of luxuries. So in the parable

(*Luke*, XV, 13) the Prodigal Son spent his money in 'riotous living' Fr. *riote*; possibly from the O. H. German.

764 *Abundance*, overflowing. O Fr *abondance*, Lat *abundantia*, *unda a wave*.  
 A woman who provides or distributes food to a  
 ✓ *Cateress*, provision-agent or purchaser. 'Cater' is from Mid Eng *catour* (= *cater er*) = *acatour*, from *acate* a purchase, O Fr *acat*;  
 Low Lat. *acaptum*, *accaptare*, frequen. of Lat *accipere*, *capere*

*Means*, intends This verb is now rarely followed by a direct accusative

765. *Provision*, of food, drink, raiment, &c Lat. *provisus*, *videre*.

766. *According to* A compound verbal Preposition O French *acordei*; Low Lat *accordare* = Lat *concordare* to agree, *con*

*Sober laws*, laws in accordance with or calculated to promote sobriety; laws of sobriety which are according to Nature. Compare the 'rule of not too much,' *Pan. Lost*, XI, 580-8—

If thou well observe

The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight  
 Till many years over thy head return,  
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature

767 ✓ *Holy diotâte*, sacred command Spoken in reproof of *Comus*' words, verse 721 Lat. *diotâre* frequentative of *dicere*

✓ *Spare*, thin, with no superfluous flesh Milton does not mean 'haggard' or anything unpleasant, but simply the appearance of one who is self-denying in respect of food. *Comus* had used the contemptuous epithets 'lean,' 'sallow,' verse 709, the Lady describes respectfully In *Il Penseroso*, verse 46, the same epithet is applied to *Faust*—

*Spare* Fast that oft with gods doth diet

*Temperance* Personified as Nature in the preceding verses *Virtue* and *Vice* are also treated as persons, but the figure is not quite the same. They represent abstract qualities, and are not personifications of any individual quality or thing *Temperance* is also abstract but definite, and 'spare *Temperance*' is a distinct and familiar personality Cf. 'lean *Abstinence*,' verse 709

768 ✓ *Pines*, languishes Cf quotation 'on verse 776 Old Eng. *pin*, Lat *poena*

769 *Moderate and becoming*, fair and fitting Latin *moderatus*, *moderari*, *modus*

770 ✓ *Lewdly-pampered*—The reverse of 'spare'—'Luxury' also being personified 'Pampered' is, gluttoned with delicacies. 'Lewdly-pampered' suggests, coarse and fat For 'lewdly' see verse 465 'Pamper' is from the Old Low German.

*Luxury* Fr *luxure*, Lat. *luxuria*, *luxus*

771 *Some few*, certain persons constituting only a few

*Excess*, superfluous abundance O Fr *excez*, Lat. *excessus*; *cedere*.

This verse expresses a complaint of every age The cry not only of socialists but of nearly all reformers is for a fairer distribution of the world's wealth

772 *Full* Either, the abundant blessings of Nature, or, the whole of Nature's blessings

✓ *Well dispensed*, rightly distributed The original idea is 'weighed out.' O Fr *dispenser*, Lat. *dispensare*, frequentative of *dispendere*

773 *Unsuperfluous*, not over-balanced or over-loaded 'Superfluous,' is, literally, overflowing, now it means, unnecessary or uncalled for O Eng *un-*, Lat. *superfluus*, *fluere*

*Even*, just. The usual meaning is 'level.' In his Sonnet at the age of Twenty-three, Milton combines it as here with the idea of proportion—

It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven

*Proportion* May be according to needs, or to merits, or otherwise Fr *proportion*, Lat. *pro, portio*, akin to *pars rate*

The metre of this verse is awkward Two scansiones are possible—

In un'superfluous 'even 'propor'tion

One difficulty in this is that it seems to throw the accent on the second syllable of 'even', the weak syllable at the end of the verse is not inadmissible The other way is to condense in the middle and lengthen at the end—

In un superfluous even 'propor'ti on'

The latter is most probably what Milton intended, as 'even' is usually monosyllabic, but we should have expected it to be written

✓ *'ev'n'* ~~as a phrase, not in the least, not at all.~~

774 *She no whit*, She (i.e., Nature) would be no whit 'No whit' is the original of 'nought' The earlier spelling was *wiht* (=wight)

*Encumbered*. See on verse 730 *Store* See on verse 720 The Lady is replying to verses 728-736

775 *Giver* In reply to verse 723, which see

776 *Duc.* The adverb, duly

*Swinish* The epithet descriptive of 'gluttony' (i.e., of the gluttonous type of man), as 'savage' and 'lowly-pampered' described Temperance and Luxury. The likening of a glutton to a swine is familiar. 'Gluttony' is one of the seven deadly sins, all of which have their classical description in SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, l. 1, 4. The chief is Pride (described as queen Lucifera) and the other sins are her sage Counsellors. The following is the first of the three stanzas on Gluttony—

*Swinish, heathen or lowly*  
 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
 Deform'd creature, on a filthy swine;  
 His belly was upblown with luxury,  
 And oke with fatness swollen wore his eyne,  
 And lil o a crane his neck was long and fine,  
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
 I or want whereof poor people oft did pine.  
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
 He spued up his gorge that all did him detest

This quotation is sufficient to show that in personifying personal qualities and types Milton was simply adopting the familiar manner of the elder poets. 'Glutton' is from O Fr *gloton*, Lat *gluto*, *glutire* to swallow greedily. *Gluttony* = *excessive eating*

777 *Looks to*, in gratitude, and as an acknowledgment of lordship  
*think of*

*Gorgeous* The phrase is repeated in *Paradise Regained*, IV, 114, of Roman magnates—

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts—

where the epithet has something of the modern meaning 'highly splendid,' but here the only idea is of excess—magnificence being incompatible with swinishness. The original meaning (which Milton may have known) was 'proud'—being taken from the swelling of the throat or gorge. O Fr *gorgiox*, *gorge*, Low Lat *gorgia*, Lat *gurgis* a whirlpool, but in Late Lat. used of the gullet.

778 *Besotted, sottish* Formed from the verb 'besot', from 'sot' with Old Eng prefix. O Fr *sot*, perhaps of Celtic origin. But the root and root meaning are uncertain. Milton means 'crass', almost 'bestial' base ingratitude. *Crabish, foolish*

779 *Crams*, stuffs, crowds (the stomach) Used intransitively

780 *Blasphemes* Lat *blasphemare*, Gr *blasphemein* to speak ill of *blasphemos*, *blapsis* damage (*blasphemein* to hurt) and *pheme* speech

adj and subst. The termination *y* is added to substantives but in this case the Icelandic *adj* is imitated

*Know*, by personal experience

789 *Than this* *than* (the happiness involved in) *this*

*Lot*, condition of life A 'lot' is originally a share obtained by lot. Used as 'fortune' and 'fate' of one's life or circumstances.

790 *Dear art*, wit you are so fond of Note that throughout this dialogue the high-bred Lady uses 'then' while Comus, the pretended peasant, says 'you'. But the use of 'your' in this verse is an exception *uncharacteristically*.

*Gay rhetoric* The phrase is defined or explained in the next verse, and combines the ideas of bolted argument and showy style 'Rhetoric' (Fr *rhetorique*, Lat *rhetorica* (*ars*), Gr *rhetorikē*) is from the Gr *rhetor* a public speaker or orator, and it expresses the qualities in which Greek lawyers and statesmen were trained For the distinction of rhetoric and eloquence see DEQUINCEY The object of the rhetorician is to convince the intellect by a plausible statement of arguments. The orator appeals to general laws of right and to universal emotions The rhetorician often exhibits the power attributed by Milton to Comus and Belial. (See on verse 759.) 'Gay' is from O Fr *gai*, from the Mid High Ger from the German root meaning 'go' and meant, quick, lively

791 *Taught*, instructed in, as pleaders are trained

✓ *Dazzling* Used of the power of confusing or leading in any direction the minds of the hearers 'Dazzling' is now used chiefly of brilliancy or splendour, without reference to misleading From the Scandinavian

792 *Pit*, good enough, worthy

*Convinced*, overcome in argument Lat *con-vincere*

793 *Yet, should* For form, compare this last sentence with the sentence of Antony "Yet were I Brutus" *"yet I should"*

*Uncontrolled* probably unbounded, unlimited, or possibly, simply 'natural,' 'having free scope' 'Control' = counter-roll O Fr *contre role* a duplicate register Lat. *contra, rotulus, rotula* a little wheel, *rota* *North-dignity, importance*

794 *Pure cause* 'Cause' is a political term for any desired public object In Milton's day, reform in Church and State was known as the 'good old cause' So Chastity is here styled as 'this pure cause,' meaning a sacred aim or object for the promotion of which men might give their lives or energies Fr *cause*, Lat *causa*

*Kindle*, set on flame, make ardent A frequent Metaphor

*Rapt*, enraptured, transported The meaning is plain, but the history of the word is puzzling The etymologists point out that it has no connection with, though it has adopted the meaning of, the Latin *raptus* (whence 'rapture') There are two Teutonic words 'rap' both from the Scandinavian, a familiar word = knock, and an unfamiliar = snatch, and it is from the latter that 'rapt' (=rapped) is believed to be derived The word 'rap' in this sense occurs in Shakespeare, so that 'rapt' may easily enough be formed from it Milton has, *Paradise Lost*, III., 522, of spirits passing from earth to Heaven—

Flow o'er the lake

Rapt is a chariot drawn by fiery steeds

The same is the case in *SPEAR-GRASS*, l' Q, I, 49, where Phaethon—

Rapt with the whirling wheels inflames the skyen

But the etymology intended, and the exact meaning, may remain uncertain.

*Spirits* The plural scarcely differs in meaning from the singular, though it suggests inner condition rather than direct personality What Milton here makes the Lady say may be illustrated from the grand out-bursts that are to be found in his prose works as well as in his poetry

795 *Flame* Maintaining the metaphor in 'kindle' Sacred enthusiasm is often regarded as fire or flame. Compare the idea of the angels as, fiery, radiant, flaming, or in the New Testament, the Baptist's saying regarding Christ "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire" (*Matthew*, III, 11) Fire is purifying, and an emblem both of, purity and of purifying power *glow; ardor* Sacred vehemence, holy and-energetic-zeal, divine fury French vehement, Lat *vehemens* connected with *vehere* carry

*Dumb* This and 'brute' in next verse are epithets taken from the animal world to describe inanimate creation *Dumb things-brute*

*Moved to sympathize*, stirred so as to feel (and manifest) sympathy. Milton makes Nature sympathize or sorrow with the Fall of man, *Paradise Lost*, IX, 782-4, and again, *ibid* 1000-4 —

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,

Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops,

Wept at completing of the mortal sin

Original

Here is the converse idea Nature being ready to join in the rout of wickedness 'Sympathize' is from, sympathy Gr *sun-pathos*, *pathem*—



797 *Brute Earth* From HORACE, *bruta tellus*. (*Odes*, I, 34 3)  
There is no reproach in the phrase, but there may be a recollection of philosophic theories which conceived the Earth as an animal.

*Lend her nerves* It is difficult to say what are the Earth's nerves. A 'nerve' was originally a sinew, and from that meaning this Metaphor is taken. The effect is to impute sensation and energy to the Earth. See on verse 660 *nerves strength*

798 *Magic structures*, can refer only to the 'stately Palace' Fr. *structure*, Lat. *structura*, *struere*.

*Reared* Same word as 'raised' (which is Scand., Icelandic) Causal of 'rise'

799 *Were shattered*, would be broken in pieces. 'Shatter' is of the same root as 'scatter'

*Into heaps* Describes the result of the breaking and the fall of the building

*False head* Hypallage, 'false' being descriptive of Comus rather than of his physical head which is to be submerged in the ruin. The use of head for the whole person is Synecdoche

The sentence in *Shakespeare* referred to in verse 793 ends with the words "Would move the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"

800 806 These verses, down to 'strongly,' are of the nature of an *Aside* Compare above 756-761

*Fables not*, speaks the truth. The words occur in *I Henry VI*, IV, ii, 42. The verb 'fable' is infrequent except in the adjectival past participle 'fabled'. 'Romances' is now used in the same sense. A fable is an invented story. Fr. *fable*, Lat. *fabula* a narrative, *fari* to speak

*I feel that I do fear* I am conscious of fearing.

↓ 801 *Her words set off* Either, that her words are set off, or, her words which are set off, probably the former. To 'set off' is to show to advantage. Here it is suggested that the Lady's words have a double power due to the inspiration or energy of a Divine Spirit

*Superior power* angels or God

✗ 802 *Though not mortal*, though I am not mortal, i.e., subject to death. The Olympian gods are often 'styled the immortals'. Comus, as the son of Bacchus and Circe, (both parents being super-human), shares the nature of the gods and has not to pass through death to another life

The question of the mortality of angels and devils is referred to in *Paradise Lost*, VI, 344-49, and 433-86, in connection with the war in

Heaven and wounds in battle. Satan finds that the empyreal form is—  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable

and the poet says that spirits—

Cannot but by annihilating die,  
 Not in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive

802 *Cold shuddering dew*, cold perspiration as of fever, such as might indicate mortal illness. 'Shuddering' is by Hypallage transferred from the person to the moisture. It is a frequent form from the Old Low German verb to 'shake'. Similarly, when the question of mortality is raised in *Paradise Lost*, Satan is in pain, writhing 'to and fro convolved'.

803 *√Dips*, bathes. *All o'er*, over my whole body.  
*Wrath of Jove*. Jove in his wrath. Hypallage

801 *Speaks thunder*, produces thunder. Perhaps the word, 'speaks' is used in imitation of the Scriptural language which represents Creation as arising in obedience to the voice of God. Jupiter was surnamed the Thunderer. Similarly, in Milton's war in Heaven, God's thunder is hurled in reply to Satan's engines of war.

Chains of Erebus, chains of hell. Erebus may stand either for the god (son of Chaos and Darkness) or for the under-world. Chains for the devils are repeatedly referred to in *Paradise Lost* (c g, I, 328, IV, 965). The idea is also Biblical (II Peter, II, 4, Jude, 6).

805 *Saturn's crew*, apparently, the Titans. The exact reference is difficult to discover on account of the diverse stories and myths. Saturn was the father of Jupiter (and of his brothers Neptune and Pluto). At one stage Jupiter rescued Saturn from the Titans who had imprisoned him, at a later period he overthrew Saturn and, banishing him, reigned in his stead.

*Dissemble*, conceal my fear, appear light-hearted

806 *Try*, continue the temptation of

*Come, no more*. This is the original beginning of the speech. 'Come' is an exclamation, no more = let me hear 'no more' of this.

807. *Mere*, pure and simple, unmixed and unmitigated. Latin *merus*

*√Moral babble*, childish morality. 'Babble' is formed from the first talk of a child, with freq suffix *-le*. Fr *moral*, Lat *moralis*, *mos*.

*Direct*, right, straight. Lat *directus*, *regere*.

done by the *v* and could be undone by the same *v* and reversed. Ovid has the phrase *conversa iuga*, i. e., turned (or reversed) *v* and. The idea of reversals plays a large part in life and literature. *E g.*, a victor carried the shield of his foeman reversed in insult. The reversal of rivers—back to their sources—accompanied calamitous events, &c. Spenser uses the form *reverset* (*F* (I, iv, 41) O. Fr. *reverser*, Lat. *re, vertere*

✓ 817 *Backward mutters* The charms also have to be reversed; i. e., spoken from the end back to the beginning. They are called 'mutter' or murmurs because they were never distinctly spoken. 'Mutter' is properly a verb, a frequentative and imitative form.

*Disenchanting* So as to undo any binding wrought by the spells of Comus, in this case to free the Lady from the enchanted chair. Lat. *dis*, O. Fr. *decerer*, Lat. *separare, parare*

818 *Free* Set free, according to the conception expressed by 'fettlers'

819 *Stony fetters* Probably 'stony' and the other two adjectives of this verse are all intended to describe the appearance of a statue (*cf* verses 660-1) (Possibly it simply means that the chair to which the Lady was glued was of stone) 'Fetter' is akin to 'foot'

*Fixed and motionless*—the 'nerves being chained up,' verse 660. It is not clear at what point of the story this binding took place, and whether the Lady has still the power of speech. In verses 663-5 the body was fettered but the mind remained free. Probably it is still so. O. Fr. *fixe*, Lat. *fixus, figere* Fr. *motion*, Lat. *motio, movere*

820 *Stay, be patient* *Disturbed*, i. e., in mind *anxious*  
*I bethink me*, I recollect. Used reflexively. It may be doubted whether syntactically this is a subordinate or a principal clause. In the former case 'now' is equivalent to 'now that' or 'now since'. In the latter case verse 821 is the object recollected, and the comma at the end simply marks a slight pause in the expression.

822 *Once, once upon a time*, formerly  
*Meliboeus* A poetic name for some poet of the past, author of pastoral poetry perhaps, and narrator of national legends. The name is invented by Milton and used in the same way as he uses *Lycidas* or *Damon*. Probably he has here, (as was supposed in verse 619), an individual in view to whom he is under obligations, and if so the reference is almost certainly to Spenser. Spenser was Milton's master; he was the author of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in the *Fairy Queen* he told the story of Sabrina (II, 10).

*Old* In placing for metrical reasons the adjective after the substantive Milton avails himself of a classical liberty. So in *Paradise Lost*,

III, 36, he ends a verse with the words "prophets old" 'Old' may thus mean 'of long ago' or simply, aged. Milton makes Thyrsis claim to have learnt the secret of Sabrina from an aged minstrel.

§827. *Soothest*, 'truest', i.e., most real, genuine, best. 'Sooth,' in Old English *soth* is now obsolete except in 'forsooth,' 'in sooth,' and 'sooth-saver.' By the use of the term in the superlative Milton expresses his preference for Spenser over other poets. Mr. Verity's supposition that the word may be used ironically of the inaccurate historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth is exceedingly unhappy.

*Shepherd*, after the manner of pastoral poetry.

§ Piped on plains, wrote poetry. Such is the stereotyped phraseology of the old pastorals. 'Plains' here stands for meadows or pasture grounds. Fr. *plain*, Lat. *planius*.

§24. The other means is now to be brought before us. Something as wonderful as the magic of Comus is to be brought on the stage to solve the problem which was beyond the power of the Brothers.

*From hence*, from Ludlow Castle. 'Hence' is now correctly used without 'from'.

§25. *Moist curb*. The epithet is natural of a river-goddess. With 'curb' cf. verse 857. O Fr. *moigte*, Lat. *musteus*, *mustus*, now Fr. *curber*. Lat. *currare*, *currus*. *curb-rule* *because she was ruler*

*Swaye*, rules over. From the Scandinavian.

*Scarn*. The word is supposed to be the same as the Latin *Sabyna*.

*Firm pure*. She is now a goddess, and retains the character she had when her human life closed.

§27. *Whilom*, formerly, i.e., before her transformation or death. 'Whilom' is one of the adverbs from 'while', the Old English *hwilum* being the dative plural of *hwil*.

*Loerine*. The eldest of the three sons of Brutus. For the story see Appendix B.

§28. *Had the sceptre from, succeeded*. Loerine succeeded to the greater part of England, the second son Cambor becoming King of Wales, and the third Albannet, of Albania (Scotland). Cornwall was outside their dominions, being ruled by Corinons, a companion of Brutus. Fr. *sceptre*; Lat. *sceptrum*, Gr. *skēptron*, *skēptēn*.

*Brute*, or Brutus, a Trojan prince who, according to legend, came to Britain, built under the name of *Troja Nova* a city, now London, and established a Kingdom. Brutus, according to the story, changed the name Albion into Britain, and his followers he called Britons. The Greek *u* became the Latin *y* and might easily pass into the sound

of: The story is told fully in Layamon's *Brut*, a poem of date about 1205 A.D., on the legends of Britain.

829 *Damsel*, girl O Fr *demoiselle* (*demoiselle* being a young man, a squire), Low Lat *domicellus*; diminutive of Lat *dominus*

*Flying* See on 'Guendolen' next verse For construction see on verso 662

*Mad pursuit*, furious chaso Fr *poursuite*, O Fr *poursueur*, Lat. *pro, sequi*

830 *Enraged*, with jealous anger, Fr *rage*, Lat *rabies*, *rabere*

*Step-dame*, step mother, wife of her father According to the story Loerine married Guendolen, but loved Estrildis who became the mother of Sabrina. Estrildis was the daughter of a king of Germany and Loerine found her among his spoils when he defeated the invader Humber, King of the Huns 'Step,' Old Eng *steop*, originally meant 'orphaned,' so that in 'step-child' we see its natural application. It now denotes relationship by marriage

*Guendolen* On the death of her father (Cornelius of Cornwall) Guendolen was divorced by Loerine who installed Estrildis as queen in her stead. On this account Guendolen was enraged, and she succeeded in instigating the people of Cornwall to take arms against her husband. In the battle that followed Loerine was killed and his army defeated. Next came the 'mad pursuit' of Estrildis and Sabrina. One account says that both were thrown into the river. According to the account of Spenser the mother was slain on land

831. *Commended course* Leapt into the river that flowed across her path This is Milton's own version of the story. He represents the Maiden as flying until she came to the river which she was unable to cross. Then by a voluntary death she escaped from the hands of her relentless pursuer. Because of her innocence and her faith the sequel (verses 833-842) followed. 'Commended' means 'entrusted to,' 'Innocence' means 'herself in her innocence' *Métonymy*, the abstract for the concrete. Sabrina was innocent whatever her parents were. With this commending contrast the commending of Horatius—

Ob Tiber! father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,

Take thou in charge this day!

832. *Stayed*, stopped. This verb is both transitive and intransitive. As a trans. verb it has the two meanings 'delay' and 'prop.' O Fr *esfayer* and subst. *estaye*; Old Dutch *stade* or *stane*.

832 *Her flight* Either (ended) her flight, or, (stopped) her flying (Hypallage)

*His cross-flowing course*, its current that flowed across her route 'Cross' is from Old Irish *cras*, Lat *cruz* 'Course' is properly the way the river flows, but 'cross-flowing' is an epithet of the stream The language is used without precision

833 *Water-nymphs that* Every object in Nature had its presiding deities There were nymphs of hill and dale and river and sea, and they numbered thousands. Milton seems to refer to the Nereids, but these are more closely associated with the sea The Naiads were nymphs of rivers and fountains

*Played*. The word expresses the old idea of the simplicity and happiness of these imaginary beings Nymphs of the rivers could wander through wood and meadow, but then homes would be in the river-pools

834 *Pearled wrists*, hands wearing bracelets of pearl. This is the gem naturally worn by denizens of the deep. Cf in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (*The Coming and The Passing of Arthur*) the hand—

Clothed in white samite, mystic wonderful,

That rose from the waters to receive the sword Excalibur Fr *perle*, perhaps from Lat *prum* a pear 'wrist' is from 'writhe' and means the part that turns the hand.

835 *Bearing* And here, i.e., carried

*Straight* The adverb often used in the New Testament is 'straight-way' The meaning is, 'immediately', literally, 'in a straight line' Cf verse 811 The adjective was originally the past part. of 'stretch'

*Aged*. Nereus was represented as an old man with a pure hair and a long flowing beard

*Nereus' hall* His chief residence was in the Aegean sea, but that is rather far from the West coast of England Nereus was a son of Ocean and Earth By his wife Doris he had the fifty daughters called Nereids (the nymphs of the sea)

836. *Who*. This word does not seem to be used in *Comus* as a simple relative. Here it practically begins a new sentence, and is equivalent to 'he'. Milton often combines in one sentence what in modern English would be written in three or four or more. Thus in the present sentence the semicolons in verses 835, 840, 842 might be changed into full stops

*Piteous of*, pitying The genitive (prep *of*) is used as, after Latin verbal adjectives. O Fr *pite*, Lat *pietas*, *pius*. Thus 'pity' is a doublet of 'piety' The adj. was in Eng *pitous* = O Fr *pitous*, Low Lat. *pietosis*.

lubbar fiend in the *L'Allegro* O Fr *medle*, Low Lat. *misculare*;  
Lat. *miscere*

847. *Precious costly* O Fr *precieux* Lat *pretiosus, pretium*  
✓ *Vial*, kept in a vial or phial (or small bottle) O Fr *ruile*  
and *siol*, Lat *phiala*, Gr *phialē*

*Liquors*, liquid medicines The word is now used of drinks O Fr  
*liqueur* Lat *liquor liquere*

848. *For which*, in return for which (help and healing)

*Shepherds* Used probably in a wide sense for the rural peasantry -  
the owners of flocks whether of sheep or cattle, all that are benefited  
by her care of the crops.

*Festivals*, Annual religious celebrations Songs in honour of  
Sabrina might be sung on all occasions of festive gathering O Fr  
*festival*, Low Lat *festivus, festinus*

849. *Carol*, sung merrily O. Fr *carole* a dance with singing  
The word appears in the Celtic languages but the origin is unknown

*Rustic lays*, country songs The term 'lay' may be applied to a  
poem of any kind, but is most frequently used of the ballad type  
as Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, Aytoun's *Lays of the Cavaliers*  
O Fr *lai*; probably from the Celtic

850. *Garland wreaths* A tautological expression since a 'garland'  
is a 'wreath' The presenting of garlands to a divinity was a familiar  
exercise of the old Paganisms So the goddess of the river received  
the gifts in the stream O Fr *garlande*; probably from the High  
German The Italian form is *ghirlanda* so in *Spenser*

851. *Pansies* A small flower of yellowish or light purple colour,  
with small black spots, hence described in *Lycidas*, verse 144, as  
"freaked with jet" It is a species of violet (*viola tricolor*) It is  
the flower of remembrance The literal meaning is 'thought' Fr  
*pensée* a thought, *penser*, Lat *pensare* freq. of *pender*

*Pinks*, a flower which has given its name to the pink colour  
It is named from the "delicately cut or peaked edges of the petals."  
'Pink' is the same word (nasalised) as 'pick', from 'peak' a bird's  
beak or other sharp-pointed thing From the Celtic In *Lycidas*, as  
here, the 'white pink' is combined with the 'pansy'

*Gaudy daffodils* Daffodils are yellow (or golden) lilies There  
are several varieties They are called 'gaudy' because brighter-  
coloured than the pansies or pinks. Wordsworth has a familiar  
poem on Daffodils Shakspeare in *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv 118-120,  
represents them as taking the "winds of March with beauty"  
'Gaudy' is from 'gaud,' Lat *gaudium* joy, hence used of ornament.

'*Daffodil*' is the same word as '*asphodel*', the *d* is supposed to be due to the French preposition in the phrase *fleur d'asphodille* (flower of the daffodil). O Fr *asphodile* *haughty* = *showy*, &c.

852. Old swain, Meliboeus See verse 822

*Unloek*, undo See verse 819 The figure is Metaphor.

✓ 853. *Claspint charm*, binding spell; 'charm' being used in the wider sense to include the effects of the wand as well as of the verbal incantation

✓ *Thaw*, melt dissolve, the word is used of melting snow.

✓ *Numbung* Benumbing, depriving of sensation and of the power of movement 'Numb' is now only an adjective (= 'benumbed') The Old Eng verb is *nimen* (whence also 'numble') to take *paralysin*

✓ 854 *Right invoked* 'Right' is an adverb = 'rightly,' meaning, not only with due reverence but in the right manner or ritual Fr *invoker*, Lat *in, vocare*

*Warbled song* This is a requirement of the right form of invocation 'Warble' is generally used of the singing of a bird Milton elsewhere uses it of the natural charm of Shakespeare's Comedies—

Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child, *melodious*  
Warble his native wood notes wild.

O Fr. *warbler*, Mid High Ger *werbeln*, same as Ger *wirbeln* to whirl and to warble

855 *Maidenhood she loves* The meaning may be either, that she loves the state of virginity; or that she loves virgins, (using the Abstract for the Concrete) The term *hood* is the Old Eng 'had' which appears as *hood* in 'manhood,' 'childhood,' &c, and as *head* in 'godhood' Both forms are used as suffixes of 'maiden' 'Maidenhood' is the title of a poem by Longfellow.

*Be swift, make hasty*, &c, readily agree and act

856 *Such as was herself*, being what she herself was

✓ *Hard-besetting*, pressing hard from various sides

857. *This*: the invocation in 'warbled verse,' given in verses 859 866

858 *And add verse* The adjuration extends from verse 867 to verse 889 The song (sung by Latwies) consisted of eight lines only The longer adjuration is described as verse, &c, it is poetry but not song to be spoken or chanted but not sung Mr Verity mentions that before the adjuration Milton inserted the direction, 'to be said,' &c, spoken or recited, but that in the Bridgewater MS the direction was altered to "the verse to sing or not" 'Add' is from Lat *addere*, dare. 'Adjure' from Lat *ad, iurare* 'Verse' from Lat. *versus, vertere*



859 *Sabrina*, vocative case The purport of the song is fully expressed in the last line "listen and save," but the verses 861-3 are reckoned a beautiful description, and they constitute the charm of the little song. Classic and romantic excellences are combined in this sweet pure picture.

It may be noted that in Layamon's *Brut* the lady's name is written (without the initial *s*) *Abren*, and the river is called *Auren* (i.e. *Avren*) which seems to point to the derivation *Ab* or *Ar* seen in *Avon*, *Panjab*, and the prefix *Aber*.

861 *Under* The seat or throne of the goddess is in the river, in the depths, one may imagine, of some pool.

*Glassy, clear and smooth, like glass* The root-idea is 'shining'.

*Cool* In summer or early autumn the coolness of streams is refreshing.

↓ *Translucent*, lucid, transparent. A rare word used again in *Samson Agonistes*, 548. Lat *trans*, *lucere*.

*Wave* used for 'stream'. There is no real 'wave' on a glassy stream. In verse 932 the stronger word 'billows' is used. The terms may be literally appropriate when the river is in flood. Here 'wave' is the figure of Metonymy.

862 *Twisted braids of lilies knitting*, entwining with lilies. A twisted braid is a tress. Here hair and flowers are interwoven or braided together. 'To knit' is literally to form into a knot. Thus while it is used of a special kind of interweaving (knitting stockings &c.) it may be used of braiding generally. The lilies to which *Sabrina* has easiest access are doubtless water-lilies, though as she passes through the meadows at eve she may easily gather lilies of any description. The flower is an emblem of purity and is therefore fittingly associated with the chaste goddess. Lat *lilium*; Gr *lirion*.

863 *Loose train*, long flowing. 'Train' is properly what trails or follows behind. Hence the train of a lady's dress (which is parallel to the use here), and the retinue of a chief. The train is loose until it is bridled. For etymology see on verse 151.

*Amber dropping* The words would be simpler without the hyphen. Milton, however, especially in his earlier poems, is fond of compound ed words, their meaning being variously connected. 'Amber' is an epithet of colour denoting, white with a yellowish tinge. It is especially an epithet of rivers. In *Paradise Lost*, III, 359, the River of Bliss—

Milton also uses it of the light that surrounds the Sun, *L'Allegro*, 60 62—

Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight

The river goddess takes the colour of her hair from the river. The water itself is translucent. The stream (of which the bottom is more or less visible) is yellowish. Thus as Aurora has fair or golden tresses Sabrina has amber hair. 'Dropping' is used of the hair of a goddess risen from the river as naturally as 'moist' is used (verse 918) of her hands. It is water that drops, but the imagination may make it nectar, or anything else, and the drops may be supposed to be distilled essence of the amber hair. And thus the hyphening of the words produces a new and subtler idea. Milton had, probably read a passage in Nash's *Terror of the Night* which describes virgins with hair "loose, unrolled about their shoulders whose dangling amber tresses, reaching down beneath their knees seem to drop balm on their delicious bodies." For etymology, see on verse 888.

864 *For dear honour's sake* For the defence and interest of sacred honour 'Dear' (= precious) is an epithet of intensity. 'Honour' has special reference to the purity of the maiden and deliverance from the arts of Comus.

866. *Silver lake* clear bright river; 'Silver' is an epithet of colour. 'Lake' may perhaps be meant to suggest some large pool where the goddess has her palace. *Lat lucus*

867. *Appear, make thyself visible, come*

868 *In name of* The usual form of adjuration

*Great Oceanus* All the names invoked are connected with sea or stream. The epithets given mark characteristic features in the classical conceptions. 'Oceanus' was the stream (or the god corresponding thereto) that encircled our world. Epithets assigned to him in the ancient poets indicate, power.

869 *Earth-shaking Neptune's mace* The epithet refers to the earthquakes which Neptune could produce by a stroke of his trident. The 'mace' (usually a sort of club) is in this case the trident, (three pronged). Neptune (Gr *Poseidon*) was the god of the sea and, next to Jupiter, the greatest in power of all the divinities. O Fr, *mace* and *mache*, Lat (*mace*), *maceola* a beetle

870 *Tithys*, wife of Oceanus, mother of the Oceanides and of many rivers daughter of Heaven and Earth

✓ *Grave majestic pace, queenly tread* O Fr *majestet*, Lat *majestas*

871 *Hoary Nereus* 'See on verse 825' 'Hoary' is formed from the adjective 'hoar' and is usually applied to white hair. Old age is one of the attributes assigned to Nereus.

*Wrinkled look* 'Look' is used for 'face'. 'Wrinkled' is another mark of old age. 'Wrinkle' is akin to 'wring' and meant literally a little twist.

872 *Carpathian* Formed from Carpathus an island in the Mediterranean between Rhodes and Crete, now called Scarpanto. The Carpathian wizard was Proteus, who had a home in Carpathus.

*Wizard's hook* Proteus had a hook because he tended Poseidon's flocks as their shepherd (*Odyssey*, IV). He was a wizard because Neptune gave him the gift of prophecy, and he had all knowledge of the past or future. He might also be called a wizard from his magical power of changing his shape. It was thus that he could escape from the hands of any that sought to make him foretell the future. See on verse 571.

873 *Scaly*, because the lower part of Triton was a fish.

*Triton*, son of Neptune and Amphitrite. He is generally riding on the waves and blowing a horn.

*Winding shell* This is the horn or trumpet. 'Winding' refers to its wreathed or curling shape. Wordsworth, in one of his best-known sonnets, refers to Proteus and Triton—

I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn—  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn.

Both 'shell' and 'scale' are allied to 'skill'.

874 *Sooth-saying Glaucus' spell* Glaucus was a fisherman of Boeotia who on tasting an herb leaped into the sea and was made a deity by Oceanus and Tethys. He too is represented as an old man with long beard and loose hair and shaggy eyebrows, though with the tail of a fish. He received from Apollo the gift of prophecy, and is also said to have been the interpreter of Nereus. 'Sooth-saying' refers to his prophecies, a sooth-sayer (see on verse 823) being one who could truly and really tell the future. 'Spell' refers to the same supernatural power.

875 *Leucothæa's lovely hands* Leucothæa is the goddess-name of Ino, daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, wife of Athamas King of Thebes. Ino, on her part, was jealous of the children of a former wife while Juno, to prevent Ino's success wrought mischief in the palace. Accordingly, Athamas slew one of Ino's sons, and with the other she leapt into the sea. Neptune made her a sea goddess. The

name *Leucothea* is in Greek *leukos* (white) and *thea* (goddess) and is partially interpreted in the description of her hands. Homer (*Odyssey*, V. 283) called her 'one of the fairankles' and he also similarly refers to her hands. The English poet or reader the application of the epithet to the hands or arms is more elegant than to the feet or ankles. Milton himself described her with *Matuta*, the goddess of the Dawn, and in this Milton refers in *Paradise Lost*, XI, 117, when describing *Minerva* as follows—

To reveal to the world with sacred light,  
 Her chosen seed, and with fresh dew embalm'd  
 The Fall.

670 *Herona*. Milton's son child she carried with her into the sea was named *Phaenon* and it was called *Palæmon*. The Roman identified him with *Portunus*, the god of Harbours (*portus* is Latin for 'harbour'). The name *Phaenon* is derived from the Greek *phaino* (to show).

Recalls the *detritus*, referring to the Roman idea of *Portunus*.

671. *Thetis*, a Nereid; daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*. She was first resistant to Jupiter and Neptune. Finally she agreed to marry *Peleus* and they were the parents of *Achilles*. Like *Proteus* she could assume different forms, and could foresee the future.

*Tinsel*, *twinkling*. The Homeric epithet of *Thetis* is 'silver footed'. This in its life (in *English* at least) not happy and it was already familiar. Milton desired a new form of expression and one that would not echo the description of *Leucothea*. 'Tinsel' though now used of gaudy and inferior ornament was in Milton's time (and according to its derivation) not of, sparkling brilliancy. 'Tinsel-slipped' means not that the slippers were of bright material, but that they consisted of sparkling light. *Thetis* was barefooted, but as she arose from the sparkling waves her feet seemed clothed or jewelled with light. The expression is therefore a bold stroke of poetic fancy. O Fr. *estincelle* Lat. *scintilla* a spark. 'Slipper' is what 'slips' on and off easily. Here it may be supposed to refer to the rapidly changing appearance of the sparkling light.

678 *Sirens*. See on verse 234. They too were sea nymphs.

679. *Parthenope's dear tomb*. *Parthenope* was one of the Sirens, (as was also *Lipæ* of next verse). Her dead body was found on the seashore, and the place was named *Parthenope*. It was subsequently called *Neapolis* (new city), which is contracted into *Naples*. *Parthenope* is still used as a poetic name of *Naples*. It occurs in the Latin couplet which is the epitaph of Virgil (Mantua gave me birth, Calabria doth, I am buried in Naples, I sang pastorals, georgics and heroes). 'Dear' is here an epithet of affection, referring to the pride

with which Naples regarded the tradition or the regard it had for her memory *Fr tombe*; *Lat tumba*, *Gr turbos*

880 *Fair Lyca*. According to one account Ligea was another of the three Sirens. The name is from the Greek *Ligeia* shrill-voiced and refers to the charm of her singing. She is also mentioned as a Nereid. The epithet 'fair' may be used in the general sense of 'beautiful' or may refer only to light golden hair. Virgil (*Georg.* IV 335-7) describes her and other nymphs as having, "shining hair hanging loosely over their white necks."

*Golden comb*. The epithet is appropriate enough of the comb of a goddess, and may be understood either of the material or of the colour. It is however probably intended of the hair, and is transferred by Hypallage. The editors point out that the picture of a nymph seated on the rocks and combing her hair is taken not from the classical writers but from the descriptions of mermaids in the Northern Mythology.

881 *Diamond rock*. The epithet 'diamond,' like 'golden,' is suggestive rather than descriptive. 'Golden' may mean simply 'yellow,' and 'diamond' may have simply its etymological meaning 'untamable'—hard, impenetrable. But as 'golden' is an epithet of excellence and beauty, so 'diamond' suggests a bright and sparkling brilliance. Ligea may be conceived as sitting on a white rock which is illumined by the dazzling brightness of the Southern or Eastern Sun. In Old French *diamant* is a corruption of *adamant*. See on verse 772.

882 *Shedding, smoothing and imparting a shining gloss*. The verb is from the adjective, which is from the Scandinavian.

*Soft*, a part of the conception of a woman's as opposed to a man's hair.

*Alluring*. An epithet characteristic of the Sirens though it is to their singing rather than to their hair or general beauty that it is imputed. It however accords with the description of Ligea here given. The fascination of locks or tresses is expressed in *Lycaidas*, verse 69—*enticing, tempting*.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Nerens hair

*Fr a, leurre*, *Lat. ad*, Mid High Ger. *luoder* a bait

883 *All the nymphs*. The names specified are all classical (as accords) both with the subject of the Masque and the education of Milton's time), and Sabrina has been connected with Nerens, but the phrase 'all the nymphs' may be understood to admit a band of English nymphs—the train of Sabrina in the sphere of her sovereignty.

At night, when in the twilight the animals come forth, So Sabrina herself, the Elf  
Midnight dances are a feature of the fables of the North.

164 This word "Wile" is 'Jouning,' from 'wile' not a happy  
very old adverbial - 'Gleues' is from the Scandinavian

Line 6 of the notes. This and the four following verses are the 1-5 of the original in the edition.

Here the *idea* of *May's* *creation* or *life* : *used* of what is  
 1887. *May* and *May* 145 as here —

27 2<sup>d</sup> Dept. " will not have his head

\* Rose' is 'soft' in sense, but roses are of various colours. Salvia's flowers are also 'da' red, and there are roses white and yellow and intermediate. The chi meaning of the epithet here is probably 'firm, stout.' It may also suggest 'soft.' The rose as well as the lily<sup>1</sup> were, and may be regarded as emblematic of virginity.

*Pav.* *pavimentum*. The channel of the river, or the bottom of the pool. The great road of Heaven is star paved (*P. L., IV, 978*) Coral is the pavement, as pearl is the jewellery of the waters. 'Pearl pavements more than streams'. O'r. coral Lat. *corallum*, Gr. *καραλλή* = *caralle*. Lat. (*pavare* =) *pavire* to tread.

877 § *Irandam*, restrain and (apparently) stop. The river comes to a standstill while the goddess goes to perform her sacred task of verse 902. The metaphor is taken from horsemanship cf. verse 827.

The Hongkong Irrigation stream. This represents the Soem as a right flowing river. 'Long' here is a adverbial suffix (in Mid Eng. lang, in O Eng. lang) seen also in 'sidelong', and in 'darkling'. The termination *-lang* was a double suffix, / and *unga*.

ALL *Summons* call The plural form is a mistake of spelling. Originally *sumones* Fr *summe* O Fr *summeur*, but *summonere*, *monere* to warn. 'Summons' is chiefly used as a law term.

See Schubert answers the appeal, comes forward from the depths attended by a train of nymphs, and replies in song. The song extends to verse 401. Like the Spirit's song it is mainly descriptive.

*Rushy fringed bank*, bank fringed with rushes. The phrase 'fringed bank' is used of a lake in *Paradise Lost* (IV, 262). A 'fringe' is a border with loose threads. The grasses extending from edge of the bank are likened to the loose threads on the border of a piece of cloth. Rushes are a kind of long grass growing in moist ground. The word is in Old English but may be from Latin *ruscum* butcher's broom. 'Fringe' is from (O Fr. *frange*), Fr *frange*, Lat. *fibria*, akin to *fibra*, a fibre. *f*

891. *Osier*—a kind of water-willow Fr *osier*, Low Lat *osariæ* osier-beds; Gr *osier* ~~Osier~~ *maist* ~~maist~~ *growing in mo.*  
*places*

892 *Sliding chariot*—is the Sun is the chariot of Phœbus so the river is the chariot of Saturna. 'Sliding' is similar in meaning to 'gliding' but one may glide through the air (as Uriel gliding through the even on a sunbeam) (P L, IV 555 6) while 'sliding' takes place on soft smooth ground Fr *chariot*, O Fr *charite*, Low Lat *carrata carrus*, from the Celtic

893 *Thick set*, thickly inland. 'Set' is a jeweller's word.  
*Agate*, a precious stone, being a composite of quartz minerals. It has various tints of colour, frequently in stripes. O Fr *agate*, Lat. *achates*, Gr *achates*, named from Achates a river in Sicily.

*Azur* resembling the azure colour. Milton coins the form either by adding a suffix to 'azure,' or by abbreviating the Italian *azzurino* (Fr *azurin*). See also 'colarn, verse 990 *sky blue*

*Shewn*, brightness. In old and Mid English an adjective akin to 'show.'

894 *Turkis blue*—Turquoise, a gem chiefly found in Persia though introduced to Europe through Constantinople. Fr *turquoise*, Ital *turchese* a Turkish stone, from *Turk*

895 *Emerald*, a green gem, frequently found in rivers. Old Fr *amarande*; Lat *amaragdus*, Gr *amaragdos*

895. *That* refers only to emerald.

*Channel* O Fr *chanel*, Lat *canalis*

*Strays*, suggests the moving of the gems or stones from place to place under the force of the current, also the scarcity abundance of the river. Old Fr *strater* to rove in the streets, Lat *strata* a paved (way) *stern* to strew

896 *Fleet*—Compare verse 87. 'Fleet' is a proper epithet of a swift river, being closely akin to 'float.' *running, swift*

897 *Printless*, making no print or mark. Properly it is the ground that is 'printless.' But the suffix *-less* was often used vaguely. The phrase 'printless foot' is in Shakespeare's *Tempest* used of elves on the sand by the sea-shore. In Milton's *Arradis* the second song begins—

O'er the smooth enamelled green,  
Where no print of step hath been

O Fr *empreinte*, *empreindre*, Lat *imprimere*, *premere*

898 *Cowslip's velvet-head*. A 'cowslip' is a small yellow flower. In Shakespeare, *M N D*, II, i. 10, a fairy says of Titania—  
Cowslips tall her pensioners be

Velvet' as an adjective must mean soft and smooth. In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* little flowers are pictured with dewdrops—

Hanging on their velvet heads

Like a rope of crystal beads

Old Italian *veluto*, Low Lat. (*villutus*, and) *villosus* shaggy, Latin *villus* shaggy hair, akin to *vellus* a fleece

899, *Hecus nobis*. A familiar conception regarding the tread of fairies, goddesses or angels. So Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*. The case of Camilla in Virgil, *Æneid*, referred to by Pope—

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain ..

Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main—

is by no means parallel, since the result was entirely due to the incredible swiftness of the queen. The explanation here is rather to be sought in the ethereal substance of the goddess, or the empty character of fairies.

900 *Gentle swain*. The Attendant Spirit is still in the character of a peasant (Thyrsis), but a goddess should have been able to detect his celestial character and commission. 'Gentle' is a word of compliment or courtesy. See verses 271, 304

901. *Am here*, have come. The goddess thus formally announces, what her presence shows, viz, that she has obeyed the summons. It is implied that she is ready to aid in a good cause.

Perhaps it would be best to regard the song of the goddess as ending with verse 899. Verses 900-1 are in effect a question, and they are inter-rimed with what follows. They should therefore (it would seem) be spoken in the same kind of voice.

902 *Dear, beloved, honoured*, ..

903. *Implane*. Fr *implorer*, Lat *implorare*, *plulare* wall

*Hand*, used by *Synecdoche* for the whole person. The power of Sabina did not reside in the hand, though the hand might be mentioned as the organ of its exercise (Metonymy)

904 *Undo*, untie, dissolve. *Un-* has the reversive meaning

*Charmed band*. The band or binding wrought by magic charm. Compare 'clasping charm,' verse 873. 'Band' is formed from the Old Eng past tense of 'bind'

905 *Distressed*, in a state of distress, requiring relief. The subst. is from O Fr *destrasse*, (Low Lat. *districlare*), Lat *districtus*, *stringere* to tighten

906 *Forc'd wale*. Milton attributes to Comus the exercise both of strength (in comparison with the Virgin's) and guile. The contrast



of the two methods, force and fraud, is often in Milton's mind: *Eg.* in *Paradise Lost*, II, 355 &, Beelzebub proposes questions regarding the nature, power and weakness of man and how attempted best—'by force or subtlety'

907 *Unblest*, 'accursed' The *un-* is the simple negative. The use of a term weaker than the meaning intended is the figure, *Latotet*

177c, 'wicked' The elder meaning was not necessarily moral but simply, 'of little worth.' Here the meaning is intense, perhaps suggesting, *low*, *i.e.*, 'base.' Fr *vil*, Lat. *vilis*

908 *Office* 'special service or work' French *office* Lat *officium* duty (= *opificium*), from *op-* (in *opēs* 'wealth') and *facere*.

909 *Ensnared chastity*, 'chaste persons-ensnared by enemies of their chastity' The Abstract for the Concrete

910 *Brightest* The superlative has simply an intensive force = 'very (bright)' The epithet implies high moral purity. So Uriel is addressed as 'brightest seraph' (*P.L.*, III, 667)

*Look on me* In this verse after two lines to Thyrus, Sabrina directly addresses the virgin. The instruction to look direct on the goddess is perhaps intended to call forth faith. In the New Testament (*Acts* III 4) when the apostles, Peter and John heal a lame man, Peter begins with the words, 'Look on us'

911 *Thus* The action accompanies the words

*Sprinkle* is a freq. of O Eng *sprengan* which is a causal of 'spring'

912 *Drops that* 'Drops of water from some sacred and mysteriously efficacious well. Besides the multitudinous mythological wells, Milton is thinking of the fountain of the water of Life in the Bible (*Psalms*, XXXVI, 9, *Rev.*, XXII, 1) The epithet 'pure' has both physical meaning and moral suggestion. The water is pure, undiluted, unweakened, it is efficacious against moral impurity; it is water of illustration

913 *Precious cure*, 'sovereign remedy' 'Precious' indicates the extreme value, or costliness, as well as excellence of the drops. O. Fr *cure*, Lat *cura*

In the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Amoret is thrown into a well, where upon the River-God rises with her in his arms, and in his speech says—

If thou be'st a virgin pure  
I can give a present cure—  
Take a drop into thy wound  
From my watery locks, more round  
Than orient pearl

At another point Alexis is wounded and Clorin, a holy virgin, says—

Hold him gently, till I fling  
Water of a virtuous spring  
On his temples

914 *Thru* 'Three' has ever been a sacred number Milton may be thinking of the Trinity In *Paradise Lost*, XI, 416, where Michael is bestowing on Adam power to behold a vision of the future, he into his eyes—

From the well of life three drops instilled

*Finger's tip*, point of the finger 'Tip' is a form of 'top'

915 *Rubied*, red From 'rub' from O French *rub*, Low Latin *rubinus*, Lat *ruber*

916. *Marble*, made of marble O Fr *marbre*, Lat *marmor*

✓ *Venomed*, envenomed, i.e., poisoned, the charms of Comus being metaphorically compared to poison O Fr *ecum*; Lat *venenum*

917 *Gums* Gums are secretions of certain trees or plants, hard but easily soluble Fr *gomme* Lat *gummi*, Gr *gomme* *Sugar?* = 1  
✓ *Glutinous*, sticky. Lat *glutinosus*; gluten, glue *with anything*  
*as glue, where*

918 *Palms*, hands open laid flat on the seat Lat *palma* The Mid Eng spelling was *paume*, from the French, but this gave place to the Latin form.

*Moist and cold* On account of the water of the 'cool river' 'Cold' is in contrast to the heat associated with the machinations of Comus Coolness is associated with, freshness and health and purity.

919 *Now* As soon as Sabrina's hands touched the seat, the gums and all the effects of Comus' incantations lost their power, and the Lady was freed

920 *Haste* A more correct form than 'hasten' Scandinavian

*The morning hour* Before morning O Fr *harc*, Lat *hora* Gr *hora*

921 *Amphitrite's bower* Amphitrite the daughter of Ocean and Tethys, was wife of Neptune and mother of Triton Sabrina recognises her as her queen paramount, or as the supreme goddess of sea and river 'Bower' meant originally a chamber (O Eng *dwane* to dwell) and is quite applicable to the palace of Amphitrite

922. *Daughter of Loarine* See on verso 827

923 *Old Anchises' line*. Anchises was the father of Aeneas (Venus being the mother) Anchises is in the Trojan war an old man, saved from the flames of the city by being carried off on his son's shoulders So in Virgil's *Aeneid* he is old and dies in Sicily before Italy is reached The 'line' from Anchises to Sabrina includes the names of Aeneas, Ascanius, Silvius, Brutus, Loarine. Fr *ligne*, Lat *linea*; *linum*, wax

924. *Brimmed*, full to the brim Such adjectives (formed by adding *-ed* to O Eng substantives) are frequent in this poem The later form is 'brimming' (P L, IV, 386) 'Brim' is the margin,—the earlier meaning being, aurf or surge.

*For this* In return for this service

925 *Tribute* Literally, something paid or assigned. The streams that fall into rivers are called 'tributaries' The same metaphorical application is seen in 'tributary states' Fr *tribut*, Lat *tributum*, *tribuere*

926 *Petty rills* small hill streams 'Petty' is used without any depreciatory meaning such as the word now suggests French *petit* Old Low Ger *rille*

927 *Tumble* Describes the irregularity of the channels, with occasional water-falls, on the hill sides

*Snowy hills* The Severn flows through mountainous regions in the West of England. The snow on the heights is a source of the rills

928 *Summer drouth* The drought of summer (May-July)  
*Singed*, scorched. 'Singe' is Old English *sengan*, causative of 'sing' (*singan*), and refers to the sound of what is burning.

929 *Scorch*. O Fr *escorcher* Skeat doubts whether it is from Lat *ex, cortex* bark, or from the Scandinavian, akin to 'shrink'

*Tresses-fair* Metaphorical description of the rushes or grasses or flowers along the banks

930 *October's torrent flood* October is frequently a wet month, but there are no regular monsoons in England It was the eighth Roman month Latin *octo* eight, 'Torrent' is an adjective meaning, rolling strongly, raging Fr *torrent*, Lat *torrens, torcere* to to parch In P L, II., 381, Milton refers to Phlegethon—

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage—

where the etymological meaning, 'burning' may or may not be remembered 'Flood' is often used of rivers, as in *Lycidas*, 85, It is derived from 'flow.'

931. *Molten crystal*, clear glassy-water 'Molten' is the old form of 'melted.' The description of water as melted crystal is a bold metaphor to describe its crystalline appearance

*Fill with mud*. The presence of mud in the stream may be supposed to darken the bright countenance of the goddess It is a defilement of the crystal waters 'Mud' is from the Old Low German

932 *Billows*, waves A hyperbole, suggesting the abundance of the waters. From the Scandinavian

*Ashore*, on shore

933. *Beryl*. A hard mineral found in hexagonal prisms of various colours. The emerald is a special kind of it. Latin *beryllus*, Gr. *beryllos*. From the name of this mineral comes the French *briller*, whence 'brilliant'.

Golden ore, gold. 'Ore' means unrefined metal. It is an Old Eng word, akin to Lat *cras* brass.

934. *Lofty head*. Some think 'head' refers to the region near the source of the river, and 'billoes' to the part near the mouth. Probably Milton regarded any elevated ground overlooking the river as its 'head'. The goddess may be supposed to be present in all her majesty at any part of the river. The meaning of the sentence is 'May castles be reared on the eminences, and elsewhere may beautiful groves adorn the banks'.

*Crowned*, covered or adorned as with a crown. O. Fr *corone*, Latin *corona*.

935. *Many a tower*, many towers, or lofty castles. 'Many a' is distributive. O. Fr *ter* Lat. *turris*.

*Terrace*. Probably used of the ground beneath and around the castles or great buildings—ground beautifully laid out with walks and trees and gardens, or, raised embankments. Fr *terrace*, Ital. *terracia*, terra, Lat *terra*.

937. *With groves* (Mabel thou be crowned) with groves. The language is elliptical. It seems to us that the words 'lofty head' are not intended to be repeated. The 'groves' grow on the level banks and may be supposed to wreath the neck or waist rather than to crown the head of the river Goddess.

*Of myrrh and cinnamon*. These are rather poetic groves—as both myrrh and cinnamon are Oriental rather than English. Intended to be in keeping with the highly imaginative character of the whole affair. O. Fr. *mirre* (fr *myrrhe*), Lat. *myrra*, Gr. *murra*, Arabic *murr* bitter. Hebrew *qinnamon*, said to be of Malay origin.

938. The Spirit now turns to the Lady and offers to lead her home. Grace, favour, countenance. *Myrrh and cinnamon in modern English literature.*

940. *Entice*, try to mislead. O. Fr *enticeer*.

941. *Deceit*, contrivance, here and often in a bad sense. Old Fr *deceie*, Low Lat *divisa* division, device. Lat. *dividere*.

942. *Not a waste*, let us not utter a wasted, i.e., superfluous sound.

944. *Faithful*. True and trustworthy, in contrast to the deceiver, Comus.

↓ 945 *Covert*, place of covering or concealment, referring to the wood O Fr *covert* *covert*, Lat *cum*, *operte*

946 *Furlongs* Furlong=furrow long (Old Eng *firle* and *long*), one-eighth of a mile

*Thence* Perhaps from the extremity of the wood.

947. *Is* They were all the time at this residence, and only a change of scene or situation is intended, with an interval of a few minutes, during which country people are engaged in dancing.

*Residence*, the seat of the Lord-Lieutenant. O Fr. *resider*, Lat *residere*, *sedere*

948 *Are met* Plural according to the sense. 'Many a' often takes a singular verb when the meaning is distributive; but the party can meet only collectively.

*In state*, according to the magnificence of a public or official meeting

949 *Gratulate his wished presence* Either, congratulate him on his arrival long desired, or joyously celebrate his arrival. The Latin verb is *gratulari* (not *congratulari*), from *gratus* pleasing Cf R L, IV, 438 'Presence' was often used in the sense of 'coming' O Fr *presence*, Lat *praesentia*, *esse* 'Wished' is a dissyllable.

952 ↓ *Jigs*, lively tunes or dances O Fr *gige* from the Mid High German *gige* 'saddle'.

*Resort*, meet together. O Fr *resortir* (originally to appeal) Low Lat *resortire*, Lat *sortire*, *sorte*

953 ↓ *Catch*, surprise; come unexpectedly on Heard *eachier*= O Fr *chacier* to hunt, Low Lat *cacare*, Lat *captare*, *capere*

*Sport* Abbreviation of 'disport', O. Fr *se desporter* Latin *disportare* to carry

954 ↓ *Cheer*, happiness O Fr *chere*, Low Lat *caru* the face.

956 ↓ *Stars* ~~*double*~~ ~~*increase*~~ *grew high* daylight is approaching Perhaps the idea is that as the light increases the stars get fainter and seem therefore to be moving higher and farther off

957 ↓ *Night* ~~*at*~~ *monarch*. It is still dark. Night rules. French *monarque*, Lat *monarcha*, Gr *monarches*, *monas*, *archein*

↓ *Mid-sky*, on the horizon it is getting lighter but overhead the darkness is unaffected

958 *Shepherds*, the peasantry caught at their sport. The Spirit orders these to make room for the noble party he is introducing

↓ 959. *Next sunshine holiday* The phrase implies that there are

special days of festivity from time to time The swains will have their opportunity again on the next such holiday Cf *L'Allegro*, 97 8—

Young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday

'Sunshine' is an adjective 'Holiday' (formed from 'holy day') was originally a festival, later, any day of amusement.

960. Without <sup>Sunshine for merriment/delightful</sup> Accented on first syllable

✓ *Duck*, bobbing of the head. From the verb 'duck' to dive, comes the name of the fowl

*Nod* Another form of moving of the head 'Duck and nod' describes the awkward courtesy of the country people In the graceful movements of the children of the Earl of Bridgewater there are no ducks or nods The phrase may be due to a reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Richard III*, I, 3—

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy

961 ✓ *Trippings to be trod* Dances to be gone through, an alliterative phrase

962 *Lighter toes* That move more lightly and gracefully  
Compare with these two verses *L'Allegro*, 38 4—

Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe

*Count guise*, courtly (or princely) style 'Guise,' or 'wise' means 'way,' 'manner' *refined style*

963 *Mercury* Probably named as the god to whom the invention of the lyre is ascribed He was also the messenger of the gods and is such, swift footed

*Devise*, invent, design O Fi *deviser* See on verse 941

964 *Mincing*, used of elegant, graceful movement, with neat short steps In contrast to the clumsy ungraceful movements of the rustics The etymology is doubtful.

✓ *Dryades* Dryads, wood-nymphs, accustomed to dance around the trees. Lat *Dryas*, Gr *Druas*, *drua* a tree

965 *Lawns*, *leas* 'Lea' is simply 'meadow', 'lawn' is used of smoothed and carefully tended plots of grass

966 *Noble lord* Earl and Countess of Bridgewater 'Noble' is the standing courtesy epithet of a Peer

967 *Ye*, to you

968. *Goodly grown* 'Goodly' is an adverb, not formed from 'good' so as to mean 'in a good manner' but a special use of the adjective 'goodly.' Milton uses the adj both of man and of trees (*PL*, IV)

969 *Branches* Metaphor, referring to the three Children Fr *branche*, from the Celtic Akm to Lat *brachium*

970. *Heaven* God.

*Timely*, probably = early The word is used in *Macbeth* both as adj and as adv.

971. *Faith*, fidelity, faithfulness to duty

*Patience* endurance, steadfastness. Such at least is the most frequent usage of the term in the New Testament. Here it must mean, steadfastness under temptation Fr *patience*, Lat *patientia*, *pati*.

*Truth*. The reality of their character and worth, their being true to what is right.

972. *Hard assays* difficult trials In *Par. Lost*, IV, 982, Satan speaks of "hard assays and ill successes." O Fr. *assai*, *exagium* a trial of weight, Gr *exagion*, *ex*, again.

973 *With a crown of* Milton must have remembered the *Epistle of James*, I, 12 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life'

~~Deathless praise~~, praise that will continue in Heaven Such is Milton's idea of true fame (*Lycidas*, 78-84, *Par. Reg.*, III, 60-70) Otherwise it may involve a claim of immortality for the poem

974 *Triumph in victorious dance* The dance of the Children about to commence is emblematic of their triumphant joy It is victorious because the Tempter was baffled Similarly at the close of *Paradise Regained* when Christ was tempted the angelic quires—

Sung heavenly anthems of his victory

Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

Here the dances are appropriate, as they are supposed to be essential to a Masque Note also that Milton represents Spirits in Heaven as (last verse of poem *On Time*)—

Triumphing over Death and Chance and thee, O Time

O Fr *trumphe*, Lat *triumphus* Lat *victor*, *vincere*

975 *Sensual folly*, unchastity. O Fr *folie fol*, Latin *folia* a wind-bag

*Intemperance*, especially in drink referring to the refusal of the orient liquor See on verses 721, 767

976—1023 All the glory of the Poem is gathered up in this incomparable epilogue It is a description of Heaven, the Christian Heaven, veiled in the language of Greek mythology This blending of Christian thought and Pagan form was characteristic of the Elizabethan and Renaissance poets, but in the Eighteenth century which

mordant without imagination it had ceased to be intelligible. Modes change, but the use of emblem and allegory can never depart from poetry that is true and free; and they that cannot enter into it cannot know the fulness of the meaning of the poetry. The student must understand that no verse is a literal expression of Milton's faith, while each verse contains a suggestion of some aspect of the Spiritual philosophy by which he lived.

Note that the lines are mainly in quatrains. With slight modifications the whole might have been printed in stanzas. This would have however made it a separate poem, which was not desirable.

976 *Ocean* The classical Okeanos, either a stream enfolding our world, or a river in the heavens which overflowed into our earth. The latter is the best sense here, though verse 1014 is in accordance with the former.

Amongst the various readings of *Comus* the following lines (intended for the beginning of the Poem) are preserved. The 'blissful isle' contains the Hesperian Gardens—

Around the verge  
And sacred limits of this blissful isle,  
'The jealous Ocean, that old river, winds  
His far-extended arms, till with steep fall  
Half his waste flood the wild Atlantic hills  
And half the slow unfathomed Stygian pool

This proves the connection in Milton's mind, of Ocean and the Gardens, but it was no part of his allegorical purpose to localise them exactly. They are simply in the sky or heavenly regions.

*Happy climes* The reference is to the Fortunate Islands, somewhere in the West, or to the Elysian fields which were sometimes placed in the Fortunate Isles. Originally, Elysium was in the underworld, but in later days when not placed in the Atlantic it was elevated to the skies. The stars as Satan saw them in his descent through the spheres are thus referred to (*P L*, III, 567-570)—

Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
Thrice happy isles—

where various ideas are combined. Here Milton is less definite, his simple object being to suggest the happiness or blessedness of Heaven, which in accordance with Christian thought is conceived as above.

978 *Where day never shuts his eye* According to the Christian doctrine, *Rev*, xxii, 5, "there shall be no night there." According to the metaphor of the text light is regarded as the open eye of Day.



(personified) The Sun is frequently described as the eye of day But Milton extends the figure Thus in *Lycidas*, 26, the poet and his friend went out "under the opening eyelids of the morning," and in the Sonnet to the *Nightingale* her song is represented as closing the eye of day In both cases the reference is directly to light, (not to the orb of the Sun) And here Milton simply means that in Heaven is eternal light (*Ret*, xxi, 23, xxii, 5)

979 *Broadfields*. The amplitude of Heaven is here indicated The phrase is from Virgil who uses it of the air (*Æneid*, VI, 888)

*Sky*, the Heavens Milton has not yet elaborated the astronomical system of *Paradise Lost*. 'Sky' is from the Scandinavian

The first quatrain thus places in Heaven amplitude of space, all resources of land or water, fulness of happiness and eternal light.

980 *Such the liquid air*. Even to breathe is a pleasing luxury, the atmosphere being so soft and pure and balmy The Spirit thus represents himself as enjoying the air and the beauty and the fragrance of the gardens of the Hesperides

With 'suck' compare the Oriental idiom, 'eat the air' 'Liquid' is used as an epithet of 'noon' by Gray, so Shelley—

The breath of the moist air is light

980 *All* Adverb, quite, or right

*Gardens fair* See on verse 393 The garden (or gardens, the plural being used to suggest extent and variety) is noted for its fruits, but the idea of beauty is necessarily involved In his description of Paradise or the garden in Eden Milton says of the fruit—

Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only

Here he relegates them to the other world, of whose abundant bliss they are emblematic O *Ir garden* from the Old High German.

982 *Hesperus* He was a son of Japetus Atlas and Prometheus were other sons His daughters three were the guardians of the golden apples Apollodorus names four *Ægle*, *Erythia*, *Vesta* and *Arethusa*.

983 *Sing* There is little if any foundation in the mythology for making them singers But Milton probably means it as an expression not of exquisite art but of perpetual happiness See quotation on verse 998

*About*, round about, in the region of

*Golden tree* Probably by Hypallage the epithet is transferred from the fruit But it may be argued that only on golden trees could

golden fruit grow The word 'tree' may here be used collectively to denote a kind or species of tree

This second quatrain specialises the description by introducing gardens and their fruit, nymphs and their music, and an atmosphere delicious as nectar.

984—7 This third stanza describes the joyous reign of ceaseless Spring The fourth stanza is on eternal Summer In this there is a seeming contradiction, as these seasons are in ordinary language successive The poet however simply means to combine the excellences of both, the beauty, the fragrance and the fruitfulness, these belong to their springing and ripening life It is to be noted however that this third stanza is a later insertion, not being found in the original MSS It is part of the additions in the 1645 edition Eternal spring-tide has been ever regarded as a characteristic of Elysian regions, and Milton, again introduces it in his picture of Paradise *Par Lost*, IV, 266-8—

While universal Pan,  
Girt with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on th' eternal Spring

984 *Crisped*, curling, referring to the appearance of the branches of the trees There is no rough jungle, but Nature and Art alike are perfect The two terms 'shade' and 'bowers' are used to express the variety of form in which trees are to be found combined The epithet 'crisped' is also used of water with ripples on the surface The adjective, 'crisp' is from Lat *crispus*

985 *Revels*, expressive of the fulness of life and energy and joy See on verse 103

*Spurce*, trim or sprightly Generally used of neatness or smartness in dress The word was originally a form of Prussian It was also a spelling of Prussia. Old French *Pruce*=Prussia, German *Preussen* As an epithet it was introduced at some time when dress after the manner of the Prussia of the time was fashionable

*Jocund*, pleasant Old Fr *joconde*, Lat *jucundus*, *juvare*

*Spring* Personified in the usual manner, therefore finely dressed, joyful and sportive. Note the alliteration

986, *Graces* These three goddesses, *Aglaiā*, *Thalia* and *Euphrosynē*, were daughters of Venus—their father being Jupiter or Bacchus They were beautiful and gracious and presided over the arts that beautify and the kindnesses that sweeten life

*Rosy-bosomed Hours*. The Hours (Lat *Horæ*, Gr *Horai*) were the goddesses of the seasons They also are three, daughters of Jupiter

and Themis, their names, according to Hesiod, being Eunomia, Dice and Irene. The epithet has reference to their relations to flowers and fruits. As goddesses of spring and summer they would be well entitled to wear necklaces and zones of the finest and most fragrant roses, but perhaps Milton thinks of them as bearing roses in their laps of plenty.

Milton seems to have coined this term for the *Horn*, though a Greek equivalent is used by Theocritus of Adonis. Gray with becoming reverence refused to vary it. His *Ode to Spring* begins—

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
Fair Venus train, appear

987 *Thither*. All the charms of kindness or benignity of which the poets have made these goddesses the symbols are to be found in reality in this region where the Spirit dwells. In other words, Heaven is a home of loveliness and bounteousness.

988 *Eternal, unchanging*

*Summer*. To an English audience summer is better than spring, since it implies a mild and temperate climate. Spring is still cold.

989 *West winds*. In Britain the east wind is often bitterly cold. In Greece too the west wind was delightful, Zephyr being regarded as producing flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath. In *J. Allegro* Milton makes Zephyr the father of Mirth. Here he is represented as spreading fragrance and thus sweetening the air of summer.

*Musky wing, perfumed wings*. Cf. quotation on verse 991. The 'wings of the wind' is a Biblical Metaphor, *Psalms*, XVIII, 10, CIV, 3. Fr *musc*, Lat *muscus*, of oriental origin.

990 *About, everywhere, through and around*

†† *Cedarn alleys*. Alleys or paths formed by rows of cedar trees on either side. 'Cedarn' is an adjective coined by Milton apparently in the usual way by adding *en* or *n* to the names of materials (so *beechen*, *silvern*). It has been suggested that Milton formed it after the analogy of the Ital *cedrino*, but in that case the spelling should have been *cedrin*. See on 'azurn' verse 893.

*Flung*, expressive of careless profusion. The term is again used in *Par. Lost*, VIII, 517, where the gales from their wings—

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub

991 *Nard*, or spike<sup>herd</sup>~~ard~~. An ointment derived from an aromatic plant so named. Here used of the aroma. Fr *nard*, Lat *nardus*, Gr *nardos*, Pers *nard*, Sansk *nalda*, *nal* to smell.

*Cassia's balmy smells* Cassia is a kind of laurel tree whose bark is highly scented. Compare *Psalms* XLV., 8, 'all thy garments smell of myrrh and aloe and cassia.' Lat *cassia*, Gr *lasia* from Heb *qetsi oth*, from a Hebr root, to cut. 'Smell' is frequently used in Milton of, fragrant odours.

With this passage compare the approach to Paradise, *Paradise Lost*, IV., 156—

Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
These balmy spoils

992—5 This fifth quatrain describes the beauty of Colour. According to the poet's fancy flowers spring up with all the colours of the Rainbow which has watered them and with other beauties derived from the mother soil on which they grow.

*Iris*, the goddess of the Rainbow. She was the messenger of the gods and especially of Juno. She was one of the Oceanides and she supplied the clouds with water.

992 *Humid bow* The rainbow is here conceived as the instrument with which Iris waters and fertilises those happy climes. The phrase is again used in *Par Lost*, IV., 151. 'Humid,' i.e., moist, is used vaguely as the characteristic epithet. Fr *humido*, Lat *humidus*; *timere*

993 *Odorous banks* fragrant meadows or slopes or hills. It is not probable that Milton means the banks of a river. A 'bank' is raised ground. 'Bench' is the same word.

*Blow*, cause to blow, i.e., to burst forth in bloom. The verb is usually intrans. From the same root are 'bloom,' 'blossom,' 'blood.'

994 *Flowers*. To be read as a dissyllable.

*More mingled hue* The reference is probably not to mingled colours of individual flowers, but to the combined effect of various kinds of flowers in one scone. Compare the description of Adam's bower *Par Lost*, IV., 197—

Eachauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic, underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
Of costliest emblom

Here 'mosaic' includes 'mingled hue.' 'Mingle' is a frequentative of an old verb *ming*.

995 *Purpled*, embroidered on the edge or surface. Often used of what is overlaid with gold thread. The word was frequently used in the Sixteenth century. It gave place to a contraction 'pur'. Fr. *pourfiler*, *fil* a thread, Lat *pro, filum*.

*Scarf*. A 'scarf' is a light piece of dress worn on the neck or shoulders. It is from the same root as 'sharp,' etc., and meant originally a 'shred' of stuff. Scarfs are often of bright or various colours. The rainbow, probably with reference to its length, narrowness and curvature is here compared to a cape worn by the goddess. The Metaphor is in itself beautiful, but it is in awkward contiguity to the Metaphor of the 'bow'. Mixing of Metaphors is a vice which Milton could not be guilty of. He desires to express the two poetic aspects of the rainbow—its watering the earth, and its beauty of colour. The term 'bow' may be regarded as having lost its metaphorical character through familiarity of usage.

It is Milton's manner to regard everything visible in the heavens as emblematic of something more real in the true Heaven. Thus in *Par Lost*, IV, 976, the 'milky-way' is an image of the high road of Heaven.

996 *Drenches with Elysian dew*. Renders soft and fragrant. Elysian dew does not cause cold. Milton first wrote 'manna dew.' 'Drench,' is a causative of 'drink.'

997. *Mortals*. The Spirit as an immortal is addressing mortals and desiring them to aspire to the world of the immortals, to make death the gate of Life.

*If your ears*. This parenthesis is inserted to prepare the audience for deep spiritual truths put forth in figurative voice. It is a reminiscence of the words of Christ frequently uttered after the enunciation of a parable—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

*True*, capable of discerning the real inner eternal meaning. *Of Arcades*, 723.

998 *Hyacinth and rose*. 'Hyacinth' is put in the singular for the sake of sound. These flowers are chosen for their beauty and the softness of their petals. The 'hyacinth' was fabled to have sprung from the blood of Hrakynthos accidentally killed by Apollo. It is of the nature of the blue-bell. Milton applies to it the epithets sanguine, purple (which was used of bright colour), and in a verse of *Lycidas* which was withdrawn *vermilion* (i.e., red). The hair of Adam (as of Ulysses) was hyacinthine, where however the reference is primarily, to form. See the present editor's note on *Par Lost*, IV, 301. Ben Jonson in one of his Masques has 'the red haired hyacinth.' In the rejected opening of *Comus* Milton had written of the Gardens—

On whose banks  
Bedewed with nectar and celestial songs  
Eternal roses grow, and hyacinth,  
And fruits of golden rind

999 *Young Adonis* Here, as in the references to Diana and Minerva (verses 441-452), Milton suggests a deep spiritual meaning in the Greek myths to those who have true ears. Adonis was a youth beloved of Venus who was mortally wounded by a bear and changed into the flower, anemone, by the mourning goddess. According to some accounts Proserpine restored him to life on condition that he should spend six months with Venus and six months with her. The six months in the upper world are supposed to mean, Summer and the other six, Winter. Adonis is thus a personification of Nature. The conception of him as Life giver is thus expressed by Spenser—

All be he subject to mortality  
Yet is eterno in mutability,  
And by succession made perpetual,  
Transfer mod oft and changed diversely  
For him the Father of all forms they call,  
Therefore needs must he live that living gives to all

*Reposes* As an invalid convalescent Spenser has him—

Lapped in flowers and precious spicery

*Fr reposer*, Low Lat *pausare*, *Gr pauen* From the Low Lat *pausare* came the *Fr poser* and the many verbs ending in *-pose* which have no etymological connection with Lat *ponere*, though they have adopted its meaning

1000 *Waxing well of*, recovering from 'Well' is an adjective

*Deep wound* Inflicted by the bear, according to the myth. The story was that Adonis (or Thammuz) was while hunting killed on Mt Lebanon by a wild bear, and it was believed that the waters of the stream Adonis, which receive a purple tinge during a certain season of the year, thus bore annual testimony to the fresh bleeding of the wound. Milton in *Par. Lost*, I, 446-452, thus refers to it—

Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

It was believed that, to appease the grief of Venus, the gods of the lower world allowed Adonis to return to earth six months of every

year This myth, which is not found in early Greek, is supposed to be of Asiatic origin, and, with regard to the return of Adonis, to be symbolical of the revival of Nature after its death in winter—Venus on this view being identified with the principle of fruitfulness in Nature

Milton's introduction of Adonis into his text is due to the imaginary Paradise known as the "gardens of Adonis" They are again referred to in *Paradise Lost*, IX., 439-441—

Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned  
Alcinous

They are repeatedly referred to by the poets, and in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, iii., 6, there is a lengthened description of them Spenser places them on earth—

Whether in Paphos or Cytheron hill  
Or it in Gnidus be, I wot not well

Milton places Adonis in Heaven on the same principle as that by which he puts the gardens of the Hesperides there.

1002 *The Assyrian queen*, Venus or Aphrodite Milton by this epithet marks the Assyrian or Asiatic origin of the Story of Venus and Adonis Venus is thus identified with the goddess worshipped by the Assyrians under the names Astarte, and Ashtoroth. Milton refers to her in the *Nativity Hymn* as 'mooned Ashtoroth,' which being the Hebrew form of the name. In the roll of divinites in *Paradise Lost* she is again placed beside Thammuz (I., 437-441)—

With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called  
Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs

1003 *Far above*, in the highest Heavens, in a position of honour *Spangled sheen*, jewelled brightness, surrounded with glittering stars. 'Spanglo' was used originally of a metal clasp, then of a shining ornament Its most frequent application is, to the starry sky

1004. *Celestial Cupid*, the true or heavenly Love. The Greeks were familiar with the distinction of a higher and a lower Cupid, the former being the son of Jupiter and Venus (Zeus and Aphrodite) So also in Plato and others, Aphrodite Urania or the goddess of heavenly love is distinguished from the goddess of popular worship In the language of the Greeks therefore Celestial Cupid is the 'famed son' of Aphrodite Urania. In plain language she is pure and holy love such as belongs to the life of Heaven The student may again refer,

to the passage in the *Apology for Smeectymnuus* where Milton speaks of love "which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue which she bears in her hand to those that are worthy" distinguishing it from a thick intoxicating potion which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about. Fr *celestial*, Lat *celestis*, *coelum* Lat. *cupido*, *cupere* to desire.

✓ *Famed*, famous, probably derived from the verb 'fame' In *P. L.*, III, 568, the word is used of the Hesperian gardens Fr *fame*, Lat *fama*, *fari*

✓ *Advanced*, elevated This was a recognised meaning of 'advance' in the Seventeenth century The term was specially used of raising standards (*P. L.*, I, 536) The usage is not justified by the etymology Fr *avancer*, *avant*, Lat *ab*, *ante* before

1005 *Dear Psyche* *Psyche* is the Greek name for Soul The goddess *Psyche* is thus the human soul idealised, personified She is the object whom Heavenly Love desires to bless and to possess The love of God seeks to obtain and to live in union with redeemed humanity Milton does not say that the human soul seeks the Divine Love, but that the Divine Love seeks and saves and weds the human soul.

The myth of *Psyche* which Milton thus adapts belongs to the latest stage of classical mythology It is told by Apuleius, an African scholar, in his *Golden Ass* Cupid married *Psyche* and retired with her into a region of bliss Venus in envy put her to death, but Jupiter made her immortal Spenser places Cupid and *Psyche* reconciled to each other along with Venus and Adonis in the Gardens

*Sweet* May be construed either as an adjective agreeing with 'Psyche,' or as an adverb qualifying 'entranced'

✓ *Entranced*, in a state of trance, spell-bound with joy From 'trance', Fr *trance*, Lat. *transitum* a passing away, *he* to go

1006 *After her wandering labours long* The reference is primarily to the trials of *Psyche* recorded in the myth, but really to the trials and errors and sufferings by which humanity is disciplined in its earthly state. 'Wandering' suggests the conception of life as a journey in which the traveller frequently errs. 'Labours' may be used of, toil or suffering Similarly Spenser has the words, "after long troubles and unmeet upbrayes."

1007 *Free consent the gods among* All the Olympians, even Venus herself who had persecuted *Psyche*, agree to her final union with Cupid Or, in the allegory the union of Heavenly Love and purified humanity is approved by all the 'hosts of Heaven' The



adjective 'free' means that Jove is not constrained to overrule the other divinities. All other powers are now in harmony with the Supreme Will. *Et consentit, Lat sentire*

✓ 1008 *Eternal bride*, the union is final. No subsequent state of existence will be a state of trial and probation. The redeemed enter into everlasting bliss. While the marriage of Cupid and Psyche is thus part of the classic myth, Milton is probably thinking of the passages in the Book of Revelation where the Church of Christ is described as his Bride.

✓ 1009 *Unspotted*, spotless 'made perfectly holy. Cf *Rer*, XIX, 7, 8. The marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Or *Eph*, V, 25-27. "As Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

1010 *Two blissful twins*, happy or blessed twins. 'Two' is tautological. 'Twin' is from *twi* with suffix *-n* which has a distributive force, (two at a time).

1011 *Youth and Joy*. This is the twin progeny of redeemed humanity. That is to say, Milton predicates of Heaven eternal youth and eternal happiness. There is no old age with its weakness. That was symbolised in the perennial spring or the eternal summer. The Greek myth of Tithonus expressed the misery of immortality without youth and its energy and beauty. Eternal vigour and eternal bliss are essential parts of the idea of Heaven.

In the passage above referred to in the *Apology for Smectymnus*, Milton says, in close parallelism to the present text, "the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul producing those happy twins of divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue." In this later sentence (eight years later) the mole-eyed editors see the dark shadows of Puritanism; as if virtue and wisdom had been a dread monopoly of that party. Virtue and wisdom are not unknown in *Comus*; they are the two main things in it. But the difference in the names of the twins is due to the fact that, while here in the poem Milton is speaking of another world with its immortal blessedness, in the prose passage he is referring to earth and human life with its trials and duties.

It may be noted that Spenser makes Psyche the mother of a 'child named Pleasure' (*P. 2*, III, vi, 50).

*So Jove hath sworn.* Jupiter who is supreme, and who knows the future, has given his pledge of this. There is perhaps a fundamental reference to *Hebrews*, VI, 17-20

1012. *My task.* Compare verse 18

*Smoothly done,* accomplished satisfactorily. A word of self congratulation

1013 *Fly run* The Spirit in this last scene must have his sky-robes on. See verse 81, cf verse 80. Celestial beings can use wings at pleasure. The word 'run' may perhaps be understood in a wide sense to denote any swift shooting motion, as in verse 81. Here the meaning seems to be I can fly aloft at once, or I can run to the utmost west and there spread my wings in upward flight

1014 *Green earth's end* To the farthest extremity of our world. But the epithet 'green' is a reminiscence of the ancient idea of the Verdant Islands or Cape de Verde Isles on the west coast of Africa, Milton refers to them, *Paradise Lost*, VIII., 630-2—

The parting sun  
Beyond the Earth's green cape and Verdant Isles  
Hesperian, sets, my signal to depart

1015 *Bowed welkin slow doth bend* The curvature of the sky seems less towards the horizon than towards the Zenith overhead. Therefore it seems to bend more slowly. The meaning is the same as in *Par Lost*, IV, 539-540, "where Heaven with Earth and Ocean meets." 'Welkin' is the sky, in Old English it is used of clouds. In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* it is identified with the "element," i.e., the sublunar region

1016 *Soar* Fr *essorer*, Low Latin *exauare*, Latin *ex*, *aura* breeze

1017 *Corners of the moon* The Spirit can go from the extremity of Earth to the nearest of the spheres as quickly as from here to the Earth's extremity, and so doubtless from sphere to sphere and, beyond till he reaches his Empyrean. The word 'corners' or 'horns' as in the verse in Burns' song—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn"—

is used to denote the extremity of the crescent moon. So *P L*, VII, 366. The phrase is in many languages (Lat *cornua lunae*). O Fr *cornere*, Low Lat *cornicula*, *cornu* an angle, Lat *cornu* a horn or projection.

1018 *Mortal* The Spirit now indirectly addresses all mankind. As an immortal he wishes to teach mortal men the way of power and life. See on verse 997

*Would follow me,* desire to enter into the life of Heaven

1019 *Loqe Virtue* This is the grand moral.

*Free Of John VIII.*, 32-36 "The truth shall make you free, who hoever committeth sin is the bond servant of sin if the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed" In the allegory of *Comus* the Lady's body was manacled but not her mind; and because of her virtue she was released from the spell. Inwardly she was free all the time, and outwardly her virtue was rewarded

1021 *Higher than*, abote all the spheres of our Universe. According to Milton's conception, Heaven or the Emphyrean of the blessed was situated above our universe which contained all the stars and systems that were supposed to revolve round our earth See *Par. Lost*, II, 1047-1053

*Sphery chime* Used by metonymy for, chiming Spheres. There were nine or ten Spheres surrounding our earth—the Spheres of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, the Crystalline Sphere and the Primum Mobile. Such is the full and later system. It was an early fancy that the stars or planets in their motion made a music (or 'chime') which might be heard on earth Pythagoras associated his name with the theory Milton often refers to it in his earlier poems. See *Arcades*, 72, *At a Solemn Music*, 20, and the *Nativity Hymn*, 128-132—

And let your silver chime  
More in melodious time,

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

Mid. English *chimbe*, Fr *chimbale*, O Fr *cimbale*; Lat. *cymbalum*; Gr *humbalon* a cymbal, *kumbe* a cup

1022 *Or*, otherwise.

*Feeble* O Fr *foible* (for *foible*); Lat. *febilis*, *flere*, to weep

1023. *Heaven itself* Not merely angels or messengers such as the Attendant Spirit is, but the whole force of Heaven; yea, God Himself.

*Stoop to her* Come down to aid her Perhaps there is here a suggestion of the Incarnation.

The importance Milton attached to this couplet—expressive of an idea of which the whole Poem may be regarded as an imaginative illustration—is shown by an incident, the knowledge of which we owe to Masson Milton returning through Geneva in June 1639 was asked to write his name and some verse or motto in an album kept by a Professor Cardouin there. He inscribed in it these last two verses (except the 'Or,') and a verse from Horace, and underneath these his name *Joannes Miltonius, Anglus*, as may still be read.





# PARAPHRASE.

## 1.92 *Spirit*

I STAND in front of the gates and the star-paved entrance of the palace of heavenly Jupiter. There the bright angels have their spheres of service in mild and tranquil regions where the air is pure and clear and balmy. Far removed are they from the pollutions and noises of this faultily-seen planet which its inhabitants name Earth, where with worldly cares, clogged and caged as cattle in an enclosure, they strive to maintain a weak and troubled existence, oblivious of the heavenly crown that is awarded after death to the Virtuous when they are placed on honoured and sacred seats in the society of the princely Spirits.

Yet amongst men there are some that by upward aspiration and ardent endeavour to obtain, as the justified of God, the gold key that opens the door of the eternal and glorious home. For the sake of some of these am I commissioned. Otherwise I would scorn to soil these my celestial robes with the coarse exhalations that rise from ground habituated to sin.

But let me speak to the charge assigned me. Besides the sovereignty of the seas and tidal streams Neptune obtained by lot (while to Jupiter was assigned the upper and to Pluto the under world) supreme authority over all the islands that as precious and variegated gems adorn the surface of the ocean. These in order to honour the inferior deities of his court, he entrusts to individuals in succession, giving them authority to wear crowns and wield sceptres similar to his own. But this island surpassing the others in size and worth he subdivides amongst his oceanic princes, and this western section he has given in charge to a noble lord of great influence and highly trusted, who is commissioned to rule with gracious dignity a people proud of its ancient name and its warlike prowess. And now to attend the installation of their father his children, who have been educated in a manner worthy of princes, are on their way. But they have to

pass through the intricacies of this dark forest whose gloomy trees and shaking boughs are calculated to strike with terror the lonely travellers. Here too their unprotected youth would be exposed to danger were it not that by peremptory instruction from the Supreme God I have arrived to defend and guard them. The reason is as follows. Listen, for I will tell you a fact unknown as yet to song or legend.

Bacchus the discoverer of wine—that sweet poison, as its abuse has made it—sailing at the pleasure of the winds along the Tuscan shore, after the transformation of his sailors, chanced to come on the island of Cice. Cice, as is universally known, was the daughter of Helios, and possessed an enchanted potion which turned the drinker of it from human to swinish form. This goddess, who loved and admired the beautiful young god with his clustering ivy-garlanded hair, became by him the mother of a son who possessed in a great degree his father's qualities and in a still greater degree her own, whom therefore she named Comus. He, having arrived at full and wanton years, and having wandered over France and Spain, has at last found a dwelling in this bodeful forest, where from his den amid thick black trees he practises the arts of sorcery, excelling his mother therein. To every tired traveller he offers for the appeasing of their thirst his bright sparkling liquor in a clear crystal wine-glass. Most drink from sheer inability to control their appetite, and when they do so immediately their countenances, formed in the exact likeness of the divine face, are changed into bestial shapes—the likeness of wolf or bear, of lynx or tiger, of swine or goat,—while the other parts of their bodies remain unchanged. They, to complete their wretchedness, fail to perceive the foul degradation, they imagine themselves fairer than they were before, and their former society and discipline they abandon that unrestrained they may surrender themselves to a life of sensuality. Therefore when it happens that any who are specially dear to God are passing through this perilous glen, I, swift as a meteor, dart from heaven to guard them on their way. And thus I now do

But first I must put off these rain-bow robes, and must assume the guise of a peasant in the service of Lord Bridgewater, such a peasant as is skilled in playing or singing, and by his music can calm the roaring winds and waving woods, faithful in the highest degree to his master, such a one as might be expected to be here at his post and ready now to aid. But I hear the advance of Isted feet. I must withdraw from sight.

145-169 *Crow*. Stop, stop! I perceive the very different step of some chaste person walking not far off. Run to your coverings or hiding-places in the thicket. So large a company of us is sure to cause alarm. A maiden to be sure, (so by my skill I ascertain) overtaken by night in the forest! Now let me resort to my spells and wiles. Soon I shall have about me as large a stool of animals (formed out of men) as my mother ever had. Thus through the receptive air I throw my glittering dust which has a magic power to work illusion on the eye of whoever approaches and to create unreal appearances. This will prevent the girl from being alarmed or put to flight by the strangeness of the place and the unusual character of my dress. For to allow suspicion or alarm would be contrary to my deliberate policy. My method is to affect friendliness, to utter well-chosen words of falsehood and of flattery, and by such plausible arts to win myself into the hearts of the unreflecting and by pretended kindness to ensnare them. As soon as the maiden's eye beholds this potent powder she will be able to see in me only an inoffending peasant [who spends the evening frugally looking after implements or flocks.] But here she is. In the first instance I step out of view and try to ascertain what she is doing here.

170-229 *Lady*. From this direction came the sounds unless my hearing, which is now my best guidance, has deceived me. I deemed it to be the noise of riotous sport such as after harvest the illiterate rustics indulge in, when to the music of flute or pipe they dance and shout, thus thanking the gods for the increase of their flocks and the ingathering of the season's fruits.



Unwilling am I to meet at this late hour these rude and boisterous revellers. But alas! how otherwise am I to find information for my way through this entangled labyrinth of trees? My two brothers, when they saw me wearied with the long journey and determined to rest for a little under the pine trees that spread overhead their sheltering branches, walked away (so at least they said they would do) to the nearest thicket to gather for me berries or such refreshing fruit as they might find in the fertile woods. They went away just when the grey twilight came on, which follows the chariot of the Sun like a gloomy devotee in palmers' garb. But where they have gone to and why they did not return is the subject of my anxious thought. The probability is that they unwittingly went too far, and that the darkness of night supervening before they were able to return has enviously robbed me of them. For what purpose but robbery hast thou, dishonest Night, shut up the stars (as the highwayman conceals his light in a dark lantern) that Nature placed in the heavens to shine through all ages, and to give needed light to lonely and bewildered travellers? This is the very spot whence as I think a minute ago the loud noise of extensive merry-making came distinctly to my ear. Yet nothing seems to be here but utter darkness. What is the meaning of it? A thousand fancies fill my mind, such things as I have heard of of forms met calling or shadows seen beckoning or of voices heard in the air uttering names in syllables by the sea-shore or in lonely desert. (These fancies may indeed startle) but they will not overpower the mind that is staid on virtue, for to such Conscience is as an ever-present and powerful champion. Oh, welcome Faith with thy clear pure eyes, and Hope white-handed angel that hovers on thy golden wings, and stainless Chastity! I see your heavenly forms and now I believe that God, the Sovereign Ruler and the perfectly Good, who makes even things evil to fulfil his purposes would send from heaven, if there were need, a shining angel to guard me and to preserve inviolate my honour and my life. Did I err in thinking that I saw angelic forms, or did a dark

cloud turn out its white lining on the sky I did not cry Ever now a dark cloud is turning out its white lining and is casting a gleam of light on the thickets of this wood I cannot send a loud halloo to reach my brothers But what I can do to make my voice spread through the air I shall try And perhaps after all they may be near

244-330 *Comus* Can any human being formed only of the elements of earth give utterance to music so transporting and divine? Surely within that breast some holy principle has its seat and with these rapturous strains makes the air vocal to proclaim its secret abode How sweetly did they seem to float, on the soft wings of universal Silence, through the starless night, at every cadence smoothing the inequalities and discords on the raven-coloured plumage of Darkness, till Night harmonious in its blackness seemed to smile! I have often listened to the songs of my mother Circe, and the three Sirens with rosy-bosomed Naiads round about them, as they gathered their magic herbs and drugs They, as they sang, were wont to captivate the Soul, and then to take it and charm it asleep in Elysian bliss. Scylla under their influence would weep and compel her barking waves to listen in silent attention Fierce Charybdis exchanged its roaring swell for the soft murmurs of applause Once and the Sirens lulled the mind into a pleasing slumber or left it lost in a sweet unreason But such a pure and heart-felt joy, such assumed, controlled and rational delight, I never before experienced I shall accost her and shall make her my queen Hail! lady, object of admiration, come from some distant land! For assuredly this rough forest never reared thee, unless thou art the goddess that here in a rural temple dwellest with Pan or with Sylvanus, warding off by incantations the influence of ungenial fogs from these healthy and flourishing tall trees

*Lady* In vain, gentle swain, is the praise uttered that is spoken to inattentive ears Not to show skill, but as a last resort in my endeavour to recover lost companions, was I induced

to rouse by song the courteous Echo that from her resting-place in the valley she might give me answer

*Comus* What mischance, good Lady, has left you thus forsaken?

*Lady* The darkness of the evening and this maze of trees

*Comus* Were these sufficient to separate you from guides walking in front of you

*Lady* They left me as I sat down to rest on a grassy <sup>bank</sup>

*Comus* Did they betray then trust or did they fail in courteous attention, or what is the explanation?

*Lady* They went to seek some fountain with cool water and fruit-bearing trees

*Comus* And did they leave quite unprotected a fair lady like you?

*Lady* There were only two of them and they intended to return speedily

*Comus* Perhaps the darkness coming on sooner than they had expected, prevented them

*Lady* How readily you have guessed my trouble!

*Comus* Is the loss of them apart from the present difficulty, a matter of concern to you?

*Lady* Yes, it would be the loss of my brothers.

*Comus* Are they full-grown or adolescent?

*Lady* Their boyish hips are as smooth as Hobe's

*Comus* Two answering to your description I saw about the time when the toiling oxen were returning with loose traces from the plough or when the tired hedgers had reached home and were seated at supper. They were standing underneath a green gadding vine that extends along the side of your hill, plucking ripe clusters of grapes from off the tender shoots. Their bearing was preter-human. I imagined that they were bright beings of the airy regions, such as breathe in the colours of the rain-bow

or sport in the variegated clouds I was filled with reverence  
 and as I passed I did obeisance If it be these that you seek it  
 would be a task as pleasant as the path to heaven to help you to  
 find them *It would afford me the greatest pleasure  
 to point them out for you.*

*Indy* Gentle swain tell me the way that would most readily  
 bring me to the place

*Com* It lies due west from the thicket we are in

*Indy* To find the way good Shepherd, with so little light in  
 the sky would, I imagine baffle the skill of the best discoverer  
 of paths if he had not the advantage derived from familiarity with  
 the ground

*Com* I am perfectly familiar with this forest, and know all  
 its lanes and green alleys its hollows and bushy vales, and every  
 thicket [or streamlet] it contains Near them I have lived my  
 life and through them I daily walk And if you wandering  
 companions have found lodging or cover within these bounds  
 I shall resort in before dawn or the springing of the lark from  
 its grass-covered nest on the ground In any case lady, I can  
 guide you to a humble but faithful cottage in which until further  
 search is made you may rest in safety

*Indy* I accept your promise, Shepherd, and trust your  
 courtesy thus honestly offered It is a quality found more  
 readily in humble huts with smoke-stained rafters than in the  
 gorgeous halls and courts of kings from which it took its name,  
 and where still there is most pretence of it Since a spot less  
 assured or less secure than this cannot well be found I need not  
 hesitate to change Blessed God, look down on me, and let not  
 my trial be out of proportion to my strength Shepherd, I follow

331-470 *Elder Brother* Come forth, dim stars, from your  
 covering, and thou moon that lovest to be blessed by travellers,  
 bend thy pale face through a fleecy cloud and dispel the con-  
 fusion due to the combination of darkness and forest Or if the  
 power of moon and stars be shut off by the dark mists that  
 fill the air, may some small candle shining through the wicker

window of some clay-built habitation come to us with its long level line of light, and it shall be our guiding and honoured star, like the *Ursa Major* of the Greeks or the *Cynosure* of the Phœnicians.

*Second Brother* Or if that is denied to our vision, could we but hear the bleating of sheep in their folds, where in huddled cotes they are enclosed, or the sound of a shepherd's oaten reed, or a whistle from the keeper's lodge, or the crowing of the village cock as to his hens he marks the watches of the night—in any of these there would be some comfort and encouragement in this prison of innumerable trees. But alas! that unfortunate maiden, our sister, whom we have lost—where can she be wandering now, or whither has she gone to find protection from the cold dew in this rough thorny region? It may be that her head is resting on some cold bank or that without a pillow it is leaning on the hard bark of some sheltering elm tree, filled with mournful fear. Possibly she is in a state of stupefaction and alarm, or as we speak, within the dreadful grasp of wild animal ferocity or passion.

*Elder Brother* Hush! brother, do not too minutely anticipate the form of evils which we do not know to be real. For even if they are real—so long as they remain unknown to us why should we ante-date the period of grief, and hasten to encounter that which we would most desire to shun. On the other hand, if they are unreal and only false alarms, is not the self-deception bitter? I do not suppose my sister to be so deficient and so ungrounded in the book of virtue and the peace of mind that belongs essentially to goodness, that the mere absence of light and sound (she not being in danger as I trust) could deprive her of her wonted serenity of mind and throw her into undignified perplexity. Virtue could by its own self-emitted light see to carry out its will though both sun and moon were sunk for ever in the low sea. And as for solitude, Wisdom herself often seeks a place of retirement where, attended by Contemplation, she develops and adjusts the feathers of her wings that in the centres of manifold business have been quite ruffled and sometimes even injured.

The man who has <sup>intelligence</sup> light in his own <sup>heart</sup> pure breast may sit in the dark underground and enjoy a brightness as of noonday while he that bears in his bosom <sup>in a dark conscience</sup> (a dark soul) or polluted thoughts walks as in the darkness of night though the sun be overhead. (He is his own gloomy prison-house <sup>his own mind being to a dark and underground</sup>)

*Second Brother* It is very true that the thoughtful Meditative man delights in the lonely cell far removed from the cheerful habitation of men or the haunts of herds, and that there he sits as safe as in a guarded senate. For no one would rob a hermit of his worthless garments, or his books, or his beads, or wooden plate; no one would dream of assailing a poor old man. But a fair virgin, like the tree in the gardens of the Hesperides that was loaded with fruits of blooming gold, stands in need of the sleepless protection of the unfailing dragon-watch, so as to defend her beauty and her worth from the rash power of daring and licentious men. (I should as soon believe that the hoarded treasures of a miser could with safety be spread out beside the den of a robber as that lawless men would forego an opportunity and let a solitary and helpless girl pass unscathed through the wild waste that surrounds us here; Neither of darkness nor of loneliness by itself am I afraid. What I fear is what so often waits on both—the possibility of violence, from some falsely-saluting hand, towards our unprotected sister.)

*Elder Brother* Brother, I do not mean to reason as if I considered my sister's condition absolutely free of danger. But where the result hangs in an equal balance of hope and fear I am naturally inclined to hope, and I gladly keep at a distance squint-eyed suspiciousness. My sister is not quite so unprotected as you think. She has an inward power of which you are forgetful.

*Second Brother* What inward power do you refer to—unless you mean the power of God?

*Elder Brother* Yes, the power of God, <sup>you speak of</sup> but also an inward power, which though it <sup>comes</sup> from God is yet her own. (It is

the power of Chastity She that is armed therewith is completely clothed in steel, and like a nymph bearing a quiver with sharp arrows may walk through great forests, shelterless moorlands hills frequented by robbers, and dangerous sandy deserts In all of these—such is the radiant power of this holy virtue—no man, however wild or fierce or lawless, will dare to wrong her purity Yea, in the most desolate places, by the side of caverns shaggy with bustling jungle she may walk with unshrinking calm dignity, provided it is not done proudly or presumptuously

Some believe that virginity is proof against all harm from any and every evil spirit of the darkness. Neither the spirits of fire or mist, of bog or lake nor the livid hags nor the restless ghosts that escape at night-fall from the chains of the graveyard, nor goblins, nor dark creatures of the mines are able to injure any virgin Do you believe what I say or shall I seek additional testimony to the power of Chastity from the wisdom of the ancient Greeks To this the virgin goddess, the white-arrowed huntress Diana owed the power of her dreaded bow, whereby she subdued the tawny lion and the spotted leopard, while she disregarded the weapons of the frivolous god of love She was queen of the forest, and by the sternness of her countenance both gods and men were overawed What was the meaning of that Medusa shield with snakes instead of hair which the learned Minerva bore whereby she was said to have petrified her enemies It was an allegorical representation of the power of her rigidly and austere chaste countenance and of the noble dignity and beauty with which she compelled the violent and the brutish to render her immediate and absolute homage

The holy virtue of Chastity is so beloved of Heaven that in God's service hosts of numbing angels attend the perfectly pure to ward off each spirit of evil, and by dream and vision to communicate knowledge of things too heavenly for the sense to comprehend As a consequence of this frequent association with angelic beings, even the body, which is in such a case the holy temple of the Soul, becomes irradiated, and gradually

is transformed into the finer nature of the Soul till the entire humanity becomes immortal. On the other hand, when soul consciousness by look or motion, or word and most of all by act, opens a way to inward defilement, the consequence is that from the bodily contagion the Soul becomes less spiritual and more gross, is materialized and brutalised, till in the end it forfeits its original divine nature! Such are those coarse, damp and dark ghostlike forms that are often seen in the vicinity of recent graves, where they continue to sit as if they were reluctant to leave the body with which they were formerly allied and as if through sensual habit they had debased themselves to permanent union with the lower forms of existence. 1

*Second Brother.* How delightful is the wisdom that of things divine can tell! not as the dull think harsh and disagreeable, but softly musical as is the lute of Apollo and like a feast of continuous nutritious sweets from which no indigestion follows.

189-512 *Elder Brother.* Listen O listen! I hear a distant shout piercing the silence of the air.

*Second Brother.* I also thought I heard it. What can it be?

*Elder Brother.* To be sure it is either some one who like us has lost his way in the dark, or some neighbouring forester or at the worst, some member of a gang of robbers shouting to his companions.

*Second Brother.* May God guard my sister! Again it sounds and a third time and it is coming nearer us. Let us draw out swords and be ready to fight.

*Elder Brother.* I shall shout. If he is a friend he is welcome, if he is an enemy self-defence is just. May Heaven help us!

(*Thyrsis enters.*)

'That voice I think I know. Who are you? Speak out. Do not approach too near or you will encounter steel stakes.

*Spirit.* Who is speaking? Is it my lord? Speak, again



*Second Brother* Brother, it is our father's shepherd I'm certain.

*Elder Brother* Thyrsis whose strains of skilful music have often charmed the rapid brook to stand still and hear thy song, and have increased the fragrance of every rose of the valley, how art thou here, good Shepherd? Has any ram escaped from the fold, or has any she-goat left her kid or has any wether straggled from the gathered flock? How hast thou reached this dark and lonely spot?

*Spirit* O son and heir of my beloved Master and the nearest object of his joy! I have not come for any cause so trivial as the recovery of a ewe or aught snatched away by a wolf. Not all the flocks that feed upon these hills are to be compared for a moment with the object of my errand and the anxiety it has caused. But alas! where is she, our virgin lady? how has it come to pass that she is not with you?

*Elder Brother* To tell the truth, Shepherd without any blamefulness or negligence on our part we lost her as we came along.

*Spirit* Ah! me miserable! My fears are thus well-grounded.

*Elder Brother* What do you fear Thyrsis? please tell us at once.

513-658 *Spirit* I shall. It is no vain fable (though shallow and ignorant persons may so think) what the wise inspired poets in olden times recorded in lofty and undying poetry regarding fire-breathing monsters magical islands or riven rocks whose clefts lead to the under-world. Such things exist, but the unbelieving cannot discern.

In the heart of this dreadful forest, valled in by gloomy cypress trees there lives a Sorcerer—the offspring of Bacchus and Circe—who bears the name of Comus. He is deeply versed in all the bewitching arts of his mother, and here with cunning allurements he offers to thirsty travellers his most hurtful liquor which has been mixed to the accompaniment of many muttered

spells Its guleful poison utterly transfigures the faces of the  
 drinkers, and changes the human countenance into the form and  
 likeness of the face of a beast, thus destroying the mould and  
 stamp of reason that is engraved upon the countenance Thus  
 I have ascertained as I have kept my flocks near at hand on the  
 grassy knolls that overhang this open hollow For from this  
 quarter every night he and his crew of monsters are heard  
 howling like wolves in their dens or tigers in pursuit while to  
 Hecate they perform loathsome rites in their black resorts in the  
 thickest of the woods Many tempting alluements and many  
 deceiving charms have they, by which they entangle and decoy  
 the unguarded minds of such as pass by ignorant This very  
 evening, about the time when the flocks had finished eating the  
 dew-moistened sweet knot-grass and were in fold for the night,  
 I sat down for my night-watch on a bank which had a covering  
 overhead of my interwoven with gay honey-suckle, and began in  
 a mood of pleasing sadness to practise my rustic music till I  
 should tire thereof But before I reached a close I heard the  
 customary howling in the wood, filling the air with its barbarian  
 discords Whereupon I was silent, and listened for a little, still  
 a sudden and unexpected <sup>change from merriment to death</sup> (pause) stopped the paim of the drowsy  
 horses that draw the carriage where close-curtained Sleep  
 reposes, <sup>through the vault of night</sup> At length, like an exhalation of the finest fragrance,  
 uprose a soft and solemn sound of music, which came stealing  
 through the air so wunningly that Silence, ere she knew, was  
 charmed, and wished to be able so renounce her nature—never  
 again to be stillness, but ever to be replaced by such <sup>ravishing strains</sup> (music) I  
 strained every nerve to hear, and imbibed such harmonies as  
 might form a living soul within the skeleton figure of Death  
 But alas! soon I knew too well that it was the voice of your  
 sister, that dear and honoured lady Horror-stricken I stood,  
 torn with fear and grief And I said within myself "Poor  
 unfortunate sweet singer of the night, how sweetly dost thou  
 sing all beside the fatal snare!" Then I darted down the lawns,  
 along paths and round turnings often trodden in the day-time,

until, directed by my ear, I came to the spot where that accursed Sorcerer, cunningly disguised (for so by certain tests I was able to discover), had already, before I running at utmost speed, was able to prevent it, come full to face with the helpless and blameless lady whom he desired as his prey. She supposing him to be some swain from a neighbouring village, gently asked him if he had seen two of a certain description. Longer I did not dare to stay, but at once I guessed that you were the two she referred to. Thereupon I took to rapid flight and searched for you, till I have found you here. That is all I can tell.

*Second Brother* O darkness and forest, how are ye associated with devils in a triple alliance against a single weak and unprotected virgin! Brother, is this the confidence you encouraged me to feel?

*Elder Brother* Yes, and still I bid you maintain it, rest peacefully on it. For my part not a sentence shall be withdrawn. Against the menaces of malice or of magic and against what men in their ignorance call Chance, I firmly assert this truth, Virtue may be the object of an attack, but it cannot be injured, it may be taken at a disadvantage by lawless power, but it cannot be enslaved or overthrown. And even the devices which mischievous men designed to work most harm shall in the end prove the occasion of greatest glory. On the other hand, evil shall be thrown back upon itself and shall be finally separated from goodness, and when gathered, like filth, in one huge mass it shall in endless flux feed and devour and reproduce itself. Unless these words be true, the pillars of the universe are unsubstantial and the foundations of the earth are straw. But now let us advance. Against the will and work of God may this sword (which only in the cause of justice shall I wield) never once be raised. But with reference to that cursed Sorcerer, though he should be encompassed with all the hideous legions of demons that follow the black flag of Hell—all the harpies or hydras or other monstrosities that are to be found

from west to east—I will track him and compel him to surrender his prey, or, if not, I will drag him by the hair to a death as foul and accused as his life is

*Spirit* Alas! audacious youth, I greatly admire your courage and your enterprise. But in this case your sword can accomplish little. Weapons of a quite different kind are needed to subdue the power of diabolic spells. With his rod alone he can tear thy joints asunder or make thy knees shrink in impotence.

*Elder Brother* If so, Shepherd, tell me how you yourself ventured to go so close to him as to be able to bring this report.

*Spirit* In my anxious and desperate desire to prevent his coming upon the unsuspecting lady, I was reminded of a shepherd lad of no prepossessing appearance but of profound knowledge of the properties of all the healing plants or herbs that in the morning sun unfold their green leaves. He was warmly attached to me, and often beseeched me to sing to him. And when I did so, he would sit on the soft grass and listen till his soul was filled with rapture. Then in return he would open his leather bag and show healing herbs of a thousand kinds going over the wonderful and powerful qualities of each. From the others he picked out for me a small plain root of which the power was divine. It had a darkish leaf and prickly points. In another soil, however, though not here, it bears (as he assured me) a bright yellow flower. Its properties are unknown and unregarded, and the dull heavy-footed peasant tramples on it every day. Yet it is of more medicinal effect than the famous Moly which in olden time Mercury gave to the sage Ulysses. The lad called it *Haemony* and presented it to me, bidding me keep it as a thing all-powerful against witchery, mildew blight, unhealthy vapours, or the visitation of the hideous Furies. I carefully kept it, yet thought little about it, till now that an extreme necessity has made me have recourse to it. But I have found on trial that what he told me is true. For by means of it I recognized the magician through his disguise, and I walked within the area of

his spells and yet came easily away If you have this herb upon your person (as you may for I will give it you) you may confidently assault the wizard's palace And if he is within, then do you with waving sword and daring bravery rush upon him, shatter his wine-glass, and spill on the ground his sparkling potion, but above all take possession of his rod Though he and his accursed followers make furious resistance or loud threatenings, or though, like the sons of Vulcan, they breathe forth flame, yet, if their leader once shrink, they will all soon fall back

*Elder Brother* Thyrsis, lead the way quickly I shall walk behind. May some good angel provide for us a shield

659—813 *Comus* No, Lady, do not attempt to rise I have only to wave this rod and at once your nerves are paralysed, you become petrified like a statue, or rooted like a tree, as Daphne was when she fled from Apollo

*Lady* Boast not, foolish fellow You cannot with your incantations affect the freedom of my mind, though this bodily frame you have enchained while God permits it

*Comus* Why, Lady, are you troubled? Why do you scowl? This is no place for anger or for frowning. From the doors of this palace vexation keeps far off This is the home of pleasure, here are all the joys that fancy can awaken in the youthful mind at the time when the fresh hot blood freely circulates brisk as the primroses and buds of spring And first take note of this bright cordial, with its ingredients of balm and fragrant syrups See how it moves and shines and sparkles in the crystal glass Even the nepenthe which once in Egypt Polydamna the wife of Thone, gave to Helen Jove's daughter, would have failed to produce such delight as this does, or to exercise the same kindly and refreshing effects Why with rigid austerity do you treat yourself so cruelly and those delicate limbs which Nature intrusted to you for soft luxurious keeping? But you reverse the intention of Nature, and in the manner of an unfaithful

borrower, you use with harshness what you received for softness. Thus you mock the conditions to which men are all subject, and in disregard of which they cannot long hold out, (conditions which require refreshing after labour, and ease after suffering) although you are tired and hungry and now need seasonable rest. But, fair maiden, this draught will soon restore you fully.

*Lady* Deceiver and betrayer, it will do no such thing. Nor will it restore the integrity of speech that by thy falsehoods thou hast put far from thy tongue. Was it to this you referred when you spoke of a cottage and a safe dwelling-place? What grim faces are these, what hideous-headed monsters thus misshapen? The mercy of God defend me! Begone, thou foul deceiver, with thine enchanted drugs. After betraying me in my simple innocent youth with false appearances, disguised and fabricated, wilt thou next try to entrap me with sweet-tasting baits, fit only to ensnare a beast. Even if it were wine for Juno, when she holds high feast, I would scorn the gift from traitorous hands like thine. Only good men can make their gifts good, and what is not good cannot give delight to a controlled judicious appetite.

*Comus* O foolish people that listen to the stiff Stoic teachers, and draw rules of life from the cynical Diogenes, praising Abstinence that lean, haggard, sickly-complexioned thing! Why, I ask, did Nature so fully and unreservedly pour forth her bounteous gifts, so as to fill the earth with flocks and fruits and fragrance, and to crowd the seas with fishes and living creatures innumerable, were it not to delight and satisfy the taste of inquisitive or dainty admirers? And to adorn her children she planted in millions of worms to spin or weave the smooth silk. And that no region should be without tokens of her abundance, she garnered in the interior of the earth the coveted gold and the precious gums with which her children might enrich themselves. If all mankind in a passion for temperance were to eat only vegetable food, drink only water, and wear only coarse

cloth, the universal Giver would be without thanks or praise, his valuable gifts would be neither known nor cherished. Service would be rendered to him as to a miserly master penuriously careful of his possessions, and we should live not as sons with full freedom but as half-privileged bastards. As a further result, Nature would be over-burdened with its own weight and strangled with its superfluous abundance, the Earth would be encumbered with its quantity of produce, the air would be dark with multitudinous flocks of birds, herds would be too numerous for their owners, the sea unduly filled, would overflow, and the ungathered gems would so irradiate the ocean, and so brighten its depths like another star-bespangled sky, that the creatures of the deep, formed for the darkness, would become habituated to light and at last seek the solid earth to live boldly in the Sun's light. Hearken, Lady do not be too modest, and do not cheat yourself with that word of boast, *Virginity*. Beauty is like coin. It should be in current use, and not laid by. Its good is found in bliss mutually shared, and not in self-enjoyment. If you let time go past it will be like an unplucked rose which languishes and withers on the stalk. Beauty is the pride and boast of Nature. It should therefore be exhibited at courts, at public banquets and stated assemblies, so that as many as possible may admire the workmanship of Nature. They that have homely faces may stay at home. Thence comes their epithet. Women of coarse complexion and bloom-less cheeks do well enough for needle-work or the teasing of the wool. For such purposes there is no need of ruddy lips, or sparkling eyes, or golden hair. These gifts point to a quite different intention. Judge what that may be, take advice, you are not yet fully wise,

*Lady* I did not expect to have to open my mouth in this unholy place, but this trickster parading principles of lies dressed up in the guise of truth, is endeavouring to beguile my judgment as he did my sight. I cannot endure to hear Vice sophistically pleading a specious cause while Virtue remains silent and

does not rebuke its insolence Deceiver ! accuse not blameless Nature by imputing to her the desire that her children should riot in prodigality She, righteous provider, intends her stores only for good men who in sobriety obey her laws and conform to the commands of self-denying and sacred Temperance If every honest man that is at this moment living in distressful poverty were to receive a proper share of the wealth which in great excess is now bestowed upon a few who live in wanton and haughty luxury, the abundant blessings of Nature would be distributed according to men's needs, all would obtain proportionate possession, and there would be no encumbrance anywhere Then too would the Heavenly Giver be more truly thanked and more duly praised For the glutton, with his swinish instincts, thinks not of God as he feasts in pomp, but with low and sottish thanklessness, he crowds his stomach while he dishonours the kind Providence Shall I continue, or have I said enough ? To the man who with profane lips dares to speak contemptuously of Chastity, that light-enclosed power, willingly would I make answer Yet, in your case what benefit would it be ? Neither by hearing nor by cogitation can your mind obtain knowledge of the lofty and profoundly mysterious thoughts that have to be uttered before the wise and weighty theory of Virginity is unfolded And you richly deserve to be kept in ignorance of any truer happiness than what you now possess Enjoy then the wit you are so fond of, and all your brilliant arguments that have been formed to look so plausible To hear them overthrown would be for you beyond your merits. Yet if I were to try, the infinite preciousness of this sacred cause would so bear me aloft and so inflame my spirit, and so inspire my utterance, that the material things of Nature would be forced to sympathise, and the soul-less Earth would quiver until by the convulsion your enchanted palace which you have raised so high would fall in ruins on your guilty head

Comus What she says is no mere fable I am conscious of an inward fear that behind her words there is some power



divine, and though I am not mortal man, yet all over me creeps a tremor, and with it a cold perspiration such as the party of Saturn have felt when Jove in his wrath has thundered on them, threatening to enchain them in Hell. I must conceal the fact, and try her again by a method more powerful—Come now, lady, we have had enough of this. It is mere babble, and is directly opposed to the fundamental laws of our society. I cannot allow it to go farther. Yet after all, it is but the lees and dregs of melancholia. This draught will drive it off and completely cure you at once. One little sip is able to revive the downcast soul and to plunge it in a joy that transcends all dreamt-of bliss. Be wise, taste and see.

814-818 *Spirit* Oh! have you allowed the Sorcerer to escape? You have made a mistake. You should have seized his rod and bound him. Without the rod held in reverse position and the binding charms muttered backwards, we cannot dis sever the lady from the chair wherein she sits, fixed, fettered, and powerless. Yet wait, be not troubled. Now I remember another method of release that in former times I learned from the venerable Melibœus, the truest shepherd that ever piped his music.

Near this dwells a high-born Nymph who is queen and goddess of the smooth river Severn. Her name is Sabrina. She is a virgin. Once she was the daughter of Loecine who succeeded Brutus on the throne. This innocent maiden, while endeavouring to escape from her furious stepmother, Guendolen, cast herself (trusting in her innocence) into the river that crossed the path of her flight. The river nymphs that were disporting in the stream held up their pearl-encircled arms to receive her, and bore her right off to the halls of aged Nereus. He pitying her misfortunes raised her lifeless head and commanded the Nereids to bathe her in a bath of nectar strewn with asphodel. And through the openings of the senses they (dropt in ambrosial) medicine till life returned and she was

made immortal, being transformed into a goddess and made goddess of the Severn. Still she is gentle as a maiden, and often in the twilight of the evenings she comes forth to visit the herds of cattle in the meadows, to heal the blights caused by urchins, and with precious medicinal liquors to cure the ill effects caused by the wicked meddling elf. In return the peasants on their festive days praise in loud rapturous song her goodness, and present her with garlands of fair flowers—pansies and pinks and daffodils—which they throw to her in the river. And, as Melibœus said, she can undo the binding charm and melt, break the benumbing spell, provided that in warbled verse she is properly invoked. For she loves the state of maidenhood; and maidens, such as she was herself, she is quick to aid in hours of anxious need. To make due invocation I shall try, accompanying my song with what aid is to be derived from additional verses of adjuration

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# APPENDICES.

## A

*Extract from Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton (Prior of Eton)  
to the Author, 15th April 1638*

"Since your going you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language. *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artifice. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr R, in the very close of the late R's\* Poems, printed at Oxford whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the necessary might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*."

---

## B

### I

#### DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION OF 1637

*'To the Right Honourable John, Lord Brackley, son and  
heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater,' etc*

*'My Lord,*

"This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much

---

\* Supposed to be the poet Randolph

honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

“Your most faithful and most humble Servant,

“H. LAWES”

## 2

### MILTON'S SONNET

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS

HAPPY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scar  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long,  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for envy to look wan,  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue  
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire,  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Castella, whom he wooed to sing  
 Met in the mulder shades of purgatory

## C

## SABRINA

## 1

## MILTON'S ACCOUNT

Milton relates how Brutus landed in Albion, built Troja Nova (afterwards called Trinovantum=London), and at his death left his territory to Loerne, Albanact, and Camber, his three sons. Loerne received the middle part which was named Loegria; Albanact received Albania, i.e., Scotland; Camber, Cambria or Wales. Loerne later on defeated Humber, king of the Huns, who had invaded Britain, and, says Milton, "among the spoils of his camp and navy were found certain young maids, and Estrildis above the rest, passing fair, the daughter of a king in Germany, whom Loerne, though before contracted to the daughter of Corineus [a Trojan warrior who accompanying Brutus, to Britain had received Cornwall as his share of the conquered territory], resolves to marry. But being forced and threatened by Corineus, whose authority and power he feared, Guendolen the daughter he yields to marry, but in secret loves the other and ... had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off by the death of Corineus, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen, all in rage, departs into Cornwall, where Madan, the son she had by Loerne, was hitherto brought up by Corineus his grandfather. And gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river Sture (i.e., Stour), wherein Loerne, shot with an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen for Estrildis, and her daughter Sabra, she throws into a river and, to leave a monument of revenge, proclaims that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name, which by length of time, is changed now to Sabrina, or Severn.—Quoted from *Milton's HISTORY OF BRITAIN*

## 2

*SPINSTER'S Fairy Queen, II, v, 13-19*

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule sublewd,  
 And raigned long in great felicitie,  
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd  
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,  
 Borne of faire Inogene of Italy,  
 Mongst whom he parted his imperall state,  
 And Loecine left chiefe lord of Britany  
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late  
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate

Loecine was left the soveraine lord of all,  
 But Albannet had all the northerne part,  
 Which of himselfe Albama he did call,  
 And Cambei did possesse the western quart,  
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart  
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,  
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
 That once their quiet government annoyd,  
 But each his paines to others profit still employd.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,  
 And courage fierce, that all men did affry,  
 Which through the world then swarnd in every part,  
 And overflowd all countries far away,  
 Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,  
 This land invaded with like violence,  
 And did themselves through all the north display  
 Untill that Loecine for his realmes defence,  
 Did head against them make, and strong munifience

He them encountred, a confused rout,  
 Foreby the river that whylome was hight  
 The auncient Abus, where with courage stout  
 He them defeated in victorious fight,  
 And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
 That forst their chiefetaine, for his safeties sake  
 (Their chiefetaine Humber named was aright,)   
 Unto the mightie streame him to betake,  
 Where he an end of battell and of life did make

The king returned proud of victorie,  
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,  
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,  
 Which in his land he lately did appease  
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease  
 He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, lewdly lov'd,  
 Whose wanton pleasures hun too much did please,  
 That quitte his hart from Guendolene remov'd,  
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaymes faithful prov'd

The noble daughter of Cormens  
 Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,  
 But, gathering force, and courage valorous,  
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,  
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind  
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke  
 And threw in bands, where he till death remand,  
 Als his fare leman flying through a brooke  
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteons looke

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare  
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure  
 The faire Sabrina almost dead with feare,  
 She there attached, far from all succoure  
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,  
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,  
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,  
 Which of her name now Severne men do call  
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

## 3

FROM DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion* Sixth Song

To Cornwall then she sends (her country) for supplies  
 Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise  
 Then with her warlike power her husband she pursu'd,  
 Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude  
 - The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse,  
 As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her force,  
 Him suddenly surpris'd, and from her neful heart  
 All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)  
 The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life,  
 Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,  
 Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore  
 Then crowning Madan King, whom she to Loocrine bore,  
 And those which serv'd his sire to his obedience brought,  
 Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought  
 The mother and the child whose beauty when she saw,  
 Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to draw  
 A spring of pitying tears, when, dropping liquid pearl,  
 Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl  
 Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy Woe for thee,  
 Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabine see,  
 As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage,  
 Whom kingly Loocrine's death suffic'd not to assuage  
 Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast  
 Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks aghast  
 Resounded with your shrieks, till in a deadly dream  
 Your coresses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,  
 Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear  
 The same in water now, that once in locks they were ;  
 And, as you wont to clip each other's neck before,  
 Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring shore.



## 4

FROM WARNER'S *Albion*

When Brute should dye thus to his sonnes  
He did the isle conuay :

To Camber wales, to Albanact

He Albane did leaue,

To Locrine Britaine whom his queene  
Of life did thus bercaue

THE furious Hun, that drowning theare

To Humber left his name,

The king did vanquish, and for spoyle  
Vnto his name came

Where Humbar's daughter, parragon

For beutie, such a dame

As Loue himselfe could not but loue,

Did Locrine so inflame,

That Guendoleyne, the Cornish duke

His daughter, Locrin's queene,

Grew in contempt, and, Coryn dead,

His change of choyse was seene.

To Cornwall goes the wrothfull queene

To seaze her father's land,

From whence she brought, to worke reuenge,

Of warriours stout a band,

And bids her husband battell, and

In battell is he slaine

And for their sonne in nonage was,

She to his vse did rayne.

The lady Estrild Locrin's loue,

And Sabrin, wondrous faire,

Her husband's and his leiman's impe,

She meaning not to spare,

Did bring vnto the water that

The wenche's name doth beare

They lifting vp their lillie hands,  
 From out their louely eyes  
 Powre teares like pearles, and wash those cheekes  
 Where naught saue beautilie lyes  
 And seeking to excuse themselves,  
 And mercie to obtaine,  
 With speeches good, and prayers faire,  
 They speake and pray in vaine  
 Queene Guendoleyne so bids, and they  
 Into the flood are cast,  
 Whereas amongst the drenching waues  
 The ladies breath their last

---

## D

### *Extract from Milton's Apology for Smectymnus*

I had my time, readers, as others have, who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places, where the opinion was it might be soonest attained, and as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended, whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but as my age then was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets, whereof the schools are not scarce, whom both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me, and for their matter, which what it is there be few that know not, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome. For that it was then those years with me which are excused though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye. Whence having observed them to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love those high perfections which under one or other name they took to celebrate, I thought with myself by every instinct and presage of nature, which is not wont to be false, that what emboldened them to this task might with such diligence as they used embolden me, and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share, would herein best appear

and best value itself, by how much more wisely and with more love of virtue, I should choose (let rude ears be absent) the object of not unlike praises. By the firm settling of these persuasions I became to my best memory so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored, and above them all preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and most honourable things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. . . . Next (for here me out now, readers) that I may tell ye whether my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from thence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life if it so befel him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron. From whence even then I learnt what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward any of them by word or deed breaking that oath I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written undecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be borne a knight, not needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how unless by divine indulgence proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue. Thus from the laureate fraternity of poets, ripe years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and

his equal Xenophon. Where if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about,) and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of divine generation, knowledge and virtue,—with such abstracted sublimities as these,—it might be worth your listening, readers. as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding.

JOHN MILTON  
*Paradise Lost*  
 Book I. line 100.  
 "The sun, who sits in the sky,  
 And looks down on the world,  
 And sees the whole of it,  
 And knows the hearts of men,  
 And the secrets of the earth,  
 And the thoughts of the soul,  
 And the mysteries of heaven,  
 And the wonders of the deep,  
 And the secrets of the earth,  
 And the thoughts of the soul,  
 And the mysteries of heaven,  
 And the wonders of the deep,"

### JOHNSON'S CRITICISM

The greatest of his juvenile performances is the "Mask of Comus," in which may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of "Paradise Lost." Milton appears to have formed very early that system of diction, and mode of verse, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor desired to deviate.

Not does Comus afford only a specimen of his language, it exhibits likewise his power of description and his vigour of sentiment, employed in the praise and defence of virtue. A work more truly poetical is rarely found, allusions, images, and descriptive epithets, embellish almost every period with lavish decoration. As a series of lines, therefore, it may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A mask, in those parts where supernatural intervention is admitted, must indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination, but, so far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reasonable, which can hardly be said of the conduct of the two brothers, who, when their sister sinks with fatigue in a pathless wilderness, wander both away together in search of berries too far to find their way back, and leave a helpless lady to all the sadness and danger of solitude. This, however, is a defect overbalanced by its convenience.

What deserves more reprehension is, that the prologue spoken in the wild wood by the attendant Spirit is addressed to the

audience, a mode of communication so contrary to the nature of dramatic representation, that no precedents can support it.

The discourse of the Spirit is too long: an objection that may be made to almost all the following speeches, they have not the sprightliness of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but seem rather declamations deliberately composed, and formally repeated, on a moral question. The auditor therefore listens as to a lecture, without passion, without anxiety.

The song of Comus has merriness and jollity, but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleasure are so general that they excite no distinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following soliloquies of Comus and the Lady are elegant but tedious. The song must owe much to the voice if it ever can delight. At last the Brothers enter with too much tranquillity, and, when they have feared lest their sister should be in danger, and hoped that she is not in danger, the Elder makes a speech in praise of chastity, and the Younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher.

Then descends the Spirit in form of a shepherd, and the Brother, instead of being in haste to ask his help, praises his singing, and inquires his business in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the Brother is taken with a short fit of rhyming. The Spirit relates that the Lady is in the power of Comus, the Brother moralizes again, and the Spirit makes a long narration, of no use because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being.

*In* all these parts the language is poetical, and the sentiments are generous but there is something wanting to allure attention.

*The* dispute between the Lady and Comus is the most animated and affecting scene of the drama, and wants nothing but a brisker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention, and detain it.

*The* songs are vigorous and full of imagery, but they are harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers.

*Throughout* the whole the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant, for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive.—From *Johnson's LIFE OF MILTON*

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nest *Nods*—shakes its head in drowsiness *Jerne*—the sea, eagle *Springing*—lively *Trout*—a kind of fish. *Darkly glooms*—looks dark and threatening *Thunder cloud*—cloud charged with lightning *Swathes*—wraps, oncompasses *Shroud*—winding sheet,

16—23 *Is it beams*—Is that low dreadful rambling noise that is heard from a distance the awful sound of the thunder or the sound of the heavy regular tramp of the marching of the soldiers echoed by the groaning ground? *Is that bright flash* that is seen on the thickets a reflection of the lightning, or is it due to the reflection of the beam of the sinking sun, upon the burnished spears of the Saxon host. How beautifully the poet describes the calm before the storm, the solemn hush with which all Nature awaits the bursting of the thunder storm. The gathering storm here not only refers to the war of the elements but also to the fierce onslaught of the Saxon soldiers.

16—23 *Mutters*—sends forth a low rambling sound *Echoes*—does the tread echo? verb, having for its subj *tread* *Groaning*—as it were under the armed heels of the Saxon soldiers *Quivering glance*—tremulous flash *Streams*—covers with a lurid light. *They*—the subject is repeated for rhetorical effect *Retiring*—setting *Beams*—sub to *flash*

24—27 *Dagger-crest &c*—the crest of Mar was a dagger and that of Mornay was three stars. *Cloud war*—dark masses of Saxon soldiery *Winding*—meandering along the shores of the lake

28—31 *To hero array\**—To a warrior who is marching to fight for his country or to a minstrel who sings of 'Knighthood's dauntless deed,' it would be worth ten years of life spent in peace to catch a single glance of the brilliant array of these valiant soldiers. *Bound*—ready, prepared. *Martial lay*—song of war. *Glance*—case in appo to it *Array*—disposition, parade. 'The above lines give the key note to Scott's personal life as well as of his poetic power. Among English singers Scott is the undoubted inheritor of that trumpet note, which under the breath of Homer has made the wrath of Achilles immortal.

XVI 1—10 *Surveyed*—reconnitred *Tangled*—full of copse-wood, matted *Centre ranks*—main body in the centre *A twilight frowned*—looked dark like a forest in the twilight. The ranks were armed with spears and lances and being drawn up in thick masses looked like 'dark impenetrable wood.' *Barbed horsemen*—trans epithet from horse to horsemen *Barbed†*—covered with armour; used only of horses *The stern crowned*—completed the battle-

\* Sound, sound the clarion! fill the life!  
To all the sensual world proclaim  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth a world without a name—Scott  
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen,

† For he was *barbed* from counter to tail—Scott

array or disposition of the powerful army <sup>an army in battle array,</sup> *Battalia*\*—the embattled host † *Crowned*—completed † *Cymbal*—a musical instrument of brass *Clashed*—were sounded. *Clarion*—trumpet The sullen march—the soldiers marched in gloomy silence

11—27 *Breathed*—blew *Crests*—plumes *Wate*—flatter *Frail*—quivering, trembling *Shadowed*—cast a shade over *Vaward* <sup>see it</sup>—spies sent in advance of the main army † *Vaward*†—vanward, vanguard, used adjectively *Housè*—discover † *Lurking foe*—hidden enemy *Spy*—find out, see. *Trace*—sign *Stirred*—roused. † *Deep sea wave*—wave in the open sea—far away from the shore *Its pride to brake*—to impede its proud progress. † *High-swallowing*—with a vast volume *Dark*—of a dark blue colour *Slow*—rolling slowly and majestically *Passed*—crossed *Gain*—reach *Broken*—uneven, *Jaws*—entrance † *To explore*—reconnoitre *Dive*—penetrate, enter

XVII. 1—8 Wild a yell—fierce a shout. The inversion of the subject happily brings out the abrupt entry of the van *Dell*—pass *As*—as if † *The fiends*† *fell*—the rebellious angels that were hurled headlong from heaven for siding with Satan against the power of the Almighty † *Pealed*—shouted † *The banner's cry of hell*—the cry or signal word summoning all the infernal forces to rally round the standard of their chief This is the yell of the Highlanders who lay concealed in the pass and now attacked the archers who had entered it *Driven forth*—p p refers to archery *Chaff*—bushes of corn *Before*—by the force of *Appear*—are seen to issue from the pass *For life*—to save their life

8 *Their plight they ply*—the meaning of this is not quite clear Possibly, they keep up a constant fire, but they seem in too complete a rout for that Note the effect of the repeated rhymes—*T* Unless Scott wrote *flight* it seems to mean they hastily tried to extricate themselves from their plight (dangerous situation) by flight—*L* *Flight* is the reading of the first edition and makes better sense—*H* † *Their flight they ply*—they run to the best of their power “But this (*flight*) would not be so poetical † *To ply*—is to labour at anything, † *plight*—dangerous state, it probably means ‘they labour hard at (to get out of) their difficulty’—*W*

9—17 *And shriek rear*—the Highland warriors, dressed in plaids and bonnets with their glittering broadswords raised high in the air to strike, are attacking the archers from behind with fierce shrieks, shouts, and battle cry *Maddening*—intransitive use, raging madly *Drive*—rush *Before* *wood*—How shall the central column

\* And in the pomp of battle bright  
The dread *battalia* frowned.—*Scott*

† I beg the leading of the *vaward*—*Shaks*

† His pride had cast him out from heaven with all his host  
Of *rebel angels*—*Milton*

§ All in a moment through the gloom were seen,  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air—*Milton*

consisting of masses of spearsmen maintain its ground and keep its lines unbroken when the onward rolling tide of the pursuers and the pursued shall dash fiercely against it *Before*—when pressed by *Of flight and chase*—of the fugitives and the pursuers, abs for con

17—19 **The spearsmen's wood\***—The appearance of the spears and pike was such that in the twilight they might have been mistaken at a distance for a wood—*T* ↓ *Down, down*—hold your lances in a horizontal position to charge them *Bear back*—drive back both friend and foe, for that is the only chance of your being able to sustain the shock of the rolling tide of combatants

20—25 **Like reeds low**—As reeds are bent down when the storms do fiercely blow, so all in a moment the spears of the dense columns of spearsmen were levelled low *Frown*—fury ↓ *Serried*—compact *Shouldering*—standing shoulder to shoulder *Bristling ranks*—men armed with lances which looked 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine' ↓ *The onset bide*—await to receive the attack

26—28 **As their Tinchel game**—As the circle of sportsmen surrounds a great space and, gradually narrowing, brings immense quantities of deer together which make desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*, but are ultimately slain by the hunters so we shall surround the Highlanders and ultimately overcome and slay them *Tinchel*—a circle of sportsmen who surround and bring within narrow compass a number of deer ↓ *Cows*—overpowers *As tame*—as the deer are driven back humbled of their pride

**XVIII 1—10 Bearing come**—The Highlanders advanced driving before them in their furious onset the few remaining archers who appeared like crested foam borne onward by the rolling tide The Highlanders are compared to the rushing wave, and the flying Saxon archers to the foam driven onward by the rushing tide Notice the simile and compare it with that of xvi 19 of this Canto ↓ *Bearing*—driving *In their course*—as they advanced. *Relics*—remnants, for a large number had fallen in the pass *Right*—straight *Tide*—surging mass of clansmen ↓ *Brandishing*—waving, flourishing *Target*—shield *Dark*—being made of dark leather *And with foe*—they hurled themselves against the enemy with the same fury as the mighty billows dash themselves upon the rock when the ocean is lashed into agitation by the storm ↓ *Swing*—violence, motion. *Heaving*—swelling *Tempest's wing*—furious blasts of the storm

11—18 **I heard rang**—The sound of the spears striking against the shields and shivering into pieces was like the crashing sound of the ash trees broken by the whirlwind The clanging sound of the swords striking against the armour was like the tremendous noise produced by a hundred blacksmiths striking their hammers upon the anvils ↓ *Shivering crash*—the crashing

\* The stubborn spearsmen still made good Their dark impenetrable wood —*Scott*

sound produced by the breaking of the lances into pieces *¶ Rends*—breaks asunder *Deadly*—fatal *Rang*—were resounding *Wheeled flank*—caused or ordered his horsemen who were in the rear to turn round and attack the Highlanders on the flank *Banner man*—standard bearer *Shale*—waver *Gallants*—brave men

19—23 **For your ladies' sake\***—Every true follower of chivalry is bound to break a spear for the love of his lady, to perform uncommon feats of arms in honour of his mistress *Upon then*—attack them *Rout*—broken mass of clansmen *Break*—force their way through *Broom*—a kind of shrub *Out*—drawn

24—30 **Lightsome room**—(i) The horsemen charged the enemy furiously with their naked swords and soon made a light or opening in the dark mass by making a terrible slaughter upon them (ii) The adj *lightsome* is probably transferred from the subject to the object The horsemen *lightsomely* (easily, quickly,) made room by driving out the enemy from their front *Borne*—driven *Would men*—would have produced the effect of a reinforcement of a thousand men *¶ Refluent*—flowing back This word keeps up the simile of a wave *Pass of fear*—dreadful pass *The battle's tide†*—The combatants again dived through the pass

31—40 **Vanished sword**—The Saxon spearsmen, who plied their spears upon the retreating Highlanders, as well as the Highland swordsmen who tried to maintain their ground, disappeared into the pass and were lost to the sight of the minstrel, As the dark and deep pool of Bracklinn receives the waters of the thundering cataract, as the deep and gloomy caves of the ocean absorb the waters of the violent whirlpool, so the deep and dark pass swallowed up, as it were, the confused crowd of combatants No one now remained upon the plain except the dead and the dying

31—40 **Bracklinn**—a beautiful cascade See notes p 58 *Chasm* pool, opening *Steep*—deep, precipitous *¶ Linn*—cataract *Deep*—ocean *Suck in*—absorb *Devour*—swallow up, as it were The metaphor from 'jaws' is kept up *Who never &c.*—the dead

**XIX 1—9 Din**—tumult *That within*—Note the inversion, within that pass *Doubling*—winding *Minstrel &c*—Allan Bane addresses himself. *¶ Away*—hasten away Allan must leave his stand on the eastern ridge of Benvenue and go to the place where the pass opens on Loch Katrine *The work of fate*—the work of death and destruction *Is bearing on*—is being steadily carried on *Issue*—result *Wait*—wait for, await, imperative *¶ Defile*—narrow pass through which men can pass in a file, one by one *Repassed*—crossed. *Cast*—spread, rolled *Met*—are joined in dark masses

\* Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance.—Macaulay

† We two had turned the battle's tide  
In many a well debated field.—Scott

10—22 *The lowering scowl\** given—The dark masses of clouds gave the sky a threatening appearance and flung on the blue waters of Katrino a deep dark colour *Strange—irregular, unusual* *√ Gusts—blasts Swept—passed Sunl—died away Heeded not—paid no attention.* *√ Eddying surge—whirling waves But saw—was intently fixed on.* *√ Gorge—pass, lit throat Spoke—indicated That part† life—that does not cease till the warriors cease to live, the fight that goes on till the combatants lie dead on the field Seeming—which sound seems to me, an inspired bard To toll‡ the dirge—to ring the knell. Dirge§ see Notes p 51 Passing soul||—the soul of the warrior passing away from the body at the time of death*

23—36 *It—sullen sound The dim wood glen—the glen dark with trees Martial flood again—i.e. The contending armies came out of the defile Disgorged—belched forth, in keeping with the metaphor of jaws, gorge Mingled tide—confused mass High mountain &c—The Highlanders burst forth thundering from the pass, high up the mountain side Overhang—o’er the side of the mountain Darkening cloud - dark mass √ At weary bay—trans, epithet exhausted, yet forced to stand and meet the enemy, wearied and standing at bay Shattered band—company of men disordered and diminished in number Eyeing—glaring upon with fierce eyes Their—band is collective, and has therefore a plural pronoun and a plural verb √ Tattered—torn Stream—float That flings gale—i.e. that waves the torn pieces in the wind Disarray—disorganisation Marked day—shewed the terrible slaughter that had been made in their ranks √ Fell havoc—terrific slaughter*

XX 1—11 *Viewing—seeing Ridge—lofty range √ Aslance¶—sideways √ Sullen trance—bewildered state of inaction Their booty pile—were accustomed to store up their plunder My purse—I shall give my purse With store§—filled with gold coins. √ Bonnet-pieces—gold coins issued in the reign of James V, so called because in them James was depicted wearing a bonnet or Highland cap To him will swim—to him who will swim √ A bow shot o’er—a distance to which an arrow shot from a bow will reach Loose—will unfasten*

12—22 *Lightly den—when we will seize and become masters of their wives, children, and their place of refuge, we will easily subdue the warlike Highlanders √ War wolf—warrior wolf, ferocious,*

\* And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking —Scott

† The loveliness in death  
That parts not quite with parting breath.—Byron

‡ I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day —Cowper

§ Resort, I pray, unto my sepulchre,  
To sing my dirge with great devotion—Chaucer

|| The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes —Tennyson

¶ The devil eyed them aslance —Milton

§ And broadswords, bows, and arrows store —Scott,

war loving, savage fighting men <sup>*helmet*</sup> *Lords*—we being lords of, *case*  
 in appo to ice *Forth*—instantly *On rang*—ho slung his helmet  
 and coat of mail on the ground *Clamours*—loud shouts *A mingled*  
*noise*—The hull resounded with the confused cries of both the  
 parties *Their mate to cheer*—to encourage their companion *For*  
*fear*—<sup>*to protect the pro-*</sup> Scottish idiom, on account of, through *Horstler*—*a piece*  
 23—37 *As*—as if *Outcry*—sierce clamour *Riven*\*—split a-  
 sunder *Poured*—rain came down in torrents from the clouded sky  
*Lowering*—clouded *Snowy crest*—foaming top *Well for eye*—  
 It was well for the swimmer that they swelled so high as to mar  
 & It was a lucky thing for the swimmer that the billows  
 rose so high as to baffle the aim of the Highland archers *To mar*  
 —frustrate *Eye*—aim *Showered*—fell in profusion *Vengeful*  
*arrows*—trans epithet, arrows shot to take vengeance upon the  
 man *Bow*—the hind part of a boat *Lo bow*—the rhyme is care-  
 less *Tinged*—lit up *Duncraggan's dame*—See O III St xvi

38—43 *It darkened*—After the flash of lightning the skies were  
 again enveloped with darkness; impersonal use *Dying groan*—  
 the groan of a dying person *Another flash*—the lightning flashed  
 again and the spectators saw the dead body of the unhappy swimmer  
 all covered with blood floating on the water by the side of the boat  
*Weltering corpse*—dead body rolling in blood and water *Streaming*†  
 —dropping, transitive, obj *blood*

XXI 1—14 *Exulting* replied—sent forth shouts of triumph  
*Despite rage*—in spite of the storm and rain—the war of the  
 elements (earth, air, fire, water) *Hurried &c.*—hastened to fight  
*Closed fight*—were engaged at close quarters *Bloody*§ *spurring*  
 —stained with marks of blood issuing from the side of the horse  
 that had been pricked hard with spurs *Milk white flag*—<sup>*c*</sup> of truce,  
 displayed to the enemy for cessation of hostilities *Truce note*—  
 a sound of the bugle for suspension of fighting *As far*—as far as  
 could be heard *Forbade the war*—proclaimed that it was the order  
 of the King that the war should not be carried on *Bothwell's lord*—  
 Douglas *Captive hold*—prison for captives

15—23 *Made stand*—was suddenly stopped *Escaped*—drop-  
 ped, fell from. *Stole a glance*—looked stealthily without being  
 perceived *Brooked*—endured. *Chime*—the music of the harp *Kept*  
*feeble time*—beat time with feeble hands *Ceased*—stopped *Feeling,*  
*strong song*—as the song treated of the changing incidents of the  
 war, powerful emotions were roused in his heart and produced  
 corresponding changes in his face *No more*—no longer.

\* Then shook the hills with thunder *riven*—Campbell

† He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind—Milton

‡ It may so please that she at length will stream  
 Some dew of grace upon my withered heart.—Spenser.

§ *Bloody with spurring*, fiery red with haste—Shaks

23—34 Deafened ear—the ear becoming dull of hearing on account of approaching death Cf *The dull cold ear of death*—*Grey Melody*—strain *Sharp*—thin Cf *The death scone of Falstaff* His nose was as sharp as a pen—*Shaks* *Clenched*—closed tightly *Pang*—deep agony *Heart strings*—muscles or tendons supposed to sustain the heart feelings Of *Sobbing* as if a *heart-string* broke—*Moore*. *Wrenched*—wrung, gave severe pain to *Set*—firmly compressed *Fading*—becoming lustreless *Sternly*—forcibly *Vacancy*—empty space *Motionless, moanless*—without a straggles or groan *Drew breath*—expired *Parting*—last *Aghast*—horror struck *Grim and still*—sternly and quietly *Passed*—from the body *Wailing*—lamentation *Poured &c*—sang a song of lamentation

XXII 1—9 *And*—is introductory, moaning now It connects the chain of ideas in the mind of the poet *Cold laid*—dead The warmth of life is gone out of thee and thou art lying dead *Lowly laid*—laid low in death, i.e. now lying a lifeless corpse *Breadalbane's boast*—an object of pride to the people living in the country along Loch Tay *Shade*—stay, protection, support *Requiem*—the first word of a funeral anthem, *Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine*—Give them rest eternal, O Lord, hence, a prayer for the dead *Thee who loved*—who lovedest *Bothwell's house the stay*—the defence or protector of the family of Douglas *The shelter line*—you gave refuge to the family of Douglas (Ellen and her father) when they were banished by the king *Even*—though thou art in the royal prison where it is not safe to sing thy praises *Pine*—the emblem of the clan used for the chief of the tribe

10—18 *What fill*—Thy tribe living in those valleys shall groan bitterly in grief when they shall hear of thy death *Yon hill*—thy clan living in that hill shall wail &c *Thrill*—cause pain, be shed *Thy battles done*—a Latin idiom, the doing, finishing, or close of thy battles *Thy fall* icon—untimely, premature death, a metaphor from horse race, as a rider in a race may be thrown off the horse before he reaches the winning post, so Roderick died before he attained a green old age *Thy sword ungirt*—the unfastening of the sword, the end of thy military career *Ere set of sun\**—before you grew old *But*—who would not *Breathes*—lives *Line*—tribe

19—27 *Sad was rage*—Your lot in life was very unhappy A thrush may be put in a cage and may live contentedly there, but an eagle if placed in a cage will die out of rage An ordinary man may endure life in a prison, but a man of your heroic spirit if put in a prison will be sure to perish out of rage Roderick however did not pine and die of his imprisonment but of his wounds *Mortal stage†*—daring life in this world which is but a stage where

\* She hath given up the ghost *her sun is gone down while it was yet day*—*Jeremiah*

† All the world is a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players—*Shaks*

every man must play a part *Its notes again*—I shall sing again  
*Sue*—Ellen *In vain*—hopelessly, because she did not return his  
 love *Her voice combine*—sing to the music of my harp a requiem  
 for thee *Mix tears*—shall mourn and shed tears for thee

**XXIII 1-7** The while—in the meantime *Bursting*—over-  
 powdered with grief, about to break with sorrow *Lordly bower*—  
 princely palace. *Where played beams*—in which room streamed  
 the rays of the rising sun through coloured glasses painted with  
 historical scenes *Storied pane\**—stained glass windows with stories  
 from history painted in them *In vain*—because they could not  
 arouse her interest or soothe her anxious heart *Gilded roof*—ceiling  
 painted in gold *Lightened up*—brightened, should be pres to agree  
 with fall *Tapestried*—hung with tapestry, a kind of carpet worked  
 with figures of men &c *Menial train*—retinue of servants

**8-10** Collation—(L *Collatio*—a bringing together) lit a com-  
 parison of selected passages from Scripture by the monks in a  
 monastery, followed by a light meal which accordingly took the  
 name of *collatio*, hence, a repast. *Scarce astray*—did not make  
 her bestow so much as a glance upon the rich repast and the splen-  
 dours of the room *Drew*—attracted *Curious glance*—trans-  
 epithet, i.e. made her look by rousing her curiosity or interest.

**11-14** Or, if she canopy—If she cast a glance upon the  
 splendours of the princely chamber it was only to say that she was  
 much happier in her rustic abode in the lonely island. Though  
 she had no other roof over her head but the hide of the brown deer,  
 yet she rose every morning with a fair promise of happiness, a con-  
 sciousness that the day would bring her nothing but happiness and  
 joy But here though she had the gilded roof over her head, her  
 heart was filled with gloomy forebodings of disaster and death.

**11-17** To say—to remark *With better omen &c*—i.e. the day  
 dawned with a better prospect of happiness in that lone isle &c.  
*Dun-deer*—brown deer *Canopy*—see Notes p 24. *Her care pre-  
 pared*—which meal she carefully prepared *Crouching*—lying close

**18-30** Her—Lufra's Station—usual place by the side of Ellen  
*Bert on*—intently thinking upon *Woodland game*—the chase *At  
 random made*—given without thought *The wandering betrayed*—  
 showed his absence of mind Malcolm, who was over head and ears  
 in love with Ellen and who was only thinking of Ellen, did not pay  
 any attention to what Douglassaid and so returned vague, irregular,  
 irrelevant answers to his questions *Known*—experienced. *Are  
 taught &c*—learn to value them when they have lost them *Seeks*  
 —the goes to *Cautious*—soft and careful *To win her*—to engage

\* As the ancient art could stain  
 Achievements on the storied pane—Scott  
 And storied windows richly dight  
 Casting a dim religious light.—Milton.



her attention *Woful hour*—time of sorrow and grief *Overhanging*—was higher than *Latticed bower*—chamber the windows of which were covered with a net-work of wood or iron

**XXIV 1—12** *Perch*—a pole for fowls to alight upon and rest *Hood*—the hawk was hooded when it was not to be flown at any bird *Perch and hood*—the idleness *Loathes*—is sick of his food, on account of inaction *Stall*—stable *Captive thrall*—imprisonment, confinement *Hart*—stag, male deer *Is meet*—that is fit Note the omission of the relative *I hate wall*—I am sick of watching how time is passing away by listening to the dull, monotonous ringing of the bell from the spire of the Grey Friars Church or by marking the slow movement of the sunlight along the wall *Ebb*—passing away *Dull steeples*—trans epithet, the dull sound from the spire *Droisy chime*—monotonous ringing of bell *Mark it*—notice how time passes away *Crawl*—move slowly

**13—23** *Ring*—to ring, infinitive, to sing *Matins*—morning hymn *Sable*—black coated *Vespera sing*—vespers (evening prayer) to sing *A King's they be*—they belong to a king and are very splendid *Hall of joy*—hall that can afford me delight *Sun eye*—bask in the light of Ellen's eyes as men do in sunlight, enjoy the sweet warmth of her love *Wend*—turn come back *With evening dew*—at the time when the dews of evening begin to fall *With*—expresses simultaneity *Blithesome*—merry *Trophies*—spoils of the chase *Fled*—should be fly *On wing of glory*—merrily.

**24** *That life love and me*—I can no longer enjoy that life which was wholly absorbed in her love, I who lived on her love, have been made lovelorn by being separated from her *More and me*—lovelorn me, me to whom her love was life, was all in all This is an instance of the figure *Hereditary*—in which the idea is expressed by two nouns connected by *and* instead of a noun and a limiting adjective, as, no drink from cups and gold, for golden cups

**XXV 1—16** *Heart sick lay*—trans epithet, the song of the heart-sick or lovelorn swain *Said*—concluded *Hed not heed*—The ear of Ellen was still attentively bent to catch the strain *It trickled ear*—the tears that had started in her eyes were still falling fast when she heard the sound of a soft footfall *Graceful*—handsome *The hastier*—so much the more hastily, instrumental *the May*—used in the old sense of can, able to pay *Almost orphan maid*—because her mother was dead and she does not know if her father is yet alive *Debt*—of gratitude *Not mine*—it is

\* As bees flee home with laden of treasure  
The minutes winged their way with pleasure —Burns  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been  
Like angel's visits, few and far between —Campbell

† Thine own, thy long lost Edwin here  
Restored to love and thee —Goldsmith  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me —Gray

not in my power *The boon to give—to grant the favour Thy suit to aid—to help you in pleading your case with the king*

16—27 **Though ire aside**—though his nobler feelings may sometimes be obscured or predominated over by pride and anger *It is time—we are already late Morning prime—early in the morning, first hour of morning Properly the first canonical hour of prayer, 6 A. M., then loosely applied to the first quarter of the day—T Beating—palpitating Bosom wrung—heart torn with grief and anxiety Dried—wiped off Hope and cheer—words of hope and comfort J Faltering—trembling Staid—supported J Arcade—arched way Its wings wide—the arched door way flung open its magnificent folds like wings. J Wings of pride—the folding doors fly open at his touch like the wings of a bird.*

**XXVI 1—7 Within dames**—The interior of the presence chamber, filled with a brilliant assemblage of nobles and courtiers attired in gorgoons garb, presented a dazzling scene of splendour and beauty The radiant scene burst on Ellen's bewildered gaze like the glorious splendour of the summer clouds irradiated with myriads of variegated hues by the dying shoots of the setting sun. These burnished masses of diverse shapes and hues appear to the Fancy like the figures of knights and fairy dames in the air

1—7 **Within**—*i. e.* the chamber *Brilliant light*—everything was glittering and gay *Thronging bright*—it presented to the view a gay gathering of nobles arrayed in 'silks and jewels sheen' *Thronging scene—It was a crowded scene &c Glowed—shone' Dazzled—bewildered by the brightness of the scene As when even—as the scene glows when the setting sun has lit up the summer sky in the evening with myriads of colours. J Tissue—woven mass, fabric, i. e. clouds Fancy frames—imagination forms into shape Aerial knights—delusive figures of knights formed of clouds*

8—18 **Footing staid**—her steps were supported *Staid—was staid, having for its nom footing Faint—faltering Forward made—advanced Drooping—hanging Fearful—timidly J Presence\**—the reception room, presence chamber *Who state—the king Whose will was fate—whose simple pleasure was life and death to many Princely port—person of princely carriage or bearing Might well—who might &c Note the omission of the relative Bewildered—confused Bare—with their heads uncovered*

19—25 **Cap and plume**—cap with a plume (bunch of feathers) *Lent—directed Sheen—bright. Lincoln green—the knight put on the dress he wore at Ellen's Isle so that Ellen might easily recognise him Centre—the oynosure, the central object to which the eyes of all were directed Glittering ring—brilliant band of nobles who circled round the sovereign Snowdown's knight &c—the stranger, who visited Ellen in the lonely isle and declared himself*

\* Two cardinals wait in the presence —Shaks

to be Snowdon's knight, was the king of Scotland in disguise He now stands revealed in his real position

**XXVII 1-4 As wreath lay**—an exquisitely admirable simile As a snow wreath, that has hung on the mountain breast like a garland of flowers, glides down the rock and finds rest at its foot, so Ellen, who had been clinging to Fitz James to stay her faltering step, quitted her support on his arm, and sank down at the feet of the king Ruskin bids us note the northern love of rocks in this justly admired simile of rock and snow Cp She melted away from her seat like an image of snow *Wreath of snow*—a heap of drifted snow *Slides*—glides *Stay*—support

**5-20 Choking voice**—voice suppressed with profound emotions *Commands*—has power over, can utter, has for its nom voice and obj word *Clasped*—folded. *Suppliant*—supplicating *The while*—in the meantime, while raising her *Checked*—repressed *Circle*—the nobles who stood in a circle *Graceful &c.*—half adverbial Cf Lifeless but beautiful he lay—*Longfellow* *Bade her &c.*—told her to cheer up *Fair*—fair lady *Fealty*—homage, allegiance *Bring*—tell *Redeem*—i.e. he will redeem (buy back) his pledge (ring) by fulfilling your prayers *His prince forgiven*—there has been a reconciliation between the king and Douglas by a mutual forgiveness of the past *Slandorous tongue*—the calumnies of wicked foes *I wrong*—I have suffered much wrong from the disloyalty of his kinsmen—the Earl of Angus

**21-32 We would not &c.**—we refused to grant to the common people what (the liberation of Douglas) they asked so clamorously *Council*—the councillors or advisers of the royal privy council *Stanch'd*—closed, stopped *Death-feud stern*—the fierce deadly quarrel *Grey*—old, grey headed. *Glencairn*—the enemy of the Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie on whom Scott models his James Douglas. *Own*—acknowledge *Bulwark*—defence

**29-32 Lovely infidel**—the king playfully calls her an unbeliever who has no confidence in his words The news had seemed to Ellen too good to be true *How now*—what is the meaning of this? *What clouds brow*—why are you so sad still?—Your sorrowful face shows that you don't believe in the truth of what I have said *Lend thine aid*—come to my assistance *Misbelieving maid*—convince this distrustful maid of the truth of what I have said, the more general form is *disbelieving* or *unbelieving* *Confirm*—reassure

**XXVIII 1-6 Sprung**—came forward from the circle of nobles. In poetry there is a strong tendency to confound the past tense and the past participle, *Sprung*—for *sprang*, *begun* for *began*—*Bain* *On his neck hung*—threw her arms round his neck *The Monarch rejoice*—At that moment the king enjoyed the purest and most exquisite happiness that earthly power ever bestowed on its possessor, viz. the power of saying with a divine voice to a virtuous

person in distress—Arise and grieve no more, *i e* the power of relieving the distress of a virtuous person *Drank*—enjoyed *Draught*—potion pleasure, keeps up the metaphor of *Drank Draught of power*—happiness imparted by power *Rejoice*—be happy

7—10 **Yet would not pry**—James did not like that the public should for a long time gaze with a curious eye upon the spontaneous burst of joy and affection manifested by Douglas and Ellen at seeing each other *General eye*—the eye of the public *Nature's raptures*—spontaneous burst of joy *✓Pry*—examine critically *Stepped*—came between the two *✓Proselyte*—convert, keeping up the metaphor of *infidel* and *misbelieving* Ellen did not believe what the king said at first the king therefore called her an infidel She was now *converted* and fully believed in the king's words, therefore she was called a *proselyte*. *✓Proselyte*—(Gr *Pros*—to, *elutes*—to come, a new comer) one who comes from one religion to another

11—20 **The riddle to speed**—It is my duty to explain the circumstances that brought about this happy result *✓To read the riddle*—to solve the enigma *Chance*—event *✓To speed*—*i e* to a successful termination; to prosper, intrans infinitive *When my power*—when in various disguises I walk through the humbler but happier paths of life, I always assume a name which conceals my dignity *Nor falsely veils*—yet the name is not absolutely a false one, there is some foundation of truth in it *Claims*—is called William of Worcester, who wrote in the 15th century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdon *Insulted*—violated. *To right &c*—to redress the grievances of those innocent men who had been wronged

21—25 **Apart**—aside, he whispered in her ears. *Little*—a term of endearment *✓Traitor*—spoken in playful jest, There may be an arch reference to the fact that she played with his affections while her heart was given to another, or it may simply mean that the witchery of her dark eyes had lured him to danger *None glave*—The king gives her a playful hint that she must not reveal to any one his visit to the Goblin cave and the little love scene that ensued there and his narrow escape from the sword of Roderick. *Idle dream*—foolish fancy that Ellen would return his affections *Full dearly bought*—for which I had nearly to lose my life *Joined at*—united with, combined with *✓Eye's witchcraft*—the bewitching, fascinating influence of your dark eyes *In dangerous hour*—at a time of peril *Drew*—allured me

26—32 **Spell-bound footsteps**—trans epithet, footsteps of me who was fascinated and under the influence of magic, as it were *✓All but*—almost *Gave glave*—made me fall in a single combat by the sword of Roderick. *Talisman of gold*—*i e* the ring the king had given her. *✓Talisman*—a charm or spell that has magical power to produce some extraordinary effect *Pledge of my faith*—security for the performance of the promise made by me

**XXIX 1-4 Conscious**—conscious that the king know *He probed*—that he penetrated *Weakness of her breast*—her love for Malcolm *With that Græme*—With the knowledge that the king knew her love for Græmo, a load was taken off her heart The question 'What seeks fair Ellen of the King?'—led Ellen to think that the king had come to know that Malcolm was the youth whom she loved and that he had asked her the question to sound her feelings Her fears that Malcolm might suffer from the wrath of the king were thus made light She therefore determined to beg the life of Roderick *Lightening*—relieving of the weight that pressed upon her heart

**5-9 And more she drew**—She thought that the wrath of the king was directed more towards Roderick who rose in revolt against the king for her father Inspired by the noble feelings of generosity and gratitude she prayed that the king might be graciously pleased to pardon the offence of Roderick. *More*—connected with 'kindled' *Kindled*—roused, p p agreeing with *the* *Rebellious broadswords*—transferred epithet, *the* who raised the standard of revolt and fought against the king *True to*—actuated by *Feeling*—of generosity and gratitude *Craved grace*—asked pardon

**10-17 Forbear thy suit &c**—cease to urge that prayer *The King of Kings*\*—an epithet of God *Stay wings*—prevent life from winging its flight from this tonement of clay, save Roderick who is dying *Heart*—noble generous feelings *Hand*—power, strength *Cheer*—meal, food *Proved his brand*—tried the strength of his sword in a single combat with him *To bid† live*—If I could make him live *Captive friend*—the king again pointedly asks the question to see if she would beg for the life of Malcolm

**16-25 Her**—herself, semi-reflexive *Sire*—father *To speak the suit*—to ask the favour on her behalf *That stained cheek*—which covered her cheeks with deep blushes *Nay then force*—If you don't ask the favour yourself, but give the ring to another its efficiency is destroyed, its charm is gone *Pledge*—*the* ring *Stubborn*—stern *Holds her course*—Since she did not beg for the life of Malcolm, his fate must be decided by the laws of strict justice

**26-32 No suppliant‡ sues**—No petitioner humbly implores me for your pardon *From thee dues*—strict justice may exact from you the full measure of penalty *Natured smile*—brought up under our royal favour *Paid wile*—returned the favour we bestowed upon you by deceitful treachery *Our care*—the royal

\* The lamb shall overcome them, for he is the Lord of Lords and *King of Kings*—*Rev*

† I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
Dark Musgrave were alive again—*Scott*

‡ Despair not of his final pardon  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant—*Milton*

favour and protection    *Wile—guile, treachery*    *Sought—tried to find*    *Refuge—shelter*    *Outlawed man—i.e. Douglas*    *Dishonouring name—*bringing disgrace upon your name and forfeiting your right to be called a loyal subject to the crown

33—36 **Fetters**    **Græme**—The king playfully holds out the threat that since Malcolm, who is a royal ward, has been guilty of aiding an outlaw, he must be loaded with chains and consigned to the care of a keeper. He calls out, What ho! *Bring* chains and a warder for Malcolm. *Unstrung—unfastened*    *Links—rings of the chain*    *Flung—placed*    *Glittering band—the dazzling chain* that binds Malcolm

37 **Laid the clasp**—placed the catch in Eilon's hand as the keeper of Malcolm. Thus is fulfilled the dream (that Malcolm was bound in chains wound about him by Eilon) of the hoary minstrel Allan Bane. The fetters of the dream are the golden chains of love—and the warder is lovely Eilon herself—the **Lady of the Lake**

## CONCLUSION

1—1 **Harp wending**—Scott began the poem with an invocation to the Muse of the North. He now brings it to a close and bids adieu to the Spirit of Scottish Harp. Fare thee well! O Harp of the North! The day is dead. The sun is set. The hills grow dark as the shades of evening are thickening more and more on the summits of the purple hills. The glowworm omits her twinkling light in the dusky thickets. The deer, faintly visible in the declining twilight, are seeking the shady shelter of the copses.

5—9 **Resume bee**—The night comes on. Let me hang thee once more on the wild branches of the witch elm. Lend the charm of thy wilder strains to the murmur of the fountain and to the rustle of the wild wind. Mingle your sweet music—with the sweet sounds with which Nature adores her Creator in the evening, with the bleating of flocks in their folds and the lowing of herds wending their weary way over the fields, with the sound of the shepherd's pipe and the humming noise of the bee returning to rest in its hive.

10—13 **Yet once again lay**—Once more, yet once more, O Harp of the North, do I bid thee adieu and crave thy pardon for the want of skill I have shown in wakening thy strings. If thou forgive me I shall care little for the bitter criticisms of my critics who may find fault with my feeble performance.

14—18 **Much have I own**—I owe thee a deep debt of gratitude for the comfort and solace I have derived all through the trials and sorrows of my weary life from thy magic melody. When pain and anguish, unknown to others, wrung the brow, when weary and anxious nights were followed by days still more weary and anxious—

which were all the more bitter to bear—because there was none to share and soothe my secret sorrows—it was then that thou didst soothe and comfort me like a ministering angel That I have survived such bitter sorrows which preyed upon my heart—that I still live—is due only to the magic influence of thy bewitching strains

19—22 **Hark! wing**—Listen! As I slowly wend my way from the spot with reluctant step and slow, methinks I hear thy wizard strains stirred by some bright Aerial Spirit At one time the strings are swept with force and fire by the fingers of a mighty angel and breathe forth symphony sublime, at another time, touched delicately by the wing of a frolicsome fairy, they send forth gay and sportive strains

23—27 **Receding fare thee well\***—As I wend my way from the spot the sweet music of the harp is heard less and less distinctly down the rugged dale, till scarcely a single stray strain of thy bewitching harmony is wafted to my ears by the mountain breezes Now the sweet music dies upon the hills and dales and Silence claims her evening reign Fare thee well!

1—4 **Harp North**—See Notes p 2 *Peaks*—summits *A deeper shade &c*—abs cons *Shade*—darkness *Twilight† copse*—faintly lighted thicket *Glowworm‡*—a kind of insect, the wingless females of which omit light in darkness to attract the male *Half seen*—faintly visible *Covert*—secret shade *Wending*—going back

5—7 **Resume**—betake yourself to *Wizard elm*—the broad leaved drooping elm, so called because the tree was supposed to be the special haunt of witches *The fountain lending &c*—The order is, Lending thy minstrelsy to the fountain and to the breeze *Lending thy minstrelsy*—The charms of thy music forming an accompaniment to, and enhancing the effect of the murmurs of the fountain, &c. *Fountain and breeze*—indirect obj of *lending* *Lending and blending*—participles, agreeing with *thou*, the subj of *resume* *Wilder*—than the wild wind *Minstrelsy*—music *Numbers*—strains

7—9 **Nature's vespers**—the song of birds, the rustling of leaves and fountains, the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the herd &c, are the sounds with which Nature sings the praise of her Creator at evening. *Blending*—joining *Distant echo*—sound coming from a distance *Fold*—sheep fold *Lea*—field *Herd boy*—shepherd lad *Evening pipe*—sound of the flute played at evening. *Hum of housing bee*—humming noise of the bee returning to its hive

10—13 **Feeble sway**—the weak way in which I played upon the strings of the harp, &c my feeble performance, &c my poem. *And*—if I meet with thy forgiveness *Reck*—care for *J Censure*—

\* *Fare thee well!* and if forever,  
Still forever *fare thee well*—Byron

† Over the twilight groves and dusky caves—Pope

‡ Like a glowworm in the night,  
The which bath fire in darkness, none in light—Shaks

criticism *May idly cavi*l at—that may carp at my careless song without affecting me in any way Note the omission of the relative *Idly*—carelessly, foolishly or without being able to hurt or mortify me *Idly* *Cavi*l at—carp at, find fault with

13—18 *Idle* lay—trifling work *Much*—solace and comfort *Owed*—been indebted to *Strains*—music, charms of poetry *Secret* woes—private trouble *On life's long way*—through all the trials and sorrows of a weary life *Through*—while suffering *Known*—governs which understood *On*—after the lapse of *Wear*y—painful *Dawned*—followed *Devoured* alone—because suffered without any one to soothe me *Overlive*—survive *Enchantress*—see Notes p 6 *Is thine own*—is due only to thy soothing influence

15—21 There seems to be no particular allusion in line 15, doubtless the reference is general, Scott having difficulties the world never knew, and which his genial strong nature was not likely to make public Nor is there any reference in line 20 to the approach of Byron on the poetical horizon, who, as Sir Walter said, snuffed him out of popularity The *Lady of the Lake* appeared in 1810, not till 1812 did the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* appear—*L*

19—27 *Lingering*—loitering *Retire*—depart *Spirit*—genius. *Waked* string—played upon the lyre *Seraph*—a bright angel *With touch of fire*—playing with force and fire a high heroic theme. *Brush*—delicate touch *Frolic\** wing—i.e. The strings, touched as it were by the frolicsome wing of a fairy, produce gay and sportive strains *Receding*—as I retire further from the spot *Dying numbers\**—the sound of the music becoming less and less audible *Ring*—sound *Rugged dell*—rough valley *Wandering*—stray *Witch note*—magic strain *Distant spell*—charming music from a distance *It is silent all*—everything is hushed in silence

\* The *frolic* wind that breathes the spring — *Milton*

† I lisped in *numbers* for the *numbers* came — *Pope*



## APPENDIX

### I Point out the finest passages in the Poem

- (i) Description of Roderick's approach to Ellen's Isle
- (ii) The spirited sketch of Loch Katrine
- (iii) The description of the Fiery Cross
- (iv) The sudden appearance of Roderick's men on the hill
- (v) The Battle of Beal' an Duine

### II Mention the historical inaccuracies, &c. in the Poem

- (i) James is described as of middle age. He was only thirty at the time of his death
- (ii) It was the Earl of Angus, and not Douglas, who had the tutelage of the King in his boyhood
- (iii) Douglas is reconciled to the King, but Archibald Douglas, who sat for his portrait, was banished
- (iv) The King gives to Douglas a purse filled with *pieces broad*. This is an *Anachronism* as the coin did not exist at the time. After the introduction of guineas in 1663, the twenty shillings pieces were called *broad pieces*

### III. Give a description of the introductory interview between Ellen and Fitz-James

The Knight was alone. He winded his horn to call some stragglers of his train, when lo! a little skiff steered by a maiden touched the silver strand just as the Knight concealed himself to view this Lady of the Lake. She cried, 'Father' but receiving no answer, uttered softly, 'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' The Knight came out of the shade and said, 'I am a stranger.' The maid being alarmed put off her boat, but the Knight explaining his benighted condition, she asked him to share their Highland hospitality. She added that his advent to the isle was not unexpected, but that meet preparations had been made for his welcome. The Knight said, 'You are mistaken in offering me your hospitality. I have no right to claim the welcome of expected guest.' But Ellen explained that Allan, the bard of their family, who possessed the gift of second-sight had predicted his arrival. The Knight then cheerfully accepted her invitation and rowed her over the lake to her island home.

### IV Describe the approach of Roderick at Ellen's Isle

Allan and Ellen are engaged in a conversation when suddenly it is interrupted by the sound of some pipe of war from afar. Then

are seen four barges steering full upon the isle. As they come nearer and nearer, you can see the lofty banner emblazoned with the pine tree, the emblem of Roderick, glittering in the golden rays of the sun. Then are seen pikes, spears, and axes flashing in the air. Then the gaudy tartans, the plaids and plumage, and the bonnets of the crew appear to view. The proud pipers are then seen standing on the bow and playing upon their bagpipes a complete course of music—in imitation of the several incidents of war from the gathering of the clan to the burial of the dead. Then all the clansmen sing a song in their Chief's praise. Roderick is received on landing by Lady Margaret and her joyful female band.

### V Give a sketch of Loch Katrine

From this commanding height, he saw Loch Katrine—rolled beneath him, glittering in the golden rays of the setting sun like a vast expanse of molten gold and stretching with its numerous windings to the distant horizon. Her capes, coves, inlets and islets were lit up with a purple blaze and girt round by a sheet of living gold. The mountains on all sides seemed to stand like giants to watch over the howling scenery of this fairy land. On the south Benvenue reared its lofty head and cast on the waves of the lake the shadows of rocks, hillocks, crags, &c. On the north Ben Arthur heaved his forehead bare.

### VI. Describe the consecration of the Fiery Cross

A goat, the patriarch of the flock, was brought before a kindling pile of boughs and slain by Roderick. The priest meanwhile formed with care a slender crosslet of the rods of the yew that shadowed over Clan-Alpine's grave. Then holding it high he cursed that the traitor clansman, who would view this cross of sepulchral yew without hastening to fight for his chief, should not be allowed the right of burial in the ancestral cemetery. The men answered with a loud voice, *Woe, to the traitor, woe!*

He then burnt the extremities of the Cross in the flames and shaking the kindled points above the crowd, cursed that the clansman who would fail to roar his spear at this dread sign, would have his home burnt to ashes. The women and the children answered with a shrill voice, *'Sunk be his home in embers red!'*

He then quenched the sparkling points of the Cross in the bubbling blood and cursed that the clansman who would fail to heed this signal should have his heart's blood shed.

### VII Trace the passage of the Fiery Cross.

Malice took the Fiery Cross and crossing Loch Katrine he flew with haste along the margin of Loch Achray till he reached Duncraggan, when he made over the cross to Angus. Angus carried it along the foot of Benledi and up Strath Ire, crossed the waters of the Forth, and reached the chapel of St. Brida when he

gave the Cross to Norman He in his turn flew over Balquidder, along the margin of Lochs Voil and Deine as far as the source of the Balvaig He then turned southwards and traversed over the broad valley of Strath-Gartnav

### VIII Describe the duel between Fitz-James and Roderick

They prepared to try the quarrel hilt to hilt Each drew his falchion and threw his scabbard on the ground Each looked to sun, stream, and plain as what he might never see again Then foot and point, and eye opposed, they darkly closed in dubious strife. But Roderick did not act wisely in throwing down his shield It proved his ruin For the sword of Fitz James, who had been taught the art of fencing by the best masters of France, served the double purpose of sword and shield James practised every pass and ward to thrust, to strike, to fernt, to guard But Roderick, though stronger than the knight, had not his skill in arms and was thrice severely wounded, till taken at advantage, his sword was forced from his hand and he was thrown to the ground

The Knight told him to yield on pain of death The Gael defied his threats and his mercy Inspired with the courage of despair he sprang at Fitz-James's throat and flung him to the ground Planting his knee on his breast, he raised high his flashing dirk to strike, but in vain The terrible wounds he had received had drained out all his vital blood. His brain swam with giddiness His eyes were covered with mist His hand was unsteady He struck the blow, but missed his aim The dirk instead of being plunged in the heart of the Knight was buried in the heath Fitz James shook off the fainting grasp of Roderick and rose from the ground

### IX Describe the route taken by Fitz James in proceeding from Coilantogle ford to Stirling

He crossed the lower confluent of the Teith and flew up Carhorne's hill Galloping along the banks of the Teith he passed Torry and Lendrick and soon left Deanstown and Donne behind him Then he passed through Blair-Drummond and Ochertyre, and the mansion of the Maxwells on the brow of Kier He then swam across the sluggish waters of the Forth and proceeded straight towards Stirling leaving the hills of Craig Forth on the right

During his visit to Cambusmore in 1809, Scott ascertained by personal trial that a good horseman might gallop from Loch Vonna char to Stirling in the time he had allotted to Fitz-James

### X Describe the Battle of Beal' an Duine

The Saxon host under the command of the Earls of Mar and Moray advanced up the winding shores of Loch Achray The archers formed the front ranks, the lances were stationed in the centre and the horsemen in the rear completed the order of the battle After crossing the lake they came before the rugged pass of the Trosachs and the archery dived into the pass to explore it The Highlander,

who lay concealed within it, at once attacked them with a fierce yell and drove them pell mell on their centre ranks

To sustain the shock of the rolling tide of the pursuers and the pursued, Mar ordered the lancers to charge both friend and foe and bade the horsemen to wheel round and attack the Highland host on the flank. The tables were turned. The clansmen attacked in front and flank gave way and were driven in utter rout back into the pass. For a time the confused crowd of combatants disappeared from view, but they soon came out at the other extremity of the pass, the Highlanders high up the mountain side and the Lowlanders on the shore of the Lake.

After a pause the combatants again hurried to close in desperate fight when suddenly a knight all bloody, with spurring appeared on the theatre of war and waved a milk white flag betwixt the hosts, while, in the monarch's name, a herald's voice forbade the war.

\* XI Criticise the following observation. Scott states, I was at a great deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion.

Scott says in his preface that he took great pains to efface any marks by which the identity of the king with the wandering Knight might be traced. But he was hardly successful in his efforts. His friend to whom he read the first canto of the poem at once detected the identity of the king with Fitz James when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. Jeffrey also remarks that it was strange that the king could have kept his *incognito* so long. See Introduction p ix.

- XII Criticise the following observation. Byron in a letter says, I thought Scott more particularly the poet of princes.

See Introduction p x.

XIII Quote passages from Scott to illustrate the affection that exists between daughter and father

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a dutious daughter's head - II 22  
'Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,—  
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
'Must bear such age, I think as thou'—VI 8

XIV Quote passages illustrating Scott's love of colour

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire  
All twinkling with the dew drops shewn,

The brier rose fell in streamers green,—I 11  
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath —I 12  
 The summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,  
 The water lit to the light  
 Her chalice reared of silver bright  
 The grey mist left the mountain side —III 2  
 Wrapping thy cliffs in jurel glow,  
 And reddening the dale lakes below III 21

## XV Quote passages to illustrate the use of —

### (i) Abstract for Concrete

- 1 Female attendance shall obey
- 2 The youth with awe and wonder saw
- 3 Might serve the archery to dine
- 4 With sighs resigned the honoured char,ce
- 5 Our council aided and our laws
- 6 Before that tide of fight and chaos

### (ii) Latin Idiom.

- 1 The tidings of their leaders lost
- 2 The patriots mourn over wretched laws
- 3 Thank thou for punishment delayed I
- 4 When mourns thy tribe thy lattices gone
- 5 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun
- 6 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is that ever

### (iii) Alliteration

- 1 Fast as the fatal symbol flies
- 2 In arms the huts and hamlets rise
- 3 Herald of battle fate and fear  
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career
- 4 Fantastic fickle, fierce and vain
- 5 For the fair field of fighting men
- 6 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor

### (iv) Transferred Epithet

- 1 At weary bay each shattered band
- 2 The teneful arrows of the Gael
- 3 Scarce drew one curious glance astray
- 4 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime
- 5 Cast on the root a wondering eye
- 6 The cloister oped her pitying gate

### (v) Omission of the Relative

- 1 Nor saw I aught (that) could augur scathe
- 2 To him (who) will swim a bow shot o'er

- 3 For that's the life (*that*) is meet for me  
 4 She gazed on many a princely pert  
 (*who*) Might well have ruled a royal court  
 5 Every hardy plant (*that*) could bear  
 6 Show me the fair (*that*) would scorn to spy

## UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION PAPERS

Examiner—MR SIME, M A 1872

## I Explain

- (a) "Thy father's battle brand, of yore  
 For Time—man forged by fairy lore" See Notes p 58  
 (b) "Now in the castle park drow ont  
 Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout,  
 There morricers, with bell at heel,  
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel,  
 But chief beside the butts, there stand  
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band —  
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
 Maud Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John" See Notes p 144

II To what period does 'The Lady of the Lake,' relate?  
 Notice briefly what you have gathered from the poem of any  
 notable Highland customs of that period

The *Lady of the Lake* belongs to the period when James V  
 reigned King of Scotland (1512—1542) The notable Highland  
 customs we gather from the poem are —

(i) The Highlanders paid deep reverence to a guest. They carried  
 hospitality to a punctilious excess, and considered it ohurlish to ask  
 a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment

Such then the reverence to a guest,  
 That fellest foe might join the feast,  
 And from his deadliest foeman's door  
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er —I xxix  
 And stranger is a holy name —IV xxxi

(ii) The Chiefs kept a hereditary bard in their family  
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
 Waked for his noble house their lyres —VI xi

(iii) They believed in divination, omens, witch craft, &c  
 Brian an augury hath tried,  
 Tho Taghairm callod, by which, afar,  
 Our sires foresaw the events of war —IV iv  
 Thy father's battle brand of yore  
 Did, self unscabbarded, foreshow.

The footstep of a secret foe —II xv  
 Late had he heard in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben Shie's boding scream  
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,  
 When did my gifted dream beguile —IV ix

- (iv) They summoned their clans for war by the **Fiery Cross**  
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
 What time the warning note was keenly wound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor round

- (v) They were devotedly attached to their chief  
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—  
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord.—VI xii

(vi) Explain the meaning of the terms—<sup>v</sup>Conceit, <sup>i</sup>madrigal,  
<sup>i</sup>cairn, <sup>i</sup>quarry, <sup>ii</sup>snood, <sup>ii</sup>coif, <sup>ii</sup>bourne, <sup>ii</sup>kern, <sup>ii</sup>scaur, <sup>ii</sup>lackey, <sup>ii</sup>stock,  
<sup>ii</sup>flecked, See Appendix p. 190 <sup>ii</sup>3 <sup>ii</sup>4 <sup>ii</sup>13 <sup>ii</sup>35

*Examiner*—REV MR. SEHRING, M A, L L B 1875

I Point out the leading excellencies and defects of Sir Walter Scott as a poet. Illustrate your statements by reference to the thought, style and composition of the *Lady of the Lake* **Vide introduction pp vi, ix**

- II State in a few words the purport of the following passage —  
 Some feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven,  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!—**Vide Notes p 64**

### III Explain —

- (a) Boon nature scattered free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child *See Notes p 17*  
 (b) Yell'd on the view the opening pack,  
 Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back' *See Notes p 8*  
 (c) With each secret glance he stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul' *See Notes p 67*  
 (d) The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears *See 104*  
 (e) The chase is up, — but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay is a dangerous foe *See Notes p 122*  
 (f) No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
 May lay his better mood aside —*Vide Notes p 175*

**IV** (a) Give the meaning of these lines explaining each metaphor (b) Scan the lines **Vide Introduction p xiii**

Fleet foot on the corral,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the ferny,  
How sound is thy slumber,  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!—**Vide Notes p 92**

**V** What is a Ballad? Derive the word Had it always the same meaning as at present? Do you include the *Lady of the Lake* among ballads See Introduction p vi

**VI** Describe the laws which regulate the metres employed by Scott in "the Lady of the Lake" **Vide Introduction p xiv**

*Fraser*—REV W C FIFE, M A 1876

**I** Annotate the following passages, noticing every word, expression, and allusion which seems to you to require it —

- (a) Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day  
That cost thy life my gallant gray"—**Vide Notes p 15**
- (b) Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid,  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unasked his birth and name?—**Vide Notes p 37**
- (c) "Late had he heard in prophet's dream  
The fatal Ben shie's beding scream"
- (d) "Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath Ire"—**Vide Notes 94**

## **II Explain —**

"Beltane game" "Virgin snood" "The guardian Naad of the strand" "Braeklinn's thundering wave" "Magic, cabala and spells" "A fig for the vicar" "The Tiesach's gorge"  
VI—

**III** Explain the figures of speech in the following passages —

- (a) "Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
That horseman plied the *Scourge and steel*"—**Notes p 12**
- (b) The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye, **Vide Notes p 9**  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen" **Vide Notes p 9**
- (c) "Till darkness glazed his eye balls dim"—**Vide Notes p 87**



## GLOSSARY.

*Assault—shimmer*

Arruin—with great force  
Arcade—a long arched gallery  
Astrand—stranded, run aground  
Avouch—declare, acknowledge  
Barret cap—a flat cloth-cap  
Bay—to bark. To stand a' bay—the attitude of an animal compelled to face the enemy  
Beaker—a drinking vessel.  
Blench—to flinch *start back*  
Boune—ready, prepared.  
Bourgeon—a young bud *to sport*  
Bourne—Burn—a stream  
Bout—fight, contest.  
Brace—hill, a Scotch word  
Cabala—a secret science of the Jewish Rabbis, here a magical system  
Cairn—heap of stones on the top of a hill  
Caitiff—slave, labourer  
Coif—head dress of a married lady  
Coil—confusion, disturbance  
Collation—to bring together for comparison, a short repast  
Corrie—the hollow on the side of a hill where the game lies.  
Cumber—trouble, difficulty  
Daerled—mourned  
Dingle—little valley  
Dirge—the first word of a funeral song for the dead, a funeral song.  
Down—in hill, (ii) plumage  
Frie—for eagle, a Scotch word  
Fugal—observation  
Fall—in force, (ii) fall  
Glaive—sword  
*Hest—command*  
*Idle—lame*

Glozing—artful, flattering.  
Groom—a youngman a servant, one who has the charge of horses, a bride groom  
Henchman—(A. S. *Hengest*—a horse and man, a groom,) a servant The derivation given by Scott (see Notes p 75) is not very correct  
Kern—a light armed soldier  
Linn—(i) a mountain stream, (ii) a ravine worn by a torrent Gaelic word  
Lurch—lie in wait to catch  
Pibroch—the martial music of the Scottish bagpipe  
Placket—a petticoat, a woman  
Scaur—rock.  
Shingley—covered with pebbles  
Shrewdly—severely  
Slogan—Highland war cry  
Snood—ribbon worn by an unmarried maiden  
Stance—station  
Swath—a line of grass or corn cut by the scythe  
Talismán—a charm that produces extraordinary results  
Troll—sing a song  
Upsees—see Notes p 157  
Vur—the fur of a squirrel  
Whinyard—a short sword.  
Wight—a person  
Wold—open country  
Woned—dwelt, lived  
Wot—know (*Witan*—to know)  
1st or 3rd pers sing, pres tense of to witan  
*Wreckful—destructive*  
*Trud—truster*

